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LETTERS OF LADY LOUISA STUART

TO

MISS LOUISA CLINTON

SECOND SERIES

Printed by R. & R. Clark, Limited

FOR

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Letters
of
Lady Louisa Stuart
to
Miss Louisa Clinton

SECOND SERIES

EDITED BY
HON. JAMES A. HOME

EDINBURGH
DAVID DOUGLAS, 10 CASTLE STREET

1903

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INTRODUCTION

It was stated in the Introduction to the First Series that Lady Louisa Stuart's letters to Miss Clinton, at least all that have been found, end in 1835. This volume, therefore, brings them to a close. As Lady Louisa did not die till 1851, and Miss Clinton lived till 1854, it is probable that many more letters must have been written during the remaining years of Lady Louisa's life. No trace of them, however, has been found. The origin of the correspondence with Miss Clinton is partly explained by the following extract from a letter, lately found, from Lady Louisa Clinton to Lady Louisa Stuart :—

(Clinton Lodge, Sept. 22, 1818).—. . . Louisa was delighted by your kindness in letting her have a few lines, and longed, but did not dare to tell you so. I encouraged her to write when she was settled at Tunbridge, and told her to blame me for the liberty she had taken ; perhaps I was wrong, but pray think neither of us impertinent. I was only anxious there should be no possibility of your doubting her gratitude. I *cannot* expect you would enter into a regular correspondence with such a mere *good country girl*, but I cannot say whether it would give her or me most pleasure if you would, at some chance unoccupied quarter hour, occasionally allow her to hear from you, and be assured that I am not one of those *very good mamas* who think it necessary to read all their daughters' letters ;

therefore anything you did write would be entirely to herself. I am almost afraid of sending this, as I confess the hope I have expressed is too presumptuous, but I think you will forgive me when you consider that, in my *very* precarious state of health, the anxiety I must feel to secure to my girl the friendship of such a being as yourself, will plead my excuse. You know too little of me to be aware how fully I am sensible of its value.
...—Your truly obliged,
L. D. C.

In addition to letters to Miss Clinton a few addressed to others have been inserted in this volume, nine to Mrs. Stewart Mackenzie, thirteen to Lady Montagu, one to Mr. Morritt, and one to Mrs. Allison. Those to Mrs. Stewart Mackenzie are due to the kind permission of the late Louisa, Lady Ashburton. The Editor has also to thank General Sir Archibald Alison for the loan of letters connected with Lady Louisa's great friend Mrs. Alison. A few have been used, but the rest were of too private a nature for publication.

The Editor is glad of this opportunity to correct a statement made at page 41 of the previous volume. Lady Louisa there says, on the authority of Lord Strathmore and Lady Hannah Ellice, that Mr. Grey, Lady Hannah's brother, afterwards Bishop of Hereford, had been forced to quit his living and remove his family to Newcastle for safety from the rioters. The Editor has heard from Miss Maddock, a grand-daughter of the Bishop, that only the children were sent to Newcastle, and that Mr. Grey and his wife remained at his living of Wickham during the whole time of the rioting.

October 1903.

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ERRATA

1ST SERIES

Page 62, line 3, *delete* "the father of" and *insert* "afterwards, 1839."

Page 115, line 20 (Note.—Letter to Madame de Grignan, 10th December 1688).

Page 145, line 14, *delete* words after "Baronet" and *insert* "died in 1807."

Page 294, line 11, E.O. tables (Note.—Said to stand for "Even and Odd." Beau Nash is said to have invented the game).

Page 381, line 10 from below, in blank *insert* "Fiddes."

2ND SERIES

Page 8, line 11, *delete* "afterwards" and *insert* "son of."

Page 142, line 5, *for* "Bagington" *read* "Baginton."

Page 142, line 7, *for* "Isabella" *read* "Sidney."

Page 157, line 6 from below, *for* "Sneed" *read* "Sneyd."

Page 157, line 10 from below, *for* "Bagington" *read* "Baginton."

POSTSCRIPT

1ST SERIES.—Page 339

WITH regard to the word “tranchant,” the Editor’s attention has been directed by Mrs. Paget Toynbee to the following extract from Miss Berry’s journal :—

“Monday, 23rd (Nov. 1807).—A dismal, rainy, and, to me, melancholy day, for I was out of humour with myself. A number of little circumstances lately have served to convince me that my manner is often *tranchante*, my voice often too loud, and my way of meeting opposition unconciliating. All these circumstances are exactly the contrary from what they ought to be, to make me what I wish, and what alone I can be at my time of life. It is odd that I, who have been always thinking of growing old, and have such clear ideas of what alone can make a woman loved and amiable after her youth is past, what her views and manners should be, and what can ensure her any degree of consideration—it is odd, I say, that I should fall into the very faults I am the most aware of, and put myself into the situation I have always deprecated ; but it is not too late, and at least I am not too old to mend” (vol. ii. pp. 335, 336).

In vol. i., p. 7, also is a curious illustration of Lady Louisa’s remarks on the *Spectator*.

“To neither of us had the least religious education been at all thought of. . . . My dear grandmother, indeed, aware of this neglect, made me read the Psalms and chapters to her every morning, but as neither explanation nor comment was made upon them, nor was their history followed up in any way, I hated the duty and escaped it when I could. The same consequence took place by the same dear parent making me read every Sunday to her a Saturday paper in the *Spectator*, which till the middle of life prevented my ever looking at those exquisite essays, or being aware of the beauty of the volumes they were in.”

Letters of Lady Louisa Stuart

CHAPTER I

1826

LETTER I.]

[Richmond Park means the house called "Thatched House Lodge," then occupied by Lady Stuart, the mother of Sir Charles Stuart. It had been granted by the Crown to her husband in 1785.

Vere Hobart was Lady Stuart's great niece, half-sister of the 5th Earl of Buckinghamshire, and afterwards married to Cameron of Lochiel.

Corney House was the residence of Lady Macartney.]

Chiswick, Monday, Jan. 2, 1826.

First and foremost a happy, or at least a calm and comfortable new year to you, Lady Louisa, and all at Cockenhatch! Next, I received your letter in *Richmond Park*, where I could not well write, and I did not return hither till Saturday after post time. I am sorry to be so tardy, because very anxious to hear more of the poor girl whose state, I fear, is still precarious, as Maria told me on Friday she was not yet pronounced out of danger. I presume the violent remedies requisite to reduce the first inflammation brought on the low fever,

but since it came after the pleurisy I trust it cannot be of an infectious nature. Do give me a speedy account of all this : I shall stay here a week longer at least, so direct Corney House, Chiswick, near London. Maria and Miss Fan. [Fanshawe] dined with us at the Lodge, and the former seemed in her best spirits and got on very well with Vere Hobart and Lisette Scott. They are neither of them shy, they made music in the evening which she liked, and they carried her up to make acquaintance with a most amiably-tempered accomplished grey parrot with a red tail, whom Sir Charles has sent from Brazil, with strict injunctions that he is to know neither chain nor cage, being used to walk about at full liberty—not quite to the benefit of the furniture. I daresay your sisters could teach him the propriety of behaviour observable in well-educated well-bred dogs and cats. Lisette had called in the morning with her aunt and we arrested her, finding she had already visited Maria. We had no other company. However Miss Fan. seemed in good sorts likewise, and I hope we steered clear of *miffs* on all sides. Sir Charles has obtained the abolition of the slave trade from the Court of Brazil, concluded two or three treaties, now sent home for ratification, and done, as he writes to Lady Elizabeth, all he was commissioned and more than he hoped to do. But he sees no daylight as to when he may return. And meanwhile not the least notice of all these facts is taken, none of them made formally known to the public ; only a paragraph appears in the *Morning Post* to say, “he has failed of success and been outwitted in diplomacy.” So Lady Louisa certainly wrongs the Government papers when she accuses them of immoderately puffing the merit of all those whom Government employ. I write in haste, hoping to drive

to town and put this and another letter in the post there, so I have no time to enter into your various hopes and fears, only to say I regret you should be disappointed of Miss Leycester, especially by an unpleasant cause. Your sprigs are very well done and make me desire more at your leisure, even more than I marked, for that matter. You know I only want a hint of colours. Indian things have no nice shadings, and, indeed, it is the great fault of my fiddle-de-dee work to attempt too much, and by that means spoil the general effect. Write by return of post ; say how the poor girl is, how Ly. L. stood the *spirit* of cold weather, and how you are going on with the young ones. I hope making some progress ; to that end don't be the governess, but if possible the play-fellow, and turn a deaf ear to dis-obliging speeches. More when I have more leisure.—
Aff^{tely}. yours, L. S.

LETTER II.]

[Chief-Justice Best was created Baron Wynford in 1829. There was a great commercial panic in December 1825.]

Chiselhurst, January 11, 1826.

Your letter of the fourth found me at Chiswick, dear Louisa. I staid there till Monday, slept that night in town, and came hither yesterday morning. I cannot say I see any particular alteration in Mrs. Weddell, excepting that she has just now a cold and an increase of ills in the toothache, which I would fain think to be one of the shapes taken by the cold. She supposes it belongs to old age and general bad health. The panting is better.

G. P., Saturday 15.—And so I did not add another word while I staid, partly because I was finishing my

scarf, partly because I went every morning and read an hour to Mrs. Benson. She is surprisingly well, altho' very feeble and decrepid. She is grown fat and seems without complaint. Her eye totally closed, but she sees with the other, and I heard nothing of the pain she used to have in the blind one. Mrs. Weddell's toothache prevented my judging fairly of her state otherwise, but I fear it is rather worse than better. I had not been at Chislehurst since this time two years; then I insisted on her never coming down till dinner time, yet sometimes she would do it: now I do not believe she could, the thing is quite given up and out of the question, and I find she often lies in bed half the day. Notwithstanding this, toothache and all, we had a dinner of twelve people (fifteen it might have been) on Thursday. Two sensible men were of the party, and I should have liked it had she been fitter to enjoy it, but thus it will go on as long as she literally exists. One of the sensible men was lively and agreeable besides. Chief-Justice Best, who has lately taken a place in that neighbourhood, and though terribly obnoxious to the Whigs, become a great favourite of hers, whether she will or not, by dint of being pleasant in conversation. The other, her solid steady banker, much graver than the judge, speaks clearly and sensibly of what he knows, therefore what he says is always worth listening to. I was sorry to observe he had very little hope of the revival of Wentworth & Co. He ascribes the late disastrous run on the bankers to a groundless panic, and seems not to suspect any mischievous design. Those who have failed will be able for the most part, he says, to pay all demands, but have little left for themselves. Mrs. W. takes a personal interest in the Chaloners, but cannot help crying out, "*Que diable*

allait-il faire dans cette galère? ” Why would Yorkshire gentlemen of good estates go and run their heads into a business they knew nothing of? Of course they took an acting partner who did know, and from that moment were at his mercy.

Monday.—This is doomed to be an unlucky piece-meal sort of letter, which, like a piece of work that one begins with *botching*, can never come to any good. What has impeded its progress to-day is one of those genuine London fogs, black and yellow, which makes it dark at noon, too dark to see to write without candles. It is a little clearing now, but I despair of making out anything like an answer to your letter. Only let me have a quick bill of health in return: tell me what has become of the poor maid, and how Lady Louisa does, for even a stove, I think, cannot shut out this intense cold. Here in town water is frozen in a basin after standing a few minutes, by which and other signs I conclude it to be a harder frost than in the last severe winter we had, when no such thing happened. I have settled nothing as to going to Ditton. In all probability it will be a fortnight before I shall think of it, and then we must see how Lady Macartney does and so forth. A note from her maid gave me a good report of her the end of last week. I thought it right to tell Lady Montagu of the illness in your house, because *they* are very fussy about infection. However if by February nobody else has caught the fever I defy anybody to suspect the plague itself of doing harm. But I wish you may be able to say the poor girl has recovered. Adieu, and pray let me have a line very soon.—Yrs.
ever,

L. S.

LETTER III.]

G. P., *Jan. 27th* [1826].

My dear Lou—I will write a few lines that you may not wonder at my silence, but I am in the height of a violent cold, and my head is so stupid and heavy it threatens to fall on the paper. The thaw, as you said, was the right time to catch cold. However it is coming out fairly, so will go off the same in its regular time, a few days hence; therefore pray do not *fuss* about it. I cannot answer your last nor your former letter, nor tell you how much I liked your verses (as *verses*, not their tendency). I have just heard from Lady Montagu, who quite reckons upon you, now she understands Maria is gone home. As I guessed, Ld. M. will come to the meeting, and she with him for three or four days. After the 5th she hopes to see us, and that is exactly the time which would suit me; if it should not you, a few days sooner or later, according to the convenience of Sir Wm., would not make the least difference. *Sooner* than the 6th I could not go, but if you came to town next week I could receive you *here* on the 4th. I was thinking once, whether if the Stanleys came you could catch a sight of them by coming with your father to the meeting—but, in short, my head will bear no more writing; only this, you *must* go.

Poor Gertrude is no more. She had been for some time past hope in a galloping consumption.—Yrs. ever,

L. S.

LETTER IV.]

[Extract (copied by Miss Clinton)] [no date].

[*Jan. 1826?*]

I am more sick this morning than I was with my cold; and Mr. Canning's speech, if you read it, will tell you the reason. It has fairly knocked me on the

head. I see with what joy he seizes the opportunity of completely *disowning* C. [Sir Charles Stuart], and in fact perceive that the latter is to be crushed, that all reward will of course be withheld, and even justice, in point of paying his expenses, and that he will have risked health and character and comfort for a loss, and be a ruined man at his return. Oh! when you talk of Clinton luck and I scold; *though* I scold, how it makes me recall the constant ill-fate, ill-success, mortification, attending whoever was so unlucky as to become an object of warm interest to me, never, never-failing! If Walter S. is ruined by Constable's bankruptcy, as they report, I believe *I* have ruined him. When you in your *soldiering* mentioned that fortunate man Lord C., oh, how much it brought back! The bitter moments his good fortune secretly made me pass!

With respect to my present vexation, however, you must not directly say it is what you would suspect from *ministers*, a *cant* off which I want to break you, for parties are all and perfectly *alike*. One of the heads of Opposition is personally intimate with C., has been his guest over and over at ——. On his first recall, not at all wishing to be what is called *taken up* by the Opposition, he was much afraid this friend might espouse his cause too zealously. On his arrival here he heard that the *friend* should say very quietly: "Why, he *has* had it ten years after all, and its very fair Canning should put in a man of his own; anybody would in his place." When they met the friend did not even say, "I am sorry you have lost your situation," but was as coolly civil as possible. "'Tis a truth as sure as that Love follows Youth, that Friendship follows Power." If some of my own family would not crow over this, and rejoice at it, I should bear it better.

I do not wonder you are worried at . . . My poor Lou, it is hard upon you to have so little comfort in him ! I always feared a resemblance of fate, when there was so marked a one of character—*Parlons d'autre chose*. I must now go and write to Mr. Morritt. He sent me the most sunshiny letter you ever saw, so very happy in his young people, it overflowed and brightened, but if there is truth in this story about —, he will grieve heartily, and so shall I. Adieu.

LETTER V.]

[Dr. Corbett was the son of Lady Louisa's sister, Lady Augusta. Frederick Douglas was afterwards Lord Glenbervie.]

Thursday [Feb. 1826 (?)]

Now my head is rather less oppressed, and I perhaps can fill this sheet of paper. The middle of next week will be quite as soon as I shall wish to go to Ditton, or be fit for it. I do not go to Chiswick first, as I intended, for Dr. Corbett is with my sister, and I am sure I could never make her hear me. Nor am I sorry to stay in town as the Mackenzies will be here. So should Prince Volscius stay away till Wednesday, no matter, though Cath. Fan. [Fanshawe], who called upon me yesterday, has engaged me to meet you and Prince Volscius himself at dinner on Monday. I see you poked into the old plays after I left you.

Interrupted by Lady Montagu in person, to whom I read some of your fears and qualms and scruples, at which she laughed very heartily, bidding me tell you she knew you would find it disagreeable enough at first, but she hoped not at last. It will be more convenient to her as well as to me if we do not arrive sooner than Thursday or Friday, because she must go

to Richmond one day in next week, and would rather have that over, that it might not be necessary again soon. (Mind how Cobbett has corrected my placing my words.) No more of all this then, but let me know, when you do, the day you come to town.

I guess the purport of Eliz.'s [Fanshawe] letter of advice and your difficulty in answering it. I perceived even last year they had all got in their heads that M. was an oppressed person kept in the background, altho' remarkably sweet-tempered, as Cath. pronounced, after being above a week under the same roof. *Après l'esprit de discernement, ce qu'il y a de plus rare, ce sont les diamans et les perles*, says La Bruyère. Be it remembered that none of them are aware Lady W——d is crazy, or Lady A——n odd in tone and manner. This last is the most flagrant instance of all, because her singularity lies on the surface, and would strike a child or a footman at first sight. There are people thus made, who in spite of being above par in cleverness, cannot see out of their eyes.

If Lords Porchester, Nugent, Thurlow, and I know not how many more, love writing, it is a very innocent amusement, and nobody has any business to blame them, I, of all people, no right, but for their own sakes they had better not publish these huge quartos. You plainly describe the Moor as a *Pasticcio*, just what anybody can write who has a good deal of poetry by heart. As for the exclamation, you might have been Dr. Panglos again, and said *Southey* to that. The *Edinburgh Review* reproved him for the trick, and declared it was like cursing and swearing in conversation. Those awful words occur too often in Don Roderick, and worse yet in the Cid, which from the romantic nature of the story has a tinge of the ludicrous. But he copies it from the

Spanish, forgetting that, besides the impropriety, it does not suit our language. To be sure, the ten commandments were given to the whole world, yet one is so used to a French lady's *mon Dieu* at every third word that one does not mind it. Translate it, and it sounds tremendous,—what, in fact, an Englishwoman only says on the greatest occasions of fear and horror. Again interrupted by *Pen. Fan.* [Fanshawe]: Sir Wm. has sent her word that he does not return to town till Wednesday, so then I am to meet you at dinner, and I suppose we may fix Friday for Ditton since you say you wish to be one whole day in London. She was followed by Mrs. S. M. [Stewart Mackenzie] and Lady Fanny Proby her cousin, and now it is latish and darkish. However, I will say a word more about passages in your former letters respecting books. You are surprised at the gross ignorance of Gourgaud, and wonder what the lower orders in France believe about England—why exactly the same as the higher, neither more nor less: there is not the difference that with us subsists between them. An English housemaid supposes the French live upon frogs and dance jigs at fourscore. An English lady laughs at such vulgar prejudices. The French lady will credit anything her chambermaid does. Buonaparte himself, you know, asked poor Frederick Douglas whether there were not great discontents in Scotland about the Union. “In Ireland your Majesty means?” “No, no, in Scotland,” and there was no beating into his head that the Union troubled the Scotch no more now than the Norman conquest did the English. A degree of self-conceited disdain mingles with ignorance. They will not be at the pains to understand manners differing from their own. Some French ambr. in old times wrote over, that *milord un tel* had spoken for

such a measure in the House of Lords ; and what was very singular, the same milord (the names happened to be alike) had on the same day opposed it violently in the House of Commons. An Englishman would hardly have made such a blunder in Abyssinia.

I can never forgive the author of *O'Hara* for the disgusting incident at last, bad enough as merely disgusting, but when it brings in the atrocious beastly feeling of *revenge*, it poisons the whole book. And the Lady Constantia reminds one of that line in Prior's "Henry and Emma."

Oh, wildest thought of an abandoned mind !
Name, parents, habit, country left behind !

Farewell for the present.

LETTER VI.]

TO MRS. STEWART MACKENZIE OF SEAFORTH.¹

[1826 (?)]

. . . Before I left town on Friday I received a letter from Walter Scott, whose thus answering mine by return of post sufficiently showed he took it kindly ; and so he expresses himself. But he writes with such calmness and content, dwelling on the blessings he has left, and making light of what he has lost (though at the same time saying he shall not tell so stupid a lie as to pretend indifference) that really, like the honest chambermaid in the play, "I could cry my eyes out to hear his *magnanimity*." It completes his character. One sentence I must copy out, "We have ample means for ourselves. I am ashamed to think of it as a

¹ See First Series. Letter LXIII., page 231.

declension, knowing so many Generals and Admirals who would be glad to change fortunes with me." . . . Perhaps by this time you know it all from himself or Mrs. Lockhart. If not, I think it will give you and Mr. S. M. satisfaction on seeing a character you esteemed rise instead of fall under such circumstances ; for of all things one hates to be disappointed, and forced to give up one's favourites, even favourites one never saw. . . .

LETTER VII.]

*Gloucester Place, Wednesday,
March 29 [1826].*

Dear Lou—I am quite ashamed to have dawdled on thus long without taking notice of your two letters, but I went to Chiswick, then to Richmond, and thought I would answer them when at home. I came to town lat-ish Saturday. Sunday would not do for writing. Monday and Tuesday I employed in sorting and dusting my books, passing the evening of both days at Mrs. Weddell's : to-day I meant to write away bravely, when, lo ! in came Mr. Morritt, and after him Henry and Mrs. Dawson, so the morning is more than half gone. At best I shall be hurried, but say something I will. And, in the first place, pray thank Lady Louisa much for her kind note. Next, I rejoice extremely that you had that comfortable week at Sheen, but am disturbed at the reflections that you so needlessly make. "Comparisons are pronounced odious (said a most dear friend of mine), but people do not perceive that they are almost always very foolish into the bargain." What business had you to compare what had nothing in common ? And, alas ! alas ! what business has any one human creature to *idolize* another ? . . . A visit

from my nieces has still (more) shortened my time for writing. I must be brief on all points, but will go on with your first letter. All you say of your friend Maria is most just, but again, why *compare* where there is no sort of ground for it? and why be *unjust* to Lady C., whose conduct has certainly been uncommonly amiable and meritorious in a most cruel situation? Why pronounce boldly that she never *could* have liked or esteemed him? *How do you know?* I believe she did like him very much when she married him, as even *her* friends used to allow that he could be very agreeable, and even *his* owned she was quite ignorant of his real character, which his sister Lady Anne fairly said, *she* would have told her and hindered the marriage had she been in England. Then her forbearance in *worldly* matters, of which you think so little (imagining, like most young people, that liberality is only parting with a few guineas out of one's pocket), embraces giving up every comfort of life during the best years of it, submitting cheerfully to poverty, to dependence, to the want of a home, to every painful circumstance, out of duty to an unworthy person. This, I should humbly imagine, rather more meritorious than the same conduct for the sake of a worthy one. In another point, too, you may mistake. Like most young people, who, having no sort of command or control over their own feelings, no power of hiding the least dejection or vexation, conclude that whoever wears a cheerful face ails nothing and is in very good spirits, you suppose *Ly. C.* *felt* nothing because she carried it off so well. I remember Frederick D. saying *he* knew she often appeared cheerful and gay when she had passed a whole night crying, and would pass the next night so too. She is gone to Brighton for a week with Agnes Berry.

Her income is £1500, of which *twelve* were given up to him, besides frequent demands upon the poor pittance of £300 that she retained. But she means to give a hundred a year each to his two natural children. He *has* left her all he had, his island and quarry, but she is advised to have nothing to do with it, and not to administer, as though it may turn out worth something the risk and trouble will be great. All this I learned from Mrs. Scott (Car) for I have not yet been able to call on *grandmama* [Lady Sheffield].

Now for your second letter; I could kiss poor Freddy for your anecdote about him, which indeed was moving, and I daresay he has more courage than any *brute* in the army notwithstanding—and on the other side I could beat the Fans [Fanshawes] for their stupid want of understanding people's language. I have a notion they are terribly *sore* about *age* themselves. I read Coleridge *aloud* at Richmond, for which it did particularly well, but all your remarks I agree with, vulgar and flippant and bad taste, yet very good sense in the main. Is it *the* Coleridge?¹

Mrs. Knox is going on perfectly well, and the clock strikes five, so I must have done, and send this by the bell.—Yrs. ever, L. S.

LETTER VIII.]

[Colonel Hezeta was a Spaniard who corresponded with Sir W. Clinton.]

[Gloucester Place], Wednesday, April 5 [1826].

My dear Lou—Once again I am tardy, for I meant to write on Monday, but the time went in making

¹ Perhaps *Aids to Reflection*, by Samuel Taylor Coleridge, published in 1825.

visits ; then yesterday old Mr. Morritt came early and sate with me two hours. By the bye his nieces make earnest inquiries after you (Anne especially), and want you to come to town because their stay in it will be unusually short. The nephew cannot have a house of his own till some time in the autumn, so his lady must be confined at Rokeby, and they must all go down about six weeks hence, at the time when it is safe for her to travel. Mr. Morritt, too, rather rejoicing in a fair excuse to return to the banks of the Greta. He continues to overflow with happiness, and I am glad to see his nephew satisfies him perfectly. . . . The young couple are coming to town for a week, so I shall have an opportunity of looking at them, for he has asked me to call in on Friday evening, which I promised on condition he would engage *Grandmama* [Dow. Lady Sheffield] to be there also ; Lord and Lady Sheffield and a young party dine with him, and I do not choose to be the only old face among them, yet have a mind to go, on account of a *lion* I never saw—guess whom—your cousin Lewis Way, but without Lady Sheffield Dowager to hold him in play I should only be in the same room and perhaps never hear him give one handsome roar. I have never yet seen grandmama, not for want of calling and calling on either side. Lady Charlotte was to come to town as yesterday. Now I must return you a thousand thanks for Colonel Hereta (or Hezeta), who has amused me extremely, and whom I have put by to be returned to you when you come to town. There is one circumstance mentioned in it as an *enormity*, which I am afraid takes place everywhere in the common course of law and business, exclusive of revolutions and counter-revolutions. I mean the merchant paying an additional rent

to the convent for his own improvements. If your father chooses to pull down his house in Queen Anne Street and build a better, or to make a great addition to what is built, the Duke of Portland, or whoever may be his ground-landlord, will raise the rent proportionately at the end of the lease. "Oh, but," you will say, "he *bought* it." Yes! and if you buy a house or land *here* from anybody who has no right to sell it, the very same thing will happen to you—as all the inhabitants of Sackville Street perfectly well know. Sir William Pulteney, after a long law-suit, proved that his uncle had no right to sell or let them their houses, and raised the rents upon them at his discretion in consequence. They had their remedy, indeed, of going to law with Lord Darlington (or I know not whom, supposed to be the uncle's heir) for the former purchase money, but that, I believe, was equivalent to the merchant's suing the Cortez, or the established English mode of *whistling for it*—*far* the best way of the three.

What do you say to the exploits of our old acquaintance Mr. Wakefield's sons? I presume he trained them in the way they should go, the true Liberal principles, though he is forced to disclaim their proceedings to the borough of Reading, which he wants to represent. It must be an unlucky incident to him on that account, for though he most probably was not in their confidence as to the act itself, yet it requires very strong proof of his worth and honour, stronger than I think his conversation used to give, not to suppose that the family might be all of a feather in their private opinions.

A fortnight from Wednesday last is a week from to-day, so then I hope we may expect you all. Poor, dear Frederick, I trust he did not suffer much from his cold, or at least recovered it, when the weather changed

to be warmer. Terrible choking coughs seem to be prevalent in London, owing, I presume, to these extremes of cold and heat. Mrs. Weddell is better than she was in January, *rather* better perhaps than last winter, and *dinnering* away as usual. I heard of Sir Stamford Raffles there the other night, only think ! I cannot tell who hunted him down for her. Then she has picked up a Sir John Paul with a book full of sketches from Switzerland. However I dined there Sunday in great comfort, only Fanny Ashton, Mr. Fuller (a sensible clergyman), Mr. and Mrs. Ramsden and their nephew, a young Chaloner who hardly spoke, so we might pass for six.

Five o'clock has almost overtaken me, therefore adieu till we meet.—Always yours, L. S.

LETTER IX.]

[The quotations in this letter are from *The Last Man*, by Mrs. Shelley, authoress of *Frankenstein*. See Lady Louisa's letter to Sir W. Scott, 24th April 1826.]

Sunday [April 1826].

I am better and going to Chiswick. I shall hope to see you on Tuesday evening. The book, I leave to be sent back to you to-morrow, is very delightful indeed, though I will not trouble you for any more of it. Not a page but contains some sentence far beyond what Don Quixote went mad in trying to understand. This I particularly like : "The overflowing warmth of her heart, by making love a plant of deep and stately growth, had attuned her whole soul to the reception of happiness." It is so practical, proves so well that conservatories should be built adjoining to drawing-rooms for the overflowing warmth of the stove, by making the

plants grow vigorous, will tune the pianoforte, and tune it to the *reception* of something or other. Exclusive of the matchless style, however, the story, of Lord Raymond at least, has nothing in it very worthy of being foretold by the Cumæan Sybil, or sent down to happen in the year 2071. A man marries a pretty girl for love, is happy with her for five or six years, then meets with an old love in an interesting situation, and is drawn a little aside. The wife finds it out, cannot keep her temper, he fires at her reproaches, takes a high and mighty tone in return, and there is an end of all peace in the family. Nothing more common in the nineteenth century or eighteenth either. I suppose the author thinks there never *will be* anything new under the sun. Adieu, with many thanks.

LETTER X.]

TO MRS. STEWART MACKENZIE OF SEAFORTH.

July 1826.

. . . I cannot agree with you about *Woodstock*. I believe the author means no more than to paint the times faithfully, which cannot be done without the language then used. The irreverence is in those who use it—not in him. Nor is it, I am sorry to say, obsolete. I have the copy of a letter which a lady I know received from a tallow chandler that beats anything in *Old Mortality*: the most awful names and phrases are so blended with the puffing of his mottled soap and his cheap spermaceti candles! What is far worse, I have myself known higher people employ Scriptural language and drag in texts when the matter in hand was most thoroughly worldly—in fact when they were bent on gratifying their own passions. This

I think irreverent and pernicious—the exposing it neither. I have lately been reading some of Walter Scott's Prefaces to Ballantyne's *British Novelists*; and I am sure the manner in which he reprobates infidel writers there shows how much at heart he has the cause of true religion. For Cromwell, if we are to read history at all, we must take the liberty of forming our own different judgments of him—and of Queen Bess, and Louis Quatorze, and William the Conqueror, and Julius Cæsar to boot. And Walter Scott is surely free to think of him as was thought of him in his own day by Walker, Whitelock, Colonel Hutchinson, and all the Presbyterians—that is, all the religious men of the Roundhead party. You forget the famous anecdote of his dismissing some of these with, “The Lord will reveal, the Lord will help, . . .” and then turning round to Waller, “Cousin Waller, I must talk to these men in their own way. . . .” I think you will be like his grand-daughter, Mrs. Bendysh, who, her biographer says, got into many quarrels about him, for she was not content with his being a great general and statesman, which most people would allow, but she would have him a great saint, and that few people would allow. . . .

LETTER XI.]

Danesfield, August 3rd [1826].

Dear Louisa—Lady Montagu is the occasion of my writing so soon. She charged me to try what I could do to enforce her proposal of your making Mary a visit during their absence in Scotland, and especially to convince you that she was quite in earnest, wishing it of all things, which she thought you seemed to doubt. She says it would be quite an ease to her mind if she

left Mary with that prospect, and the greatest possible pleasure to Mary. They (Lord and Lady M. and Lucy) go to Scotland about the 17th or 18th of this month. Now would it be impossible for you to come up for a week or ten days in September? and then it might be so managed that I could lodge you for a night or two in London, and carry you back to Cockenhatch perhaps about the middle of the month. Think this over, for I do assure you they seem heartily desirous of it. They were all (except Lucy) drawing away like mad, taking sketches of Windsor Castle from a seat in the garden where a view of it has just been opened out. All have recovered their looks, except Lady M. herself and Mary, who was not well, but her mother did not think it anything of consequence. The heat that day (Monday) was quite overpowering, and left one no peace; it is still very hot, but this is a cooler region, the house standing on an eminence. We had a little rain last night. I was with Mrs. Weddell Saturday and Sunday evenings, and had the satisfaction of leaving her better, out of pain though very weak. She will go to Chiselhurst as soon as she can move. My nieces meant to join Lady Lovaine at Tunbridge this week. I find here only Miss Smith and Mr. Charles Moore as inmates.

Adieu, dear Lou, and believe me ever truly yours,
L. S.

LETTER XII.]

Danesfield, Wednesday, [August 1826].

I will be yet better than my word, and not let another post pass without returning Mrs. Stanley's letter, and writing a few lines in answer to the two I have had from you; I like the second best, not because

you say more of yourself in the first, but because you only say what you have said times innumerable before, what I am tired of combating and more tired of hearing. It is a fickle taste, I own, but one does relish novelty now and then if one can get it ; so I am glad to hear of Bella's match and Frederick's travels. Frederick's interest in Waterloo will, of course, make him more your favourite than ever, and I cannot but hope that Henry will be induced to join him in Italy. Now let me congratulate you upon your own room—it put me so in mind of my own closet at Luton, a space of about eight feet by four, which just held a chair and a table, and had some shelves that held my few books. “I was bounded in a nut-shell and counted myself a queen of infinite space” ; but there I could build my castles and scrawl paper alone, being then about your sister Harriet's age. “Every one knows his own sore,” says the proverb, and I, with all *your* tastes, knew the evil of being the *youngest* among brothers and sisters, of being daily snubbed and checked “*for all my nonsense*,” and told by elders, of whom I stood in awe, of my self-conceit and affectation of wisdom, in reading books I had no sort of business with instead of minding my work as I should do, with this constant burthen, “I know as well as possible you have got it in your head that you are to be like my grandmother,” whereas it was this reproach that first informed me I had ever had a grandmother, and I am sure I heartily hated her name. Whatever I wanted to learn, everybody was up in arms to oppose it, and represent that if I indulged in it I should become such a pedant nobody would be able to bear me. My temper, alas ! was not improved by this discipline, nor yet my humility increased, for in my secret heart I involuntarily argued something like

the nun who said to Madame de Maintenon : “ *La peine que prend une dame de votre élévation de venir exprès me dire que je ne suis pas fille du Roi me persuade que je la suis.*”

But some of its effects have stuck faithfully by me to this late, *very* late hour,—the want of power to bear any part in general conversation, arising from the habit of dreading the ridicule which usually followed whenever I opened my lips ; and a constant apprehension of being despised by *men* (which is just the way to make one so), from having had it dinned into my ears that if they suspected my pursuits and inclinations they would spit in my face. And you wish you were a younger sister ! I believe you would find your own room a still pleasanter retreat in that case, and if you had ever had your book snatched out of your hand, and been told, “ If *I* were my mother you should never be allowed to read anything but the Bible on a Sunday,” I suspect you would think it rather a less hardship to find you could not inspire young girls who have a very natural desire of amusement with a taste for study. One of the consequences of withdrawing wholly from the world is the becoming so wedded to our own opinions that we can endure only one sort of merit and agreeableness. Some of those I have loved best had no sort of taste or turn for books or literature, no more than your sisters ; nor yet the smallest liking for any talent or acquirement that *you* admire in me ; but they let me go my own way as they went theirs, and our friendship was not the less sincere. This saved me from being a coxcomb. I learned perforce not to over-estimate goods that I often found unsaleable. “ Those at *the age* of admiration and enthusiasm.” As if everybody *ought* to be enthusiastic and admiring at that age, while in the natural course of

things very few have any such feelings in their composition, and the consequence of your persuading those who have not, that it was necessary or even becoming, would be to make them abominably affected. Are not Maria and Anny a thousand times preferable to the Miss in *Inheritance*, who describes the Lakes of Cumberland? I own if I were you I should, as far as was in my power, withdraw from the task of teaching what they have no desire to learn. Let them alone, and then if ever the desire comes (which many circumstances may awaken in future) they will apply to you. But do not make yourself a governess; it evidently does no good, and it does you harm, for it sours your temper and produces discontent. Harriet loves animals, read with her the history of birds and beasts and insects instead of that of the Greeks and Romans, draw her to such books as White's *Natural History of Selborne*, but do not bother and (though I hate the word) *bore* her with what she has no relish for. I think of leaving this place early in next week, but have not yet fixed any day, nor any other circumstance, so I cannot tell whether I shall offer myself to Cockenhatch soon or not till late in September. I only know I heartily wish you *had* gone to Alderley. Adieu, with all that is kind to Lady Louisa.

LETTER XIII.]

[The nephew here mentioned was Dr. Corbett, see *ante* Thursday (Feb. 1826) and *post* Sept. 28th. The information he wanted was evidently what grew at last into the Introductory Anecdotes to Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's Letters.]

Danversfield [August 22, 1826].

Indeed, my dear Louisa, I must do exactly what you forbid, send you back the letters with a few brief lines

in the cover, but the little remnant shall quickly follow with more from myself. I have had to write a good deal to a nephew of mine, who wanted information for a friend on some points which I was the only living person who could give—and the weather has been very hot, and, in short, I have not had leisure, and there is an end. Lord and Lady Montagu and Lucy came over to spend the day here yesterday: it was very fine but cooler, and everything went off as well as possible. Mrs. Scott highly pleased with them and they with her, which when one is the go-between of one's two friends, not intimate before, always gives one satisfaction, and does not always happen. We dined early that they might go away at seven. Lucy has no cough, and I suppose will have none. Mary's is very violent, but they seem to think it only according to the nature of the thing. As soon as their doctor gives leave they will take her somewhere for change of air, possibly to Brighton. Lord M. has quite given up his Scotch journey, the time being passed at which he wished to be there. Lady M. says she must see her father (were it only for one week) at some time or other before winter. Lucy told me she believed it was a sad disappointment to Mary that they did not all go, for she looked forward to that snug week or two with you with particular eagerness.

I perfectly understand your feelings about B——, for let people tell you what they will, seeing is believing; and truly I think Mrs. S—— a little *in alt*, like a person who is *bit*, and views everything through one of those magnifying glasses which Time is too apt to break about one's ears. However, if the man be what she paints him, I daresay he will improve his wife hereafter, but she had no business to attempt filching another woman's lover out of her pocket. In the meantime, adieu.

More to-morrow or next day. I shall only add, that as yet I foresee nothing to hinder my being with you at some time in September.

LETTER XIV.]

Danesfield, Tuesday, 29th of August [1826].

My dear Louisa—Though you *discharge* me from answering your letter, yet I will send you a few lines before I leave this place, because I think a suggestion may be of use, and if so, the sooner it is given the better. Mrs. Firth is now with you, you have full confidence in her, entire dependence upon her judgment, great experience of her candour. Why not open yourself to her? You are constantly wishing I had been Lady Louisa's friend instead of yours. Allow me to say that of all foolish wastes of time and thought the foolishest is to let your mind dwell upon what *might* have been, and frame imaginary benefits from an imaginary state of things. When a man wants to take a long journey, to be sure it would be highly convenient if his cow were a good horse, but as nothing can make it a horse, and as the chances are that had it been a horse it might not have been a good one for travelling, his sitting down to wish it one can only serve to hinder his putting the horse he happens to have in tolerable readiness. *That* is usually forgot or despised by people who want cows to be horses: they never think of making the best of what actually is. Now, Mrs. Firth actually *is* at hand, and she *is* Lady Louisa's friend, and has no small share of influence over her. . . . You need neither Mrs. Firth nor me to tell you that you ought to bear it patiently; consider it as "*a crook in your lot,*" and think as little of it as you can; to that end

struggling against your own temper, which is in fact what rises in one's bosom to render that of others provoking and insupportable. I speak from self-knowledge. Mine is far from perfect: it swells high, and *therefore* I cannot bear ill-temper, scorn, and peevishness in others. I know it is emphatically *therefore*, since I see the same provocations fail of irritating those who have thoroughly good tempers. How have I seen a husband bear constant teasing, like the rubbing of a file, such as it teased and angered me to hear, though not addressed to myself, the most provoking contempt likewise, and all from a wife bound by every tie to contrary behaviour. It was not want of sensibility, for he adored her, but he viewed it as he would have done a bodily infirmity, as something she could not help—because *he* had not a spark of pride or sharpness in his composition. What there is in yours you are called upon to subdue while there is yet time, for your own sake and that of others. There is only one person in the world whose faults one can mend, and that is oneself. . . . Do have a full conversation with Mrs. Firth, instead of writing me, who cannot judge of the matter, and can do nothing in it, a long answer. I am glad to take you to advantage in Sir W.'s absence. The end of September will suit me perfectly well. I leave this to-morrow, sleep at Ditton, and go on Thursday to Chiswick, probably next week to Richmond, whence I will write to you again.—Adieu.

LETTER XV.]

Richmond, Sept. 15th, 1826.

My dear Louisa—. . . The truth is it seems a very fine thing to be utterly independent, but God

Almighty made no woman to be so, and those who are not under a husband's control must submit to the control of almost everyone else—this even if comparatively rich, much more if poor, besides what invariably takes place, feeling that if their own parents grow irksome at a certain age—this will be useless with *very* meek people like Lady Emily Pelham. I believe no mother and daughter ever loved each other more devotedly than Lady L. and Lady M. L. ; the latter had that sort of independent spirit as well as ill opinion of men, that she early resolved against marriage, but the same thing made her like to have her own way at home, and they have very long snapped and scolded till I believe the love is very near worn out, though the death of either would be sure to revive it with the most painful effect. I remember the former saying when the latter was about thirty—"Oh, I don't mind her being a little cross and obstinate, for I know a woman who does not marry at a certain age is sure to grow so." *Then* she laughed at it, but as downright old age came on and disimproved her own temper, she left off laughing, and wrangling began—never more to cease. . . .

Well, as I hope we shall meet soon I have no mind to prose much. This is Friday ; my present purpose is to stay here till Friday overnight. Then I must be a day or two in town. Then I wish to offer Mrs. Weddell a visit for a few days ; perhaps she may not be well enough to accept it, or the Ramsdens may be with her.

Well, again, if she does not accept me you may expect me the beginning of the week after next ; if she does of that following, about October 2. Will you say this with my kindest remembrance and

thanks to Lady Louisa. Adieu for the present.—Yrs.
ever, L. S.

LETTER XVI.]

[The Governor of Bombay was the well-known Mountstuart Elphinstone.

Vice-Admiral Lord George Stuart was the youngest son of Lady Louisa's brother, the first Marquess of Bute. Lady George was a Miss Stewart. His eldest daughter married in 1825 John Townshend, afterwards fourth Marquess Townshend. The second daughter married in 1834 the Honble. Charles Abbot, son of the first Lord Tenterden.

Sir Coutts Trotter, partner in Coutts's Bank, was the youngest son of Mr. Trotter of the Bush. He was created a baronet in 1821. He was the grandfather of the present Sir Coutts Lindsay and Lord Wantage.]

Chiswick, Thursday, Sept. 28th [1826].

Dear Louisa—I am ashamed of being so bitter bad a correspondent, but the writing spirit is slackened in me, and I have lately had on my hands putting together old stories to assist a purpose in which a nephew of mine (Dr. Corbett by name) takes an interest. At Richmond too I had very little leisure. When I left it on Monday I found the said Dr. C. still here, so the evening was swallowed up in conversing with him. The next day brought the news of the death of that poor young man in India of whom I have often talked to you, John, Lord George's [Stuart] eldest son. It is very shocking for the poor wretched mother as well as for the sisters. Sir Coutts Trotter, who wrote me the news, wanted to know from me how it was to be broken or even conveyed to them, a question *you* could just as well have answered, for I did not know whether

they were at home or abroad. So I went yesterday to the Strand to confer with him on the subject, which did not worry me the less because I could not make poor Lady M. [Macartney] in the least comprehend *who* was dead, and she said over and over she had never seen him in her life. However, to-day the thing has cleared itself up in her mind, and she both recollects him, poor young man, and seems to understand what has happened—that is, as far as I do, for we have no particulars. I have been writing to my cousin Miss Elphinstone, one of whose brothers is Governor of Bombay, and of a disposition to be very kind to relations, so I daresay he had poor John in his house, and may perhaps mention how he died, etc., in his letters home.

I wrote to Mrs. Weddell, offering to go to Chiselhurst Saturday next, but her answer appoints me on Monday, which will make a few days, perhaps a week's delay in my coming to Cockenhatch. I go to town to-morrow. My nieces are expected here this afternoon. The newspaper says Sir Charles [Stuart] is at last come. Mrs. Weddell seems very anxious about Miss Benson, who has such another fever as she had last year. I cannot help fearing it may end less well, her age considered. Adieu. I have written this *against time*, and must send it without looking it over.—Yrs. ever,

L. S.

LETTER XVII.]

[Chief-Justice Best's son was the second, Thomas, who became a vice-admiral afterwards and died in 1864.]

Chiselhurst, Wednesday, 4th of October 1826.

My dear Louisa—As the first will be two days in getting to you, I may as well write a line to-day to say

that if nothing prevents me I hope to go to Cocken-hatch on Monday next. I shall return home Saturday, and if I must put it off for any reason you shall hear from me on Sunday. On the other side, if for any reason you would have me delay, let me receive a line Saturday. Never mind Franks: write to me straight in Gloucester Place. That provoking Sir Charles [Stuart] not yet come to Portsmouth, though the ship sailed from Milford the 28th. Chief-Justice Best, who dined here yesterday, has a son lieutenant on board her. He brought *Mr. Randolph*, the American, with him, whom Mrs. W. [Weddell] ate up *que c'était un charme*—a very shrewd, sensible man to appearance, but took some pains to let us know he was of an old (and an English) family. Mrs. W. is much the same, but at least better than during the last week in August. Mrs. Benson still keeps her bed, yet I rather think by all accounts will recover. God grant it may be with comfort! For there seems some little suspicion of paralytic affection in the case. I have no time to answer your Friday's letter, but thank you for it. Don't trouble yourself to write unless to forbid my coming.—Yrs. ever,

L. S.

LETTER XVIII.]

[Barham Lodge was the residence of the Hon. Thomas Knox, afterward 2nd Earl of Ranfurly; his wife was Lady Louisa's niece.

Lady Sarah Robinson (*née* Hobart) was the wife of the Hon. Frederick Robinson (brother of Earl de Grey). He was created Viscount Goderich next year, and later Earl of Ripon. The present Marquess of Ripon is their son.

Lady Sarah's grandmother was a sister of Lady Stuart.

The Dow. Lady Buckinghamshire (step-mother of Lady Sarah, her father's second wife) was the daughter of the first Lord Auckland.

The Duke of York died 5th Jan. 1827.

Major Moray was Major William Moray Stirling of Abercairny and Ardoch, Perthshire. He had married this year Lady Montagu's half-sister, Frances Douglas.]

*Barham Lodge, Elstree by Edgeware,
Wednesday morning [Oct.(?) 1826].*

Dear Louisa—I arrived safe and sound, going fast enough till I turned into the cross lanes which lead hither. I found Mary and all her children in great preservation, and the fairy who was born in seven months as playful as your kitten; the two elder young ladies are educating (as I *will* say till Cobbett forbids me), so grown grave. I have had a letter from Lady Stuart this morning, chiefly about the poor Robinsons, who are gone down to their child's funeral in Lincolnshire. Lady Sarah seems to have forgot her own complaints in making exertions to support Mr. Robinson, who is overwhelmed with grief. She has dined below stairs, and seen his brother and her own (Mr. Henry Ellis), which she has not done for many months. The Dow. L^y. Buckinghamshire, who doated on the child, sate up with it four nights running, and now follows them to Nocton. Sir Charles has seen the great man [Canning], who is cold, stiff, and silent, as if *wholly indifferent*, and resolved not to enter upon the business, avoiding any question, but not uncivil. Sir Ch^s. thinks the D. of Y. [York] *wonderfully better*. I heartily wish it may last. Mrs. Stuart will have it the doctors thought his case like Lord Winchelsea's, and he at one time rallied, so that they had hopes of his recovery, but then his legs mortified and there was an end.

Lady Montagu writes, returned from Major Moray's, and highly pleased with himself, his house, place, etc. Mrs. Scott just setting out, with pain enough at leaving

her father [Lord Douglas] (perhaps for ever). . . .
Adieu in haste, with all that is grateful to Lady L. and
kind to the rest.

LETTER XIX.]

[Sir Walter Scott was in London from Oct. 17th to the
26th on his way to Paris. For his opinion of *Brambletye
House*, etc., see Lockhart's *Life*, vol. ix. p. 6.]

Gloucester Place, Saturday [Octr. 1826].

Dear Louisa—I know I am much in arrear with you,
but no matter, excuses only fill paper. I received your
packet this morning at Barham, which I left sooner
than I intended, howled at, hooted and scolded, but I
said I *must*, and there was an end. I had a friend to
meet in town; I did not care to proclaim whom, for
in truth this was W. S. [Scott], who leaves it early
Monday morning, and whom I really longed to see,
though I was very sorry and compunctious about
cheating Mary of a week. I now write against time,
and have two or three other letters to dispatch per
general and penny post, so you must not expect much
from me. We have been reading *Tor Hill*. I prefer
it to *Brambletye*, and it certainly is entertaining, because
a good selection of passages from old books, *very* enter-
taining to those who have not read the books, therefore
it will be much cried up. The principal character is
Massinger's Sir Giles Overreach with hardly any differ-
ence. Whenever Mr. Horace Smith speaks for his own
self it is miserable stuff. He brings in a French *play-
house* valet-de-chambre, too bad even for a modern farce,
living on a catch-word; and a youth who has always
been confined in the country as half-witted, who talks
pretty much the language of Rousseau, and in his first

speech discusses the character of Harry VIII., whom by the story he ought never to have heard of, talks of his cruelties and vices before they were committed, rails at the Church, the law, and the *army*, before there was an army—in short, you see Mr. H. S. has gone to old books to make up his own, and is ignorant of them otherwise, but, as I said above, it will be much admired, particularly his description of Cardinal Wolsey's banquet, transcribed faithfully from Cavendish. This is all I can return for Lord Cochrane. I shall stay in town a few days, till *Thursday* I think, and then go up for a few more to Admiral Scott's, that I may see Car in comfort, as we have much to talk over. So I defer settling at Richmond till the following week when the Dss. will be quite alone. . . . Adieu, for London darkness is coming on.—Yrs. ever, L. S.

Pray remember me to Lady Louisa. You must not expect any more till I am at Richmond.

LETTER XX.]

[Sir Walter Scott was in London at this time on his way back from Paris. Lady Scott had died on May 14th this year.

Mrs. Parry was Isabella Louisa Stanley [of Alderley], Miss Clinton's first cousin. She had married this year Capt. William Parry, R.N.

The "Temple sisters" were the sisters of Lord Palmerston, one the wife of Admiral Bowles, and the other of the Right Hon. Laurence Sullivan.

Admiral Fleming was the son of the eleventh Lord Elphinstone. He assumed the name of Fleming with the Wigtoun estates, which came to him from his grandmother, daughter of the sixth Earl of Wigtoun. Admiral Fleming married Donna Catalina Alessandro.

The remark about Miss Catherine Fanshawe probably means that Sir Walter admired her riddles more than she did his poetry. In a private memoir of her, by Rev. W. Harness,

1865, several of her riddles are given. The best known, on the letter H (sometimes attributed to Byron), begins, "'Twas in heaven pronounced," instead of "'Twas whispered in heaven," as it is usually printed.

In the remarks on Sir Charles Stuart at the end of the letter, the "first person" means Canning, the "second person" the King, and "the third" the Duke of York, for whose interview with Sir Walter Scott, see Scott's *Journal*, Nov. 17th, 1826.]

Petersham, Saturday, Novr. 25th [1826].

Dear Louisa—I received your packet in due season, and you may guess how full my hands were when I say I could not find a moment to read the enclosed paper till I was in the carriage coming hither. I had to copy out two frank-fulls of papers to send to Dr. Corbett, which both engrossed my time and tired my eyes, not to speak of bills and accounts to settle, and one morning spent in shopping. On arriving in town Saturday I found a note from Mrs. Lockhart earnestly asking me to dine with her the next day, to meet her father who was to be off early on Monday morning. You may believe I was not loth to say "Yes," and a very pleasant day I had in his company. I saw a shade pass across his face at first meeting and also at parting, which spoke the recollection of what had happened since we last met, and sometimes I thought he talked with a degree of effort, but otherwise I was well satisfied with his looks and spirits.

I do like people who can *love* with all their hearts—his daughter sate gazing at him with such pleasure! And she said often, "Now, don't you think my father looks remarkably well?" so she is fully content. I fear she has small reason to be so about her poor little boy, who is pale, meagre, and peaking; just the sort of clever, sickly, engaging thing to keep them long in misery

and at last almost break their hearts. The baby is lively and healthy. The daughter Anne pleased me better than I expected. In the first place she is rather handsome, and I did not think her way of speaking so disagreeable as I had heard it represented.

I shall not fail to remember your behest when Maria comes; meanwhile, who do you think dined here yesterday? Guess. Why, Captain and Mrs. Parry; Car's friends, the Temple sisters; Mrs. Bowles and Mrs. Sullivan, with Captain Bowles, were to come from Fulham, and the two Captains being intimate, the Parry party were invited to meet them. Your cousin Bella recognised me as a friend, though I am not sure I should have known her again. Poor thing! I rather felt for her thus, a young bride among a set of strangers. Of course she was modest and said little. He has a very good countenance indeed.

Monday.—I could not finish this Saturday. Yesterday I dutifully called on my Elphinstone cousins, met their brother, Admiral Fleming, and his little black (but pretty) Spanish wife, and then half-an-hour after ran against Col. Hezeta, who was on his way to them, and in a minute more encountered Pen. and Cat. Fan. [Fanshawe], whom by the [bye] we are going to see this morning, that we may not be altogether in the wrong box. I want to get the visit over and returned while I am here, because visitors plague me extremely at Richmond [the Duchess of Buccleuch's], and I hope it will hinder their calling on me there. If you had heard Sir Walter repeat some of Cat.'s [Fanshawe] riddles with glee and delight, you would have thought, not that she was ungrateful, for people cannot help their likings and dislikings, but that he had a much better taste than she.

Sir C. [Stuart] had not seen the *second* person when I was in town; the formal introduction was to be on Thursday—whether that would lead to anything further I know not. I doubt it, and doubt it the more because the first person has been baffled in every point he dwelt upon. “Mark how a plain tale will put you down.” Of course he must hate the plain speaker so much the more. “The article concerning *political* offences was not in the former treaty.” What! you don’t call *Treason* a political offence? *No answer*. When it was stated that this article had made part of Oliver Cromwell’s treaty with Portugal, and been in every one since (although a mere matter of form, never acted upon), *no answer*; but something of a mutter, like “I was not aware of that.” But why would not you accept the Brazilian consent to abolish the slave-trade at least? “Umh! umh! It would not have been delicate to ratify a single part of the treaty if not the whole.” The *subs.* at the office point blank denied that there *was* the article of giving up traitors in the former treaty, whereupon Sir Ch^s. said, “Pray take it down, look at it.” “Oh no, it was not worth while, they were sure it was not there.” “But it *shall* be examined, I insist upon it.” When he pointed it out with his finger they smiled superciliously, folded up the parchment, and returned it to its box in silence.

The end was that their master tried to deny he *had* assented to Brougham’s censure of it in the House of Commons. In short, he was so pinned up against the wall in every instance that one may be sure he can never forgive it. But the strongest fact of all is his having strictly forbidden Sir Charles to go to Buenos Ayres, or in any manner interfere between Brazil and that state to reconcile their differences before hostilities

began ; while both parties were not only willing to accept the mediation of England, but actually besought it. The Emperor entreating Charles to undertake the negotiation, and the Buenos Ayres people sending to entreat he would come over. But orders from home tied his hands ; and there he was kept in exile doing nothing. The war broke out and is still raging, the ships on each side manned with British sailors and commanded by Britons also, who are thus killing each other. Then Mr. C. [Canning] sent Lord Ponsonby, who never was in the country, never did any business in his life, and knows not a syllable of the language, to negotiate a peace, and he was forced to acknowledge to Sir C.'s face that he had failed, and received answer, "To be sure, how could you expect anything else?"

You are welcome, if you find a favourable opportunity, to read all this in your father's ears, altering anything you think too strong. The truth is C. often sees the *third* person, who gets the whole story out of him, and I know is a grand gossip, with respect be it spoken, so I daresay keeps no secrets. *He* is certainly surprisingly better ; he told Walter S. [Scott] he had violent pain in his legs : they were perfectly dead, and the return of circulation produces pain as in parts that are frozen. This the medical people hold a good sign. I know not why I say second person or third, for the *first* takes it in so very exalted a tone that one need not hold them more than eleventh and twelfth. His excessive arrogance exceeds all the Walpoles and Pitts that ever reigned. His reception of C. was cold and stiff beyond measure. Adieu ! I have written this in haste, and have no time to say a word of Capt. Reid. I hope Ly. [Louisa] does not suffer from this cold weather.

LETTER XXII.]

[Mr. Canning became prime minister in April 1827 and died in August. Sir Charles Stuart was created Lord Stuart de Rothesay in January 1828, and returned to Paris as Ambassador in July that year under the Duke of Wellington's administration. He had been there before in 1814 and 1815. When the King heard of the title of Stuart de Rothesay he remarked, "Ah, a sly fellow, he has stolen one of my titles."]

Richmond, 5th December 1826.

My dear Louisa—I left Petersham last Thursday, first receiving your letter. . . .

I can tell you no more of the affairs that interest me, save that Lady S. [Stuart] wrote me word from Wimpole *he* was most graciously and kindly received by the second (or twenty-second) person at the two public interviews, and she hears all sorts of kind things are said of him in that quarter, but still there is no intimation of any desire to see him in private; so one must conclude a step so rebellious towards the supreme person will not now be taken. I know he himself thinks nothing will be done, but all quietly let down and hushed up, and the vague rumour that he failed and did something wrong (not exactly explained) allowed to subsist. A direct charge could be easily and briefly repelled; there is no such power of defeating those convenient phrases, "something or other that happened somewhere or other." And as the newspapers on both sides have maintained too profound a silence not to have been *paid for*, people in general know nothing whatever of the matter. L^y E. [Elizabeth Stuart] herself has been asked, "Where is it he was? in Mexico?" No. "Oh, Peru, was it?" And what did he go to do?" I own I should like to have it fairly laid before

the public—*via* press—*Mais je suis femme*. In my own opinion he would fare the better for declaring open war. He may be employed again, but if he is, the same thing will happen again. C. will make *use* of him, as he has done in this instance, and contrive to throw a veil over the merit of anything he may do—to counteract and thwart him, and then catch at some pretence to be angry. I will some day tell you the cream and finishing of the whole, at which my heart is hot within me, but I do not choose to write it. Yes, I *am* spiteful, and I hate to be so; I hate to feel the paltry little *woman* in my composition. My mind was early formed (or half formed) by the old exploded *Spectator*, and Addison's assertion that he had seen "A woman's face break out into heats as she was railing against a great man she never saw in her life" hindered my ever being a female politician, even when I became an old maid, though the two characters are as congenial as those of barber and newsmonger. I shall like to know what your father says to the anecdotes I sent you; but perhaps he will give no opinion, very justly considering that they form but one side of the question. In some cases it is a misfortune to be wiser than one's own self, and know very well when one is foolish, which is my predicament on this head. Yet that he has been abominably ill-used nobody but the other's blind adherents or supple toadies can deny. Here is your letter of the 4th just come in. . . . As for the whole tribe of the Miftys old and young, what can one do but laugh at it? . . . Don't be provoked—think the wind is blowing and hum a tune tol-de-rol-loll. Adieu for the present. I forgot to tell you Lady Montagu longs to whip you for having any doubts or hesitations.

LETTER XXII.]

[During the troubles in Portugal arising from the struggles between Don Miguel and Don Pedro, British troops were sent at the request of the Constitutionalists, but were withdrawn in April 1828. Sir William Clinton who commanded them was Lieut.-General of the Ordnance from 1825 to 1829. The office was abolished in 1831 under his successor, Lord Robert Somerset. Lord Bathurst was the Colonial Secretary—the same who was the last to cling to the fashion of the pigtail, and at last, in 1828, yielded to modern customs, cut off his pigtail, and sent it round to his colleagues in an official box !]

Richmond, Wednesday Eveng., [Dec. (?) 1826.

Dear Louisa—What will not a day bring forth ! I received your letter last night and put it by to be read at leisure. Then the *Courier* arrived and made me take it hastily out of my pocket again to see whether you said anything of your father's going to command the troops sent to Portugal. But on Monday morning perhaps he hardly knew it himself. I called betimes on Maria to-day, she had not even seen the newspaper or heard a word, and her first impulse was to say, "Oh, dear ! I hope not." I presume yours will be very different, even if like her, you immediately think of his being *shot at* (as the men say), you will also think of many other things, and you will reflect that there can be small danger of that. Meanwhile, it is so exactly what any soldier would wish, and seems to fit in so precisely to all the circumstances of your family likewise, that I wish you joy of it with all my heart. . . . Oh ! I am glad, glad, glad, and I know how to enter into all your different feelings. It sends me back to the days when (as my beloved Lady Ailesbury used to say), "I was a soldier." Yet I do not like to remember them, for bitter mortification soon put an end

to romantic visions, the race not being to the swift nor the battle to the strong, and God grant it may be far otherwise with you! . . . Pray write by return of post straight here without a frank, and let me know all the particulars of this Portugal business. I presume the D. of W. [Wellington] is the person who has named Sir William, and I presume, too, it will not force him to give up the Ordnance. The military operations also, I conclude, will be judged of by *him* and not by Mr. Sec^r. C. I do own it makes me all the better pleased that I bade you acquaint papa with the latter's disingenuous conduct. By the bye, I beg you will contrast Lord Bathurst's speech in the H. of L. with C.'s as far as relates to a friend of mine: both had to say that England had not interfered in framing a constitutional charter for Portugal. Lord B. takes care to set forth the services of the amb^r. in the strongest manner, and state that he could hardly refuse the pressing intreaty of the Emperor of Brazil. Mr. C. says as the gentleman *happened to be there* he accidentally brought it over, but *no blame attached* to him—the butcher boy happened to call, so the letter was sent by him, that was all he had to do with it. I am better pleased with Lord B. than I ever was before. But mark you that not one syllable of praise or notice on so fair an opportunity drops from Brougham or Lord Holland, both calling themselves Ch.'s personal friends. It would have been so easy for either to have said they were sure whatever was done by that gentleman was right and so forth! But it is evident they are drawing (if they have not drawn) up with C. [Canning], and a mutual *toadying* goes forward. I have a *dessous des cartes* that convinces me of it. . . .¹ The Monts. [Montagus] are at this

¹ Cut out in MS.

moment here (and Lucy), so I take a frank in case your father should be just gone or going. They charge me to offer their congratulations knowing your *martial turn*—and also considering it (as it is) an appointment peculiarly honourable and confidential at such a moment. And here (it is Thursday now) is your brilliant *rayonnant* note arrived, which gives me real delight. I could not help showing it to Lady Montagu. Sir Charles lives in Berkeley Square at the house that was L^y. Anne Barnard's. I merely say this *entre nous* in case Sir W^m. should wish to see him, which I think possible. No, I hardly suppose it will make a *change* necessary. The Duke himself did not give up the Ordnance when commanding the troops abroad—I should not admire that. I *do* admire your genuine *diplomatic* spirit in recommending secrecy on the contents of Tuesday night's *Courier* !!!¹ It is true they heard nothing of it in Lozenge Row, but it was because they did not take in the *Courier*, and the morning paper came very late indeed. My nieces are in my house in G. Place till the New Year, when I hope to go to town and find you there. Remember me most kindly to Lady Louisa, and send me all particulars, especially whether *he must resign* the Ordnance.—God bless you!

LETTER XXIII.]

[The Charles Stuart here mentioned was afterwards General Stuart of Hoburne, Hants. He was the son of Lady Stuart's second son John, Captain R.N., who died in 1811. General Stuart died in 1892.]

¹ (*Note by Miss Clinton*).—"My father wrote it at the moment he knew and before anyone else did, and I did not guess it would be public so soon."

[Addressed] at Sir William Clinton's, 27 Queen Anne St.

Richmond, Friday 15th Decr., [1826].

Dear Louisa—This moment I have heard from Lady Stuart, who acquaints me that her grandson Charles has got a commission in the 4th, Lord Chatham's regiment, and is under orders for Portugal, therefore she desires me to give him a letter of introduction to Sir William. I should scruple this very much, knowing well how many letters of the same kind Sir W^m. will be teased with, if I did not know his regard for my poor brother's memory, and did not hope he would be a little inclined to wish the boy well on his account. I shall therefore comply, but must beg you will tell Sir W^m. first that the young man will have such a letter to present to him. He was sixteen last March, but is very manly for his age. Will you say to Sir William that neither Lady Stuart nor I wish to ask any *favour* for him, but any *advice* would be invaluable. In short, Sir William knows what his grandfather would have desired. "Make him a soldier," and if he could desire any respectable officer of lower degree to have an eye over him on occasions it would oblige us ten times more than giving him a company (were that in his power) before he knew his right hand from his left in military matters. Perhaps you could also ask your brother to notice the poor little fellow. Adieu, your note just come, but I have hardly time to read it. You ought to have got a letter from me last night.—Ever yours,

L. S.

LETTER XXIV.]

TO MRS. STEWART MACKENZIE OF SEAFORTH.

Richmond, Dec. 15, 1826.

. . . The true use of a public school is that free intercourse between a boy and his schoolfellows which

equalses all ranks and fortunes, and teaches him, if one may say so, the charities of life, by making him feel that *what he is* signifies more than *who he is*—a sort of republican discipline, rough, but most wholesome and useful to the mind. At the same time a tutor is requisite in order to attend to the many things not taught at school. As for your fears of *quizzing*, much must depend on the character of the tutor, and also upon his proficiency in classical learning, which we all know Scotchmen of even liberal education are not held to excel in. A boy who comes to Eton at twelve or thirteen years old, unless thoroughly grounded in Latin grammar, will be placed in a class with much younger boys, and very little attended to, besides being mortified to find himself there, and having no suitable companions: so that unless your *dominie* be strong in that particular, Lord Montagu advises, as almost the prime step to be taken, engaging a school tutor also—meaning, I presume, that the boys should be placed under the immediate superintendence of one of the ushers or undermasters. Lord M. told me a story with which I must treat Mr. S. M. and you, for I know you will enjoy it—in a comedy it would be called *outré*. Macdonnell of Glengarry came with a great staring lad of fourteen to enter him at Eton. The poor boy, almost of a man's size, being lamentably deficient in grammar and prosody, and pronouncing Latin à l'*Écossaise*, was placed in the third form with children of ten years old. Meanwhile the father desired to speak with Dr. Keate himself, who left his dinner to receive the Laird's commands. These were to observe a point of great importance, viz. that his son should be entered in the books Macdonnell, and not Macdonald. "Sir," said he, "Macdonnell was the true

ancient name from time immemorial : it has always been Macdonnell till the invasion of the Romans ; then they corrupted it into *Macdonaldus*, but we have nothing to do with the Latin termination." The little Doctor did nothing but bow and assent to the formidable chieftain, but in repeating it said, "I could have told him, if I durst, that *Macdonellus* was much better Latin than *Macdonaldus*, and exculpated the Romans altogether."

LETTER XXV.]

Richmond, Tuesday, Decr. 26th [1826].

You have been disappointed, I fear, at my not writing, but I did not exactly understand your directions, and now have thought it best to send for a frank before I ventured it. I trust ere now the troops are arrived at Lisbon, and if the newspapers say anything like truth, the Spaniards have so far drawn in their horns, and the French so declared themselves, that no serious contest can be apprehended. Lady S. came down to the Lodge as soon as she had dispatched her grandson to Portsmouth. Her servant whom she sent with him returned with an account that he had left him safe on board the *Wellesley*, that he presented a letter from his uncle to Sir Thos. Hardy, who received him with great kindness, and said he was sorry that the crowded state of the ship would not allow him to give him a better berth than the midshipmen's quarters. Your father being but just come, and everything in hurry and confusion, the young gentleman wisely deferred troubling him with my letter till the next day. It was necessary for Sir C. [Stuart, his uncle, the ambassador] to write to Sir Henry Torrens to ask leave for his nephew to wear his uniform, as he was not yet gazetted. Sir H., of course, treated this as

a trifle, but said in answer that the name of C. S. [General Sir Charles Stuart] would alone be enough for the army. His note was given to the boy, with "mind and do not disgrace that name." Lady S. cried over some of these things, together with the bustle of preparation for his going, which brought back old days of hopes and fears long since extinguished. She had nothing new to tell me about other matters, only a good story to gratify my malice. Wellesley Long has thought fit to produce before Chancery his letters to his children, and like everything else they have found their way into the newspapers. I did not read them with much attention, but saw that in the main they contained better advice than might have been expected from such a father, amongst other subjects, a strong censure passed on *cunning*, and, what was odd enough (addressed to a little boy), instances given in the characters of public men, particularly Sheridan and Tierney. Then followed, in the *Courier* and *Morning Post*, two or three lines of : : : * * * dots, stars, or whatever you call them. By chance seeing another paper, I found the dots held the place of an admonition to take warning by what had happened to Mr. C. He was a man of great parts and brilliant talents, Lord C. [Castlereagh (?)] very much beneath him in abilities, yet the former's dirty, underhand, cunning attack upon him had ended in his own disgrace, in casting a cloud over his character, which for several years he could not recover, while the latter (Lord C.) rose above him and maintained himself merely by manly openness and fair dealing. The cunning *dots* of Mr. C.'s paper might furnish a warning the more. Sir Joseph Yorke, a rattle-headed genius, very apt to stumble into a wrong box, dines with Mr. C. ; the dinner is very solemn and silent ; Sir Joseph,

not apt to hold his tongue, wants to enliven it, so—
“Eh! Mr. C., did you read those strange letters of Wellesley Long’s?” “No, really, I never read any such stuff,” said the great man with dignified contempt; and the company all looking on their plates not to look aghast, there was a silence with a witness never to be broken again. I confess I enjoy this, but I know I am a foolish, little, spiteful woman for my pains, for *à quoi bon?* He is sailing with wind and tide in his favour, and one may sit down and gnaw oneself, if one will; it does him no harm. As I am what I suppose Lady Charlotte would call a Tory, wishing the constitution to remain what it is, without an overthrow of the Church or reform (*i.e.*, demolition) of Parliament, I cannot but regret we should be in the hands of a *Liberal* minister, who I am convinced would have no more objection in point of principle to such measures than if he had never seen his own anti-Jacobin. Who will or can honestly say they believe Lord Liverpool and Lord Eldon do not oppose such things upon *principle*, because they think them pernicious? You may observe nobody does say it, not the most abusive writers; they are *bigots*, and *old fools*, and men of *narrow minds* and *contracted views*, that is the key it is played in. On the other side, whom will you find able to set his face to this assertion? “Brougham, etc., are perfectly honest men, they may be wrong or too violent, but they wish only the public good.” Not a single soul. Brougham himself would laugh at it, as Wilkes did at your grandfather when he asked him why he raised the nation against my father, whom he freely told him he thought “*a very good minister.*”

No! honesty is never named; they are men of liberal, enlarged notions; the march of intellect and the

sway of genius are rung in your ears, dazzling abilities flashed in your face, and you are bigoted or foolish if you boggle at anything they propose. At the same time such men have their use and ought always to exist, or we should gradually sink into a set of old women; but they should be opposers, not governors, and I own I dread C——'s bringing them in triumphant, notwithstanding my belief that they would shortly kick him out.

I cannot conceive what has possessed me to fall into this long political dissertation. Do tell me what more you have heard about the poor Fans. [Fanshawes]. Is it to such an extent as is rumoured? The newspapers said £19,000 or £29,000. Ten thousand make some difference, but even the smaller sum would be tremendous. I have never opened my lips on the subject to anyone, excepting to say I should be very sorry if it were true, when somebody has come open-mouthed with the story. Indeed, I detest that sort of gossip about one's neighbours' serious misfortunes—treating them as an article of news, and then off to something else, such a one's marriage or legacy, or new pair of coach horses. It always makes me savage.

Give me full instructions respecting whom I am to enclose letters to. I believe I shall stay at least ten days more here. Pray never mind franks for me, only don't cross your lines, for I would rather anybody would beat me than send me such an epistle to decypher. I hope Lady Louisa caught no cold or other mischief in returning. Now adieu.—Yrs. ever, L. S.

CHAPTER II

1827

LETTER XXVI.]

[The Duke of York died on January 5, 1827. On the death of Lord Granby in 1770 the office of Commander-in-Chief remained vacant till the appointment of Lord Amherst in 1778. 'The Duke of Wellington succeeded the Duke of York on January 21, 1827.

The Duke of Cambridge was Viceroy of Hanover at this time.

Lieut.-General Sir George Cooke, K.C.B., commanded the first division of the Guards at Waterloo.

Sir Henry Clinton, a distinguished general, was a younger brother of Miss Clinton's father ; he died in 1829.]

[Addressed] at Sir W. H. Clinton's, No. 27 Queen Anne Street, Cavendish Square, 8th January, early post.

Richmond, Sunday [8 Jan. 1827].

My dear Louisa—Your second letter has made me ashamed of not having answered your first (which by the by I liked very much), and now I have only time for a few hasty lines. I go to town to-morrow, having offered myself to Mrs. Weddell for a few days soon, and shall think of Ditton, I believe, in something less than three weeks. Lord Montagu was here for two nights, Wednesday and Thursday, and pressed me very much to fix an early time. He said they wanted to write to you. The middle or latter part of the week

after next is the soonest I can accomplish, I think. So much for actual business of our own. The poor D. of York's death is a melancholy theme, melancholy indeed for the army, and not less so for the nation—*Qu'est ce que nous deviendrons?* It is reported the D. of Cam. [Cambridge] has refused the commandership, and no wonder! He has German habits and a German wife, is in fact sovereign of Hanover, and why should he exchange the income he has as viceroy of that, £8000 a year—there worth 24—for a scanty £3000 a year, and perhaps the House of Commons to fight with? I can remember the time when there was no C.-in.-C., and we did, I don't know whether well or ill—without any such office. But then the father [George III.] in the prime of life, took the business of it very much upon himself, transacting it personally with the Secretary of War, whose consequence it of course much increased—a very different matter from the *son*, who is not very easily badgered into signing papers, let alone fairly buckling to business. Then to look forward—once again—*Qu'est ce que nous deviendrons*—I enter into poor Sir Henry's [Clinton] feelings and honour him for them. . . . Capt. P. I should call manly and plain, a sailor, who is always peculiar, not vulgar, in his manner. However, M. is far better fitted to go through the world than you or I, and will find more people of her opinion. How generally have I heard that match talked of as something between mad and foolish on the lady's side—"And she *can* have no regard for him, you know—impossible—for otherwise it would make her so miserable!"—that is the key it is played in. The possibility of a woman's having a regard for a man's honour and character, or any other sort of regard than that which would tie him to her apron strings, never

enters their conceptions. And I must say the men talk thus as well as the women—yes, the *young* men—your language would be as ridiculous and unintelligible to them as the phrases that drove Don Quixote out of his senses. But take the very men calculated to excite such feelings, inspire such sentiments, and do *they* understand and value them as one would expect? Alas! not always. I have seen it far otherwise. So the mere downright *she*-woman is far the best after all, take my word for it.

I long to hear of your father's arrival. Ly. S.'s grandson having but just got his commission, and not being gazetted (nor even yet), was not in time to go with the 4th [Regiment], by which means he went in the *Wellesley*, under hatches with the midshipmen. Sir Will^m. was just got on board, but the servant who went with the boy advised him not to give his letters till the next day, when the hurry was a little over. The man brought back such a clear account she thought he had been a soldier himself; he said he had lived with Sir George Cooke, and had seen embarkations before.

This day by perfect chance and good luck, since writing the above, have I stumbled upon Ch^s. the elder. After Petersham church, wet and damp, as it was not actually raining, I ventured home with Car [Scott], and whom should we find at the door but him! He had spent yesterday with his mother, and called there in his way to town, so I had an hour of him. He was in high spirits and made us laugh all the time; yet very sincerely sorry for the D. of Y., *his* only real friend in a high region, but the Admiral and he got upon sea matters and made excellent fun together. Two of the subs at the *office*, youngsters of fashion, signalise themselves by behaving to him with the most marked air of contempt

and impertinence, and these two are near relations of the wife of *his* near relation *le nouveau pair*. Yet t'other day comes a cool cavalier letter from a son of the latter's who lived in his house like his own son at Paris (for which he never had even *thank ye* from the father), and seemed to think it a good joke when Mr. C. turned him out of it—a letter just to desire he would write to *Ursa Major*, as Ly. E. M. calls him, to make him his aide-de-camp—and I am provoked to add that he did it directly. Match me this if you can—"We hate you, wish you trampled under foot, and are ready to help anybody in so good a work ; but if you can serve us in any respect you are bound to do it ; it is nothing but your duty, and what we need not be a bit obliged to you for." Yes, I am very glad you have let your farm, and indeed, indeed heartily concerned for the Fans. [Fanshawes]. Poor Catherine ! I wish more than ever she were abroad. I hope Lady Louisa continues well through both frost and thaw. Adieu, for I shall be called to tea in a moment.

LETTER XXVII.]

[Barkway is the village close to Cockenhatch. Two notes before this date mention the illness and improvement of Lady Macartney.]

[Addressed] Barkway, Royston, Herts.

Tuesday, 23rd Jany. [1827].

Dearest Louisa—I begin a note at Chiswick to be put in the post or sent to Q. A. Street when I get to town this afternoon. I meant to have gone yesterday, but the fall of snow appalled me ; to-day the horses are frost-shod, and I need not scruple taking them out. I shall leave Lady M. [Macartney], I think, much as I

found her a fortnight ago, with nothing by which one can trace how very ill she was for a couple of days. I do assure you your note gave me great pleasure. I copied out the extracts from your brother's letters and sent them to Lady Stuart, who has been always so much used *to men* and *soldiers*, that what she will like best in them is the boy's having himself a desire to join his regiment and learn his duty. If Sir W^m. *could* take an aide-de-camp out of the nursery, it is the last thing, I believe, my brother would have desired for his grandson. What he has done has been beyond measure kind, and sufficient to give the youth spirits to go on and try to deserve it. To be sure there never was such a *lucky dog*—in man's language—to set out thus under the general's own wing!

Gloucester Place, 3 o'clock.—Just come and have found your other note of Sunday. I am sorry it could not be answered by return of post. However, Lady Mont. [Montagu] herself has fixed *Monday, 29th*, because they may go to Richmond the end of this week, and I think they will, since I find by a note from Ly. Lothian that *she* cannot, so there it stands, and as for letting you off—nonsense!—the Monts. being determined to have you even if they were to give up having me. Remember you can have a bed in this house for the two nights with great ease and comfort if convenient. Time for no more. I direct this to Cockenhatch in case your letters are already gone. Louisa D. [Dawson] desired very particularly to be remembered to Miss Clinton.

I am very glad Lady Louisa keeps well. L. S.

[Half a dozen short notes, not printed, show that Miss Clinton had scarlet fever while staying with the Miss Fanshaws in Berkeley Square in January this year.]

LETTER XXVIII.]

[General Pye was a certain General Charles Pye of the Clifton Hall family. He assumed the additional name of Douglas on his wife's succeeding to the estate of Rose Hall or Douglas-Support, which was entailed on her family by the Duchess of Douglas, her aunt.

Bishop Pelham was Bishop successively of Bristol, Exeter, and Lincoln. His sister, Lady Emily or Amelia, was the youngest daughter of the first Earl of Chichester. Her elder sister, Lucy, was the second wife of Miss Clinton's grandfather, Lord Sheffield.]

Ditton Park, Sunday, 11th Feb. [1827].

Dear Louisa—I am determined not to let a day pass without writing to you from hence, though I have nothing to say but that the first words which greeted me from all the four were, "Oh! Miss Clinton! How is Miss Clinton? How provoking! How vexatious," etc., etc. My Lord and my Lady did not arrive from Richmond till about a quarter of an hour afterwards. Well! And to-day I have been at church and am come home, and will not stir out again, for it is bitter cold, and I believe preparing to snow. I do not live in the Duchess's grand apartment this time, because Lord Courtown is expected, who always used to have it, and who is at present lame. I am lodged in the room originally meant for mine when the house was built, at the foot of the flight of stairs from the passage, Lady Anne's [Scott] sitting room, while *they* were regular inmates, looking to the west, in the same wing with the one you inhabited. Now you know all about it. There is nobody here, nobody at all, at all. No Miss Milsom even, and nobody expected but the Courtowns for a few days on their way to Parliament, and a certain absent, silent General Pye, who married one of the

Douglasses of Rose Hall, a connection of Lord D's. [Douglas]. When I knew the General he quite forgot he was in the room with anybody, and everybody forgot his presence in return, therefore it was no more annoying than *Steady's* between meals. I found a letter from Lady Emily that disturbed me. Colonel Henry M. [Macleod] is prevented from going to Jamaica in the *Barham* with his commanding officer and Admiral Fleming. He was so eager to do it, and hustled so much to be ready that he inflamed his leg with over-walking (the same leg which suffered so severely by that dreadful overturn of the stage coach), and the surgeon he consulted said it would be highly dangerous to proceed. Not willing to believe this he sent for Astley Cooper, who entirely confirmed the other's opinion. They do not apprehend any serious mischief or long confinement in *this* climate, but as he must go some time or other it is a sad *contretemps*, and I am afraid will render his voyage an expensive affair in the end. Are not you sorry for poor little Bishop Pelham? or I should rather say for his sister? I imagine he was what she loved best in the world, and he was very fond of her, and proved it. It seems like checkmate to her (Lady E.) in every point of view. I should not be surprised if she drooped, and soon sank into the grave herself, for no one ever needed support so much, or was so used to lean upon her brothers in the common passages of every day. Lord Chichester she looked up to as guide and guardian, but the bishop being nearer her own age was the friend of her heart. Poor little, humble, quiet, harmless thing! I cannot get her sorrow out of my mind.

I have been reading your last letter over again. It is curious that Pen. [Fanshawe], in all the discourse we

had about your illness and Cat's. [Catherine] for three or four successive days, never named such a thing as scarlet fever. She spoke as if Cat. had had "*something of a sore throat*" at the beginning, which I understood to have been in December, so I said as she did, "Oh, it is impossible *that* can have anything to do with Lou's feeling ill now." Our forefathers never said anything more just than that truth lay in the bottom of a well. If you wish ever so much to keep exactly to it, there is some instinct that will not let you.

I grant it is most fortunate that I could not bring you hither at the time we first talked of, but when I think that you might have come in all safety but for this vile visit to Berkeley Square, I grow savage, and am even ready to allow, what otherwise I hate to hear of, "Clinton luck," and so forth, and if you do cry like grandmamma I cannot find much fault. I would only entreat you to remember that the inclination you own you have to like, whatever you like at all, too strongly, is only to be moderated by seeing, knowing, and liking a greater variety of people. Then every one finds it very possible to lower their feelings sufficiently for the tone of society ; therefore those who have them set too high ought to mingle with it as much as they can. I am ashamed to own that a sentence out of a very wicked old play has just come into my head. A gay widow says to a deserted faithful wife, "Lord, my dear, why, when he left you, you went and staid in the country a couple of years with a bishop and an old nurse. That was enough to make any woman break her heart for her husband."

Lady Louisa wrote me a very kind letter, by which I perceived she was quite easy in her mind. I saw no creature on Friday, so I can tell you no news about

Portugal or anything else. . . . I am glad you have got the Spanish *Gil Blas*. I read it above twenty years ago with particular pleasure ; knowing the original took away all difficulty, and yet being in another language it seemed like a fresh thing. The manners are so French, though, that I do not believe a word of its having been taken from a manuscript of Cervantes. Adieu, dearest Louisa, and pray let me hear from you very soon.—Most affly. yrs.,
L. S.

LETTER XXIX.]

[Mrs. Morritt was the daughter of Colonel Stanley of Cross Hall, M.P. for Lancaster. Sir Francis Willes was Sir W. Clinton's uncle by marriage.]

D. P. [*Ditton Park*], 15th Feb. [1827].

I heartily wish you joy of the arrival of Freddy, in spite of all the drawbacks and uncomfortable circumstances, which I must say you bear with more cheerful philosophy than I could do. *Sunday, the 18th.*—The date of that scrap must answer all your pathetic reproaches. My head was too heavy to go on. A new and violent cold has come on the back of the old one, and for a couple of days, before it had struggled into its proper shape, I was downright ill. Now it is *just* as bad a cold as one need have, which must take its regular course, and so no more about it. *They* [the Montagus] wanted to write to you, but that I forbade, because you would directly have supposed me dying. Had I a less good-bad excuse, I should certainly be ashamed to see your third packet. I am very glad you have heard from Lisbon, but as I cannot write a great deal, I will look over all your three letters and answer what requires it in each. The offer

of the Infanta to Sir William is peculiarly satisfactory. I think it most likely he will not be allowed to accept it in form, as the key we play in is to disclaim interference (*i.e.* tell fibs), but if he has the power, no matter . . . On the whole, perhaps it may be just as well that Colonel Hezeta has gone to his own country. . . . A Spaniard might have eventually embarrassed him, and, however faultless in his own conduct, have become the object of jealousy to the Portuguese. I did not tell you of Mr. Morritt's good fortune, because it was no lucky windfall, but a simple inheritance, such as betides all people who have fathers and uncles, and if these live to an unusual age the accumulation of wealth is naturally greater, but its coming at last not the more surprising. Poor Mrs. Morritt told me in her lifetime that the old people of the family had made an arrangement [with] the uncle that what he had should go to Mr. Morritt; the aunts (4 or 5 in number) that their property should be divided among the brothers and sisters. These old ladies all died a dozen years ago, so you may call *their* heirs the luckiest if you please. . . . Some years ago Mr. M., wishing to purchase a convenient estate containing half the scene of *Rokeby*, Brignall caves, etc., all up the Greta, prevailed on the old gentleman to advance the ready money; so as he probably paid him double the interest he received from the land, he must feel himself much more at ease. He wrote me an account of the uncle's death, and in general terms said it had enabled him to make all his own circle as happy and comfortable as money could make them—which was like *him*. I believe the uncle, who was blind, deaf, and 87, had become a perfect miser. It will be "A fountain spouting through his heir" in quite another sense than that of the satire. If Sir F. Willes

will leave his money to Sir William, Sir William will be *lucky*, but not for having Cockenhatch his own, only *unlucky* for waiting so long.

Lady Montagu fished out of me at last what I said I would not tell her, though you gave me leave, but she is sworn to hold her tongue and say nothing to the girls. She is very desirous, however, that the Fans. [Fanshawes] should have the necessity of caution knocked into their heads when you are well again, believing that the infection may be locked up in a drawer, with a blanket or an old shawl (if no fumigations have been used) and break out a twelvemonth hence, nobody will know why. If they let their house it is a thing that they really ought to attend to—*stuff o' the conscience*. For example, I heard Lady Elizabeth Stuart wishing to get it. How could I help wishing to put her (with her two little girls) upon her guard if it came to a serious bargain? . . .

Once more joy, joy of Freddy's return, but unless he is much stouter in health he had better not be off to Portugal directly.

I cannot imagine what French *Gil Blas* you had; the Marquise de Cheves' visitors are in all I ever saw, and so is the very pretty Sicilian romance from which Thomson took his tragedy of Tancred and Sigismunda, and dullified it rather than improved. Mr. Barr is as good an instance of a camel swallower straining at a gnat as ever I knew; but that school are all alike. Rousseau could not bear the immorality of Molière's plays, and accordingly a very different school are not ashamed to quote *his* opinion—Rousseau's—against the stage!!! . . . I am much pleased with the extract from your brother's letter. I have given the girls the *Romance* to spell over. And now, my head threatening

to fall on the paper, I shall only add that I shall long to hear that you are settled at Sir Henry's—a most excellent scheme.—Adieu, and God bless you!

L. S.

LETTER XXX.]

[Lord Liverpool was attacked with apoplexy on 17th February. Owing to his continued illness Canning became first Lord of the Treasury on 10th April. On this the Duke of Wellington, who was Master-General of the Ordnance, and several other Cabinet Ministers, resigned. Canning formed a new ministry, replacing the Duke by Lord Anglesey, Huskisson remaining at the Board of Trade. Mr. Frederick Robinson, who had been Chancellor of the Exchequer, was created Viscount Goderich on 27th April, and became Secretary of the Colonies, Canning combining in himself the offices of first Lord and Chancellor of the Exchequer. When Canning died on 8th August Lord Goderich became First Minister. His Government only lasted till January, when the Duke of Wellington formed a new ministry.

Sir Henry Clinton married in 1799 Susan, second daughter of Francis Lord Elcho, son of the sixth Earl of Wemyss. Sir Henry's sisters-in-law were Lady Stamford, Lady Galloway, and Lady Rossmore. Lady Susan Clinton died in 1816.]

D. P. [Ditton Park], Friday, 23rd Feb. [1827].

Dear Louisa—I am at last really growing better, though not yet dining below stairs, because not fit to eat meat, but it has thrown itself out so thoroughly, "*s'est si bien manifesté*," as an old Swiss governess in the Buccleuch family used to say, that I trust it will leave no remnant behind. Lord M. [Montagu] and Lucy are going to-day to Richmond for four-and-twenty hours; Lady M. takes the liberty of staying away. Lord and Colonel Stopford came on Wednesday, and I suppose will go again to-morrow or Monday.

The report they bring from London is that Mr. R. [Robinson] will go to the House of Peers and be First Lord, Mr. Husk. [Huskisson] Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Mr. C. [Canning] remaining in his present office, the real efficient head of everything, as indeed it seems resolved in a higher place that he should be ; for how obstacles have been taken out of his way ! The poor D. of Y. [York] and now Lord L. [Liverpool] in whose safe, steady, conscientious hands one felt secure against wild and dangerous schemes of innovation, leading to subversion. Your uncle's *unceremonious visitor* out of the question, I honestly doubt the safety of C. and H.'s [Canning and Huskisson] counsels. But the tide runs so strongly that I expect to hear something has happened to the D. of Wellington next.

. . . You see you are corresponding with Mrs. Di. Western, but it is really better than telling you my ailments or answering your pathetics thereupon, and will tend more to recruiting your spirits. I am not the least surprised at the lowness you speak of, it must follow such an illness, but when appetite returns strength and animation will increase, and even a flow of unusual spirits take place. Mrs. Scott [Car.] made a happy sequel to the proverb, "None are so deaf, etc.," namely "None are so stupid as those who won't understand"—which I think is exemplified by the clever women in B. Square. The cool, quiet determination that it cannot be so amuses me, especially after betraying that they begin to *suspect* what has been the matter—*midî à quatorze heures*. Warren certainly is not the least or lowest of his profession, and doctors do differ, but I can hardly help thinking he either speaks in complaisance to them, or else, conscious that *he* ought

to have put them on their guard, is determined not to own he has been in the wrong. I have particular satisfaction in your present residence. I almost wonder Dr. Ash would have consented to your taking a journey of 36 miles slap-dash at the first sally, and in such very bitter weather, but besides avoiding the physical evil, I hope for much moral good. You are formed for a man's companion, and a man is formed for yours. Your uncle will learn to like your conversation, and his will interest and amuse you. The men he sees you will see and talk to, and learn not to be afraid of he-creatures. Is the monk of All Souls the actor? If so he is an old friend of Charles Douglas's. To return to your aforesaid uncle, the *rapprochement* to him (by himself) gratifies me, for you will know and understand each other better by living for a fortnight in the same house than by what intercourse you have hitherto had in your whole lives. I was very much obliged to you for your extracts both from the general's letter and Henry's. By the bye, how good natured it is of Henry always to mention that boy and so kindly! The general's notions about the amnesty are admirable, true policy and true humanity.

I can return Sir H.'s compliment to the appearance of the late Sir C. (Charles Stuart). Several years ago, when I had his (Sir H.'s) *belle-sœur* for a month my guest, he called one day to see her, and as he stood by the fire, I thought there was a very great likeness to Sir C., not in face and feature, but in air and manner, at once military and, as they say of horses, showing blood. He was then very handsome, and about the same height as the other. It might be five or six years after his return from India, and before the Peninsular War. He could not have seen enough of

my brother to *copy* him, as I have heard was done by some of those who served immediately with him; Sir John Moore especially, I was told, did it almost affectedly, so that some of his (Moore's) ill-willers called him the Birmingham Sir C. S. Nobody will copy the son. I believe he has not studied, or stolen, or inherited the graces; but that bluffness pleases me in a man whose whole life has been passed in the trade which renders others courtly and civil, and double-dealing, and designing and mysterious, often about nothing, yet who is confessedly master of his business. If Sir C. were a soldier he would only be a great bear, as Lady Emily styles Lord B.

These stupefying colds put everything out of one's head. When I was last on the chapter of L—— I forgot to mention an anecdote Mrs. *Danesfield* [Scott] brought out by chance, and charged me not to tell, nor shall I to those whom it would concern. She was talking highly of her namesake, when L., assenting to some of her praises, added, "But I don't think her really a sensible woman though." The other almost started. "No! you surprise me; I own I think her very remarkably so." "Oh, dear, not *really*; she has cleverness in some things, but not *sense*." Do not you think this decisive as to the point that separation is best for both? It tells ill also for L.'s own understanding. She cannot distinguish sense when it is accompanied by humility and diffidence, or where it has that simplicity mingled with it which, after all, gives the zest of originality to the character. With all her hatred of Miss B., I daresay she does not doubt *her* being a sensible woman. Some people demand a knock of the head, otherwise they will never believe you have a fist able to give it. In

short, I am come to the point of thinking her *d'une aimable absence*, yet I am sorry for her too. Mary [Montagu] has a note to put in, she says. I find these Stopford men are just going. Adieu. Y^{rs.} ever,
L. S.

Pray see L^y. Charlotte [Lindsay] and my [Dawson] nieces when they go to Gloucester Place, as I suppose they will next week.

Mrs. Weddell is in town. I daresay L^y. Charlotte [Lindsay] would carry you to see her.

LETTER XXXI.]

[Charles Douglas was the second son of the first Lord Douglas who died in December this year. He succeeded his brother as third Lord Douglas in 1844. The Rev. Richard Boulton was chaplain for many years at Ditton Park.]

[Addressed] Sir Henry Clinton's, 3 York Street, Portman Square, London.

D. P. [*Ditton Park*],
Tuesday, February 27th [1827].

Dear Lou—As you desire to have the inclosed back again I will send them by return of post, *d'autant plus* as the lord and lady of the mansion are going to Richmond to-morrow to stay till Friday. Charles Douglas came on Saturday and went again yesterday. Mr. Boulton brought his old father with him on Sunday. So there were more people than usual, and I was ordered not to dine below stairs, but I did yesterday when they were all gone, and now am again one of the family. The absent General [Pye] has continued absent in body hitherto, but is expected to bring hither his absent mind on Friday. I suppose he will not stay above a day or two. I don't know that anybody else

is expected. The Courtowns are not yet set out from Ireland, and as they have run it so near (he comes for the Catholic question) very likely will go straight to town without stopping here. Do you see in the newspaper that W. S. has avowed himself the author of *Waverley*, etc.? He said at a public meeting that the secret had been remarkably well kept, considering above twenty people knew it, *one* of whom, to say truth, is now writing to you.

For these dozen years past it has been a comedy to me to hear all the arguments on the subject; the positive proofs produced that the novels were written by his brother, or his sister-in-law, or I know not whom. My incredulity with regard to common report has been greatly increased, but it has done myself some little good. I found that *knowing*, being *sure* of the fact, I was naturally inclined to be very quiet and moderate about it, never peremptory or decisive, so when I felt myself growing warm and violent on any other subject, the thought sometimes occurred: "Perhaps at this moment there is some peaceable person in a corner, of whom I am not dreaming, but to whom my positiveness is as ridiculous as such or such a one's about the *Waverley* novels. I say as little as I can on that head, only just enough not to seem mysterious; then whoever is equally certain of their ground is likely to do as I do." I should have been equally convinced W. S. was the author, if he had *not* owned it to me very early in 1815, therefore I always professed my belief that he was, but I was open to conviction, and admitted the probability of all that others said; and accordingly no human being suspected me, any more than they did you, of being in his secret. Lord Chesterfield says, if you tell one to a boy or a woman

they betray it out of the vanity of knowing it. It is so far true, that the boy or woman whose ruling passion is vanity will be very sure so to do, not perhaps in words, but in the manner described by Hamlet—"with this head-shake," and "Well if I might—an' if I list to speak." Mystery nine times out of ten springs from vanity—it is always self-important; therefore in general you may observe that the frankest people of your acquaintance, if of honourable characters, keep a secret the best. The easiest thing on earth is to hold one's tongue; and if you do so many around you will attract each other's notice by making a noise that nobody will have leisure to remark whether you open your mouth or not. But then you must be satisfied to pass entirely unobserved, and that is what a great many cannot patiently endure.

Ly. Mont. [Montagu] quite agrees that Dr. Ash must be the best judge about the Fan.'s house, and I own I think, as he has given that opinion, you had better say no more about it. Here is a change of weather that will do us all good.

Sir C. S. [Charles Stuart] told me the same about Lord B., that positive orders had been sent out to him to take the command, and that if he came home he thought it must be in ignorance of it; but this was early, for you were in my house at the moment he said it. I cannot but wish that Ursa Major may prefer staying at home. I like the order very much, and M^{de}. R.'s letter also. *Humbug* is now so universal you must not find any fault with it. *Slang* has superseded language.

My nieces are not yet in Gloucester Place, and it seems uncertain when they will be, perhaps not at all. Adieu.

LETTER XXXII.]

[It was Lieut.-General Sir William Blakeney, K.B., who defended Stirling Castle, and was afterwards Governor of Minorca. He was created Baron Blakeney in Ireland in 1756. He died 1761, *s.p.*, according to Burke. Perhaps Sir Edward was descended from Sir William's brother, Robert of Mount Blakeney, Limerick. Burke says the family settled in Ireland from Norfolk, *temp.* Elizabeth. Sir Edward's brother was tutor to Walter, fifth Duke of Buccleuch. It was Charles, fourth Duke, to whom Sir Walter Scott acknowledged the secret of the novels.

Sir William A'Court, afterwards Lord Heytesbury, was sent Ambassador to Lisbon in 1824; Sir Charles Stuart's special mission was in 1825.

Sir William A'Court was succeeded by Sir F. Lamb (Lord Beauvale) in 1827.

Sir William Gomm, afterwards Field-Marshal, married, secondly, in 1830, Elizabeth, daughter of Lord Robert Kerr.]

[Addressed] Sir Henry Clinton's, 3 York St.,

[Franked] W. L. Lockhart. Portman Square, London.

[*Ditton Park*] *Begun Sunday evng. March 4* [1827].

Dear Louisa—I was glad to receive such a long letter from you yesterday in proof of your recovery, though concerned at the hints of weakness. Now the weather is changed you should try to get out a little often, if only up and down the street. Have no scruple of asking a lift from Lady Charlotte [Lindsay]: you had better not borrow the carriage of anybody who keeps six horses the year round, but we lozenge people, who only have a job pair for three months, are always very charitable and generous, and she is remarkably so; she wanted to send me all the way to Whitehall when not going herself. Lady Stuart writes me word she and Miss Hobart called on you, but did not find you. She knows you have no ready means of returning the

visit. She says she has heard from her grandson, who continues very happy, having been on *actual service*, that is, he has guarded the baggage mules and carried the colours. Your uncle's observation on your father's letter is perfectly just and creditable to both. You must prepare yourself for many a provoking wipe, and cut, and squib, such as, "amusing himself for some days," etc. Everybody's writing and everybody's reading now renders it so easy for spite and even levity to fling dirt at the highest character that none is ever spared, and if you have one dear to you engaged in public life, there is nothing for it but to grow callous as fast as you can. The Blakeney's are Northumberland people, but Lord M. thinks it not unlikely they came originally from Ireland; their grandfather, General Blakeney, defended Stirling Castle against the Pretender's forces in 1745, and there was a Blakeney who had something to do with Minorca. I forget what or when. Sir Edward is younger brother to the Duke of B.'s [Buccleuch] Mr. Blakeney. The latter's outward form bespeaks him of the Milesian race, for he is gigantic; yet I should be surprised to hear him say "will" for "shall." I am much concerned to hear your uncle's state is one of such habitual suffering, and allows him to see so few people, but still I like your being with him, and his getting used to your conversation without anything further, for it will do you both good; he must like to be listened to with interest, it must by degrees gain upon him. It gives me a good impression of A'Court that he agreed so perfectly with Sir Ch^s, because, to say truth, it *was* a trial for a man in that situation to have another come on an important mission directly to step over his head, and Sir Ch^s wrote word that the only one of the corps diplomatique at Lisbon who showed no

jealousy of him was A'Court, who might reasonably have had most. He was perfectly friendly, open, and manly, going hand in hand with him in every respect. Now this speaks favourably for those essential qualities of the mind which hardly ever are found separated from a good understanding, though I allow that there may be very good understandings and even superior talents without them—as witness one person who will straightway come into your head, so we will leave him nameless [Canning ?]. . . . We have at last the absent General [Pye] present, but I suppose his stay will not exceed two days. I believe there is not one person who knows me, little or much, who would not say what you do, that he or she never dreamt I had any knowledge of that mighty secret. And yet I never told any falsehood, never equivocated on the subject, never was in the least embarrassed, notwithstanding I have occasionally disputed about it with people who were perfectly sure and certain W. S. was not the author. And such convincing proofs as I have heard them bring! Not to go far for an instance, some of *this* very family have told me that he had denied it to the late Duke in so serious a manner, upon his honour as a gentleman, that the said Duke believed it impossible he should so deceive him. This I could not quite credit, but I really did think something had passed which with a little improvement might be *made* into such a denial. Well! the other day when the murder was out, I asked Lord M., and what do you think he said? A few months before his brother died, he wrote him word that he had been riding out with W. S., and had said to him, “*I have never asked you* (mind that) whether you were the author, perhaps it is not a fair question. I shall not ask it now, being quite satisfied in my own mind.” “My dear Lord,” answered he,

"I don't at all want to keep it a secret from you." Now remember that it is not once, but over and over that I have heard others among them lay a stress on the former story—as it proves the exact reverse of the truth—and never wonder at the grains of allowance I am so apt to give for everybody's *inaccuracy*; hardly anybody means to lie: I am very sure they did not, but people gain a sort of property in a story they have once told, and when they take fire to maintain it, insensibly tack on little additions—you and I do in spite of our teeth, who are comparatively accurate—but for those who have a flow of speech—bless us! I have said a thing to a near relation of my own, now no more, which she has repeated before my face to the next person who came in, so totally altered that I have been forced to cry, "Hollo, stop! I never uttered any such words!"

Monday.—The absent general is gone, and *eke* a Scotch M.P. who came yesterday morning early and has franked this.

I do not think I have anything more to say except to deplore a most tragical event that has really shocked me—the death of poor Lady Gomm, Granville Penn's eldest daughter. I saw her a short time ago, for she and one of her sisters called on me when I was ill in town, quite well and quite happy, rejoicing (which you must forgive) that Sir W^m. G., who is in the Guards, did not go to Portugal. They had been married seven or eight years, were uncommonly happy together. She got a chill that very cold Sunday, the 18th, was taken ill next day, inflammation ensued, and on Wednesday, the 28th, all was over. To her parents and sisters it is a heart-breaking loss.

Miss Mary has a word to put in. Adieu.

LETTER XXXIII.]

D. P. [*Ditton Park*] Wednesday [1827].

Dear Louisa—I am very sorry it has all so happened; everything X from the beginning to end. I did think of one more chance, that I would put off my return to town for a week and go to Richmond while *they* were in London, so that they might have brought you down with them, and I have carried you back. But I find they must stay till the Friday morning and then go to Richmond themselves for a night, so it is the whole week instead of the half, and I must give it up. Things being so, I shall return home on Monday next. Probably I may soon visit Chiswick for a few days, as you suppose.

I thought to have made you read two or three things here: as you do not come, I will mention them. First and foremost the article of Bishop Heber in the *Quarterly Review*. It is very well written (query, by whom? you may perhaps find out), and most interesting indeed. Then I want you to read Dr. Philpot's letter to Mr. Canning on the Cath. Question. Of course it is all on one side, but the facts are pretty strong, and, with all manner of compliments to the transcendently great man, it does throw such a light on his W (i.e. zig-zag) policy, that you will not wonder he entirely lost his temper in his last speech and had a fit of illness afterwards, for it seems it was this pamphlet that put him in such a rage, tho' he wreaked it on the Master of the Rolls.

We called on Lady H^t. Sullivan yesterday, and she lent us Sir Herbert Taylor's narrative of all that passed (not medically, but *mentally*) in the poor D. of Y.'s last illness. I never read anything more affecting; it elevates his character extremely. He swore Sir H. T. to

inform him if his illness assumed a dangerous form. This Sir H. did as long ago as when he was at Brighton, and he bore it with the greatest firmness. One of his first desires afterwards was to take the sacrament in as private a manner as possible, and the Bishop of London came (not in canonicals) and gave it to him and Sir H. only. The Bp. and Sir H. were strongly affected ; he quite steady, but most seriously attentive to the office. He said to the Bishop, among other things, that as he had given his opinion in public on the Cath. Question, he desired him to take notice, and, if need were, let it be known that he adhered to it still, not, he solemnly declared, on any *political* score, but conscientiously and from sincere regard to the welfare of his country. He received the sacrament again with Princess Sophia, his favourite sister, a week before he died.

This narrative was *lithographed* from Sir Herbert's handwriting ; so, though he does not think proper to publish it, I presume he gives it to the Duke's friends, and would to your father and uncle if they wished it. Mention it to the pater if he has not seen it. Adieu. You must not expect me to write any more while I stay.

Sir Archibald Edmonstone has been here two or three days.

LETTER XXXIV.]

TO MRS. STEWART MACKENZIE OF SEAFORTH.

20th May 1827.

. . . I expect a very old acquaintance in England shortly, one I little thought I should ever see again—the Queen Dowager of Würtemberg. Thirty long years have elapsed since she left us, and few, very few, of her friends will she find still living. I used to be often

at the Queen's house in her youth, and she was the only princess I felt inclined to be attached to, for she had sense, though not brilliancy, a thoroughly right mind and real dignity. Then she dearly loved her excellent father. She had no taste for gossip, and did not take notice whether your gown was a new or an old one, while her mother and sisters took an exact account of everybody's wardrobe and trinket box. "I always think I will not forget how people are dressed," said she, "but somehow I forget it." I am glad the King has invited her to visit him, for of yore she was no favourite of his, and he often mortified and teased her, therefore it is the more flattering. How the recollections of age naturally pass over little unpleasant passages, and lead one to those whom we ought to have loved, even if we did not.

LETTER XXXV.]

TO MRS. STEWART MACKENZIE OF SEAFORTH.

25th May 1827.

. . . There was an article in the treaty with Brazil that traitors should be given up on both sides. This had been in Oliver Cromwell's treaty with Portugal, and continued in every treaty since, especially that which Canning directed Sir Charles Stuart to get renewed, and of course it was a dead letter, never minded or acted upon, and Brougham (who attacked the article) was excusable in knowing nothing of the matter. It is his proper game to find faults, and if these prove mare's nests—he may have better luck next time. Opposition must do this, but it is a minister's game or business to know exactly what he does or orders, and Mr. Canning knew as little as the other, and denied there was any such clause in the former treaties,

so did his underlings. Sir Charles insisted to have the treaties taken down from the shelf, and pointed out the clause, then Mr. C. muttered, "I was not aware of it," and tried to deny his having agreed with Brougham in the House of Commons. In the *Times* newspaper there was a paragraph mentioning that "an idle story had named *one man* for Governor-General of India, who surely, it was needless to say, could never be thought of, he who in the nineteenth century could pledge England to give up those who sought refuge in her from an arbitrary power," and so forth. Lady Elizabeth was very indignant, as we ladies are, and wanted Sir Charles to have the truth stated publicly. He said, as sensible men do, "Pshaw, nonsense, what signify newspaper lies? I contradict them!!" However she teased him so much that meeting Mr. Brougham, he mentioned the matter to him. B. desired to see the articles in the former treaties, and when he read them exclaimed, "Why, this is very strong indeed—to be sure it ought to be contradicted." "And who should contradict it but you who first brought it forward?" said Sir Charles. Brougham a day or two after told him he had called at the *Times* office, and desired a positive contradiction might be inserted, but no such has ever appeared. Perhaps it may occur to your plain understanding that the fit place for Mr. Brougham to have contradicted it was the House of Commons, where he had said it, and Mr. Canning confirmed it. Meanwhile the latter, just before he left the Foreign Office, brought to the House in great form an account from Mr. Gordon, envoy at Brazil, of the Emperor's having consented to abolish the slave trade, so there was "Hear, Hear!" and the newspapers extolled Mr. C. for effecting this. Now Sir Charles obtained this abolition in 1825;

Mr. Canning refused to ratify the agreement, and the slave trade accordingly subsisted by his means above a twelvemonth after it might have been ended in that part of the world.

LETTER XXXVI.]

TO MRS. STEWART MACKENZIE OF SEAFORTH.

5th July 1827.

I had a long interview with the Queen of Würtemberg when she was in London, and had real pleasure in seeing her far better than she was represented by the reports circulated. These talked of her size as something enormous, which it really is not. She is rather shapeless than fat, not having worn stays of any kind these twenty years. And her dress is nothing extraordinary, what anybody's would be who went with their own few grey hairs instead of wearing a wig.

LETTER XXXVII.]

[Beaulieu Abbey was Lord Montagu's place in the New Forest, near Southampton.

Lady Isabella Scott, sister of the young Duke of Buccleuch, had married in 1823 the Hon. Peregrine Cust, brother of the first Earl Brownlow.

Sudbrook, close to Ham and Richmond Park, had come into the Buccleuch family from John, Duke of Argyll, whose eldest daughter, Lady Dalkeith, left it to her son Henry, third Duke of Buccleuch. On the death of his son, the fourth Duke, it passed to his daughters, of whom Lady Anne was the eldest. It was sold soon after this and has passed through various hands. The original house, built for the Duke of Argyll, is still standing. It contains one very fine room, a cube of 25 feet, with a colonnade opening on to the garden.]

[Addressed] Sir William Clinton's, 27 Queen Anne Street,
Cavendish Square.

Richmond, Sunday, [23rd July 1827].

Dear Louisa—I should have written to you sooner, but my mind has been otherwise occupied, that is the truth of it. I found my old friend [the Duchess of Buccleuch] so altered and enfeebled as almost to give a present alarm; but I believe it was the effect of the hot weather, for she is much better now, though still I see a considerable change since the winter.

Lady Montagu was here on Wednesday with Lucy and Mary. Lord M. [Montagu] is gone to Beaulieu; he and she come this next Tuesday for a couple of days, and then, I suppose, will settle something about their future motions. Mrs. Scott [of Petersham] will also return to this part of the world on Tuesday, so I shall certainly stay here all the week, and have no thoughts of going to Danesfield sooner than the 4th or perhaps 6th of August—I should say of leaving London, for I mean to stay a whole day at Ditton. Lady Anne [Scott] is settled at Sudbrook. The Custs set out for visits and the Lakes and Scotland this week, and the young Duke [of Buccleuch] for the north also. He was here the other day and diverted me much with his account of one of his ten wives, Miss Sheridan. She *whistled* him up to her at one time with “Come hither, you spoiled child.” He told her he would not obey, for he was not *her* spoiled child. She says “it is very hard to dance reels and country dances because this young Duke has broke loose from his keepers.” The story of his conversation with Mr. C. is all a *cadab*; he has never seen Mr. C. since his return from abroad. More of Miss Sheridan. She was one of the

Spanish bazaar ladies. Lord Andover, who it seems is a fat, heavy young man, came up to her shop. "Now," said she, "buy handsomely, you that are an eldest son." "No, I don't mean to buy anything, for I won't be the prodigal son." "Oh, never fear, you are more likely to be the fatted calf." To another youngster, "Nay, you must buy or pay half a crown for looking at the things." "But I don't want to look at the things, I come to look at you." "Oh, then, sir, if you please, five shillings. Sheridan's own grand-daughter in a right line." . . .

Let me hear your family plans when they are arranged ; in the meanwhile, God bless you.—Yours ever,

L. S.

I have not heard yet of my nieces being arrived at Spa.

LETTER XXXVIII.]

["Disdaining a present" is an allusion to Miss Clinton having refused one offered by a friend.

"The foolish memoir" was probably the Introductory Anecdotes to the Letters of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.]

Danesfield, Wednesday [Augst. 1827].

A thousand thanks, dear Lou, which I give on white paper, *en attendant* the green, for which I am really greatly obliged to you, and I will not pay you for it, to show you *I* do not disdain a present. I caught no cold at Richmond; it was copying out that foolish Memoir that first made me feel my eyes weak and sore and tired. Since I came hither I have been using hot water, because everybody says all the oculists recommend it, but it has certainly not agreed with them, and I am now returning to cold.

I send back the letter which has much amused both Mrs. Scott and me, but we agree that Aunt Kitty sees the pair in too favourable a light. While Mrs. S. was at Florence, Lady —— was laid up with a black eye received from her lord. Mrs. S. thought that where such an accident happened, a woman had better see no company till the eye was well again, but Lady —— saw everybody and told everybody how she came by it. Then Mrs. S. cavils at the not *always* untrue, and insists on striking out the *not*. My criticism, as an old woman, turns on old times of which Mrs. Stanley knows nothing. I remember three generations of them, Lord ——, the grandfather, brother to the Archeveque de ——, was in all respects an old Frenchman in habits, ideas, and nearly in language. He knew much more of Paris than of Ireland, where he had never lived in his life. His eldest son was the most noted liar in England, without character or principle. He married Lord ——'s sister, and she, dying in three years' time, the two children were left to Providence, while he wandered on the Continent, because too much in debt to be personally safe here. Lord —— took the boy and bred him up. The late Lord —— continued abroad till something was done about his debts, then I believe went to Ireland for a short time. Now pray how does all this make an Irish chieftain? He is just such an Irishman as I am a Scotchwoman, and as for his having the face to talk of Irish *wrongs*, all he has had to do with the country has been to increase them to the utmost of his power by ruining himself *out* of it, and of course screwing his peasantry. If Mrs. Stanley could see *them* they would tell her neither they nor their fathers before them ever were connected with the —— family but through an agent, good or bad. *Now*

he has a good one appointed by the trustees for his children and *his creditors*. He goes over for a month, picks up subjects of declamation, and very coolly takes credit to himself for all the good the S——'s are doing. This is the Irish chieftain. I daresay Mrs. Stanley looks upon him as having been born and bred in R——, and run barefoot over the mountains. Young Charles might just as well puff away at Lisbon about the Isle of Bute, which he never saw, nor his father, nor his grandfather neither. *Lady* —— indeed is a genuine Irishwoman, and one may presume the daughters are of her training. . . . The less said the easiest mended, as I am ready to tell everybody saving my dear self, who always write too much and too strongly.

Lady Taylor has been here two days, and is just gone; her sisters, the Disbrowes, came yesterday, and will stay till Friday or Saturday. She very wisely says nothing on public affairs, but speaks openly about the Cape as offered to Sir Lowry Cole, and as what Sir Herbert wishes for, to be quite quiet and away from all his plagues. Lord Fitzroy Somerset is to succeed him as Secy. to the C.-in-C.

Give my love to all the party. I have time for no more now. I am very glad Mrs. Stanley likes Napoleon [Scott's *Life* evidently] so cordially, and also that Mary does; Mrs. Scott is charmed with it.

Now my eyes begin to feel weak and tired, they never used.

LETTER XXXIX.]

[Horngollogh or Horngolach is a Scotch name for an earwig. The verses by Miss Clinton are hardly worth printing, though amusing probably at the moment. For "Muckle-mouthed Meg" see previous vol. page 92. Mrs. James

Douglas's husband, a clergyman, succeeded his brother Charles as fourth Lord Douglas in 1848. Her father, General Hon. James Murray, fifth son of the fourth Lord Elibank, was celebrated for a magnificent though unsuccessful defence of Minorca in 1781 against a combined force of French and Spaniards. The Duc de Crillon, who commanded, attempted to bribe him with a large sum to surrender. General Murray's answer was: "When your brave ancestor was desired by his sovereign to assassinate the Duc de Guise, he returned the answer which you should have done, when you was charged to assassinate the character of a man whose birth is as illustrious as your own or that of the Duc de Guise. I can have no further communication with you but in arms . . ." The Duc de Crillon answered: "Your letter restores each of us to our place. It confirms me in the high opinion I have always had of you . . ." The siege began with a garrison of 2692. Scurvy and loss of men compelled a capitulation in February 1782, when the garrison marched out with the honours of war, 965 all told, the besieging force being 14,000. Sir William Draper, celebrated by Junius, was Lieut.-Governor, and thought fit to bring serious charges of misconduct against Murray. A court-martial pronounced all the important charges frivolous and ill-founded. The King expressed great displeasure at Sir W. Draper's conduct, and desired him to apologise to General Murray.

Mr. Sturges Bourne was Home Secretary under Canning. Mertoun, on the Tweed, was the residence of Hugh Scott of Harden, who established his claim to the Barony of Polwarth in 1835.

The new Ministry was as follows:—

Premier	Lord Goderich.
Lord President	Duke of Portland.
Privy Seal	Earl of Carlisle.
Foreign Secretary	Lord Dudley.
Colonial Secretary	Mr. Huskisson.
Home Secretary	Marquis of Lansdowne.
Secretary at War	Lord Palmerston.
Board of Control	Mr. Wynn.

Board of Trade	.	.	.	Mr. C. Grant.
Lord Chancellor	.	.	.	Lord Lyndhurst.

This only lasted till January 1828, when the Duke of Wellington formed a new administration.]

Danesfield, Friday, August 17th [1827].

My dear Lou—I was very glad to hear from you, though I grant I had been in no particular hurry to write, having weak eyes for one thing and little to say for another. I like the Horngelloch ode extremely—by the bye I do not recollect ever having heard of that cabalistic word before; it must mean something more than a common vulgar earwig. Maria Scott, perhaps, is not so well acquainted with Mucklemouthed Meg as you are, at least with *my* mistaken edition of her story. I had only heard the heads of it from Walter Scott, whom I then knew but little, and I laid the scene in Cumberland, as pleased me best; but in reality St. George had no concern in it. Meg was the daughter of Sir Gideon Murray, ancestor of Lord Elibank and of Mrs. James Douglas (whose father, General Murray, was *whylome* Governor of Minorca). Sir Gideon, familiarly called *Old Juden*, took Scott of Harden prisoner, and offered him the alternative in question—for otherwise I kept to my text. Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, made a ballad on the same subject, which I daresay Maria Scott knows, and the Montagu girls too, but probably they never saw mine. It is a thousand pities you should not send yours to Merton. I am glad you communicated it to the breakfast-table at Ditton—did not they insist on having a copy?

I earnestly beg you will lay aside all fears of being in the way, etc., and learn in justice, not so much to yourself (whom you will in humility always be thinking

of), as to your honest neighbours, to believe that they mean simply what they say, when there is no reason on earth why they should say what they do not mean. Nobody would ever have asked you to come if they had not wished for your company. This reminds me that I ought to tell you Mrs. Scott quite scolded me for not having brought you hither, or let her know you had left London with me in order that she might have asked you ; but one cannot be in two places at once, as Hannah More justly observes, and you would hardly have liked to stay here *weeks* (though you would very much *days*), and you would have been puzzled how to get away. You and Mary are *two* odd girls, and two foolish girls to boot, in the fancy you speak of, for you do not know what it is you cry up to the skies, and if you did would quickly find the shadows eluding your grasp. I shall beg you to write again soon and tell me what news of Lady M.'s [Montagu] journey, and how Lord M. has found the Dss. I conclude he has gone over to her by this time, or will go early in next week. I found no one here but Mrs. Cussens (?) who went away in two days, and Lady Malmesbury who is gone this morning. Lord Montagu knows her. She knows everything and everybody, especially where politics is concerned, nay—went from hence to the great Mr. Sturges Bourne's—yet even she could not tell us how the new ministry was to be settled. She was reduced at last to repeat authoritatively what we had all read in the newspaper, and say, "Why, it appears to be so and so." To-day there was an arrangement in the *Morning Herald*, copied, it states, from another paper (what paper not named) that left Lords Lansdowne and Dudley where they were, and made Huskisson Colonial Secretary. Bless us! *you* would think that out of the

frying-pan into the fire ; but if it rests thus, it must and will break all to pieces ere Parliament meet, and the Whigs gain a complete triumph. Besides Huskisson's health is said to be no better than Canning's was.

I have been forced to conclude rather suddenly, having another letter to write.—Adieu.

LETTER XL.]

[The Duchess of Buccleuch, Lord Montagu's mother, died on 21st November ; Lord Douglas, Lady Montagu's father, on 26th December.

The Queen of Würtemberg died October 1828.]

[*Gloucester Place*],

[*No date, Sept. (?) 1827*].

I return you the enclosed, dear Lou, with many thanks. I have time for no more than the few lines you require. Perhaps it may be an uncharitable thought, but supposing *Ondine* to be much admired in London, I must own, I think, the match is likely to end in Doctors' Commons as any I ever knew. As old Thurlow said (when Chancellor) to the late King, "It's their own affair now, a couple of years hence perhaps it may be mine." A hard sentence on mere folly and want of ballast, but the breath of these is just what keeps Doctors' Commons agoing.

You will hear that there is little difference in the state of things at Richmond. I had a letter from Ly. Montagu, written just after she got the bad account, much agitated, and so strongly wishing herself there, that I think it most probable she will come up next week ; but maybe you will hardly see her at Ditton, or only to deposit Lucy. She will stay at

Richmond if it trains on, or otherwise, while L^d. Mont. is there, as he probably must be. So your being in their way you need not think of, for they will not be in yours for some time. I am glad you are not wanted at home. I dine with the Q. of W. [Würtemberg] to-morrow. Adieu.

LETTER XLI.]

[Lord Guilford (Frederick, 5th Earl) died on 14th October.

Bob Stopford was a son of the 3rd Earl of Courtown. He died the following year.

Hallam's *Constitutional History* was published in 1827.]

Gloucester Place, Monday, 1st Oct. [1827].

My dear Lou—At the same time with your note I had one from Mary assuring me that she would be upon honour with you, and tell you in the most explicit manner if she had any reason to think her mother after her return *wished* your visit at an end. She added she was certain Lady M. (Montagu) very much desired to *find* you at Ditton, therefore pray, pray rest you content, believe what plain honest folk tell you, and do not spin theories out of your own brain, and insist on seeing into millstones. My notion is that L^y. M. will be backwards and forwards as long as matters go on thus at Richmond; stationary in neither place, and you, of course, just as you are now.

Bob Stopford, the last time he came, told his uncle that he could not but own he found a wonderful difference in his office (the Colonial). Mr. H. [Huskisson] had already done more business than Lord Bat. [Bathurst] and Mr. Wil. Horton put together in the two or three years he (Stopford) had belonged to it. I am afraid this is the case with some one does not like otherwise. It was so with poor Canning himself;

he did the business, or saw it done, and knew who minded or neglected it, though he might not always acknowledge the merit of those he disliked.

I have no very good news to tell you of Portland Place. They were again in great alarm about Lord G. [Guildford] last week, and for a day or two thought the danger imminent. He was wandering, his fever high, etc. . . . I saw them again yesterday. Dr. Holland was returned, and approved of Armstrong's proceeding, . . . yet they are evidently still by no means comfortable (the sisters, I mean), and they both looked pale, worn, and harassed.

Lady Charlotte tells me Miss B. has strenuously promoted an intimacy between Mrs. W. and Louisa D., hoping it would do the former so much good. "How so?" said I. "Oh, by inducing her to settle quietly and make the best of the situation in which she has placed herself"—husband and all included. Louisa's sagely patting down an eccentric person into regular ordinary life has something in it as *impayable* as "les prières de Monsieur l'Abbé," in *Le Paysan Parvenu*—a wicked book which I dare swear you never read.

I dined two days running at St. James's last week, and on one, Sir C. S. [Stuart] being named, the Q. [Queen of Würtemberg] told me it was really a serious misfortune to the country that he had been recalled from Paris; this is not *fudge* from *her*, for she does not, like most of them, run on at random, nor does she know that I like him a bit better than L^d. B. or L^d. W. She speaks from what has come to her ears abroad. Her sister re-echoed: "Oh! his being unemployed is quite a public calamity," but *that* I did not care for: she is a good-natured soul, and a great talker, *et puis c'est tout*. The other has the sense—but too much to meddle or

make with what does not concern her, so her opinion will not affect his interests either way.

I am deep in Mr. Hallam, which L^d. M. lent me from Rich^d. He is a bitter Whig, but a delightful writer, and as I am a *great lawyer* I like the sort of thing. Adieu, with my love to the sisterhood at Ditton. I am very glad Mrs. Firth is at Cockenhatch.

LETTER XLII.]

[“Three blue beans” refers to an old proverb symptomatic of contempt for or disbelief in a statement, such as Lord Beaconsfield described as “the ceaseless chatter of irresponsible frivolity.” “Three blue beans in a blue blown bladder,” or, “Three blue peas in a blue bladder,” according to another version.]

[*Gloucester Place, Saturday, Oct. 1827.*]

Dearest Lou—I have a thousand thanks to return you for all the packets you have sent to amuse me, and it is not ungrateful in me, but from a mortifying cause that I must bid you not send me any more. I do find it weakens and pains my eyes so much to read *manuscript*, especially by candlelight, when your packets generally arrive, that I must confine them to my own correspondence. All you sent yesterday, however, came this morning by Lord Dunglas, not the post, and I sent Lady Louisa’s on as soon as I had read it; the distance is so small that surely you need have no scruple, besides that Thomas calls on his way to making inquiries in Portland Place, where I am sorry to say they are by no means thoroughly *hors d’affaire*. Holland on Monday called in Maton, and Maton at first seemed alarmed. Since there has been great amendment, but still Lady Charlotte [Lindsay], who always makes the best of things, acknowledges they do not take the tone of confidence. There are you see, in a manner, four

physicians, reckoning the little Greek—this always sounds formidably. The liver seems the seat of the disease, yet that is supposed in some way to affect the heart. In short, I fear it is one of those complicated cases medical skill can hardly unravel.

I was delighted with the account of Captain Parry's arrival, which almost surprised me into crying. That, too, I forwarded to Q. A. [Queen Anne] Street directly. I fancy you will see L^y. Mont. [Montagu] sometime in next week, for after seeing herself how matters are at Richmond, she will probably go over to Ditton and perhaps deposit Lucy, but I have no notion of her staying there away from Lord M., with whom she appears so very anxious to be. I speak from conjecture, observe, for she has never mentioned any purpose of going to Ditton at all. I daresay not thought of it as yet. I mean to go to Mrs. Weddell next week for a few days—about Wednesday. I dined yesterday with my *great* friend the Queen of Würtemberg, who bid me come again to-morrow, intimating that it was to be farewell, so I suppose she keeps to her day, the 9th. On Monday I hope to catch Lady Montagu, and Tuesday I shall dine with Lady Macy. H. M. says outright that "Sir Charles's recall from Paris was quite a serious misfortune to the country," but I believe I told you this before: it shows what opinion of him they have abroad, for it is from that she speaks, and *she* does not run on in the way some of them do—*three blue beans*, etc. . . .

As you say, M. is not in the wrong to be angry, yet I wish she had not had so fair an opportunity for it, because the indulgence of the bitter feeling, however just, does harm to one's own mind. A word dropped many a year ago by the present Bishop of London

[Howley] struck home, and has rung in my ears ever since—"The thing we ought all to be on our guard against is *virtuous indignation*." When we are unjust and wrong, we secretly know it ourselves, or at least we have an aching doubt about the matter, but when we know ourselves right there is no occasion for check or bridle, we urge the horse on without hesitation, and he may break our necks on the direct road as well as another.

. . . I am deep in Mr. Hallam ; his party bias is too strong—Whigissimus, and often virulentissimus, most especially against the Church of England—the Dean of Bristol's son, observe, and there is the very bitterest note against James the 2nd I ever saw, founded on his own ignorance of something it certainly is of no great importance to know, but if it be worth while to write rancorously about a mere trifle, it is worth while to be correct about it. Adieu.

LETTER XLIII.]

[Captain Fanshawe Martin, afterwards Admiral Sir William Fanshawe Martin, Bart., was the son of the well-known Admiral Sir Thomas Byam Martin and Catherine Fanshawe, a cousin of the Miss Fanshawes. His wife was the second daughter of Chief-Justice Best. Sir William died in 1895, aged ninety-four.

Henry Powlett Lord Bayning was the third and last Baron.]

Chiselhurst, Tuesday, Oct. 16th [1827].

Do not say I scolded you for sending me letters. On the contrary I am sure I thanked you, and was very, very sorry to say 'stop' against my will. I did suppose Lucy's [Montagu] return would renew all your doubts and scruples, which I am glad Ly. M. put to flight.

After Lucy went to bed that night I talked over the matter with her mother, and this was what she said—while matters trained on [as they are now doing] she did not think she could possibly quit Lord M. [Montagu], therefore it was the greatest possible ease to her mind that the girls should have a pleasant companion to enliven Ditton, and made her more satisfied to stay away. If the worst were to happen, then it would (as I all along told you) be a comfort and relief in another way ; both he and she would feel it a blessing to have someone in the house to lessen the sadness reflected on their daughters. There was only one case that might happen, and if it did would forbid their having any inmate not a relation. This was, supposing Lady Home (upon that worst, you understand) should come to them, and she promised to bid you go without ceremony if she had reason to expect her. But the worst seems at a greater distance now than it was a month ago. Dr. Maton, that evening I was at Whitehall, told Lady M. it might for aught he saw go on months, but he did not even hint at the possibility of a recovery. Were it not for the positive opinion of all the medical men, one might almost have a hope now. However, what the M's. think on that head is made plain by their keeping their post so firmly, and not seeming ever to have an idea that they can go for two or three days to Ditton. That a sudden fatal attack *might* take place at any day or hour was no more than Julius told Lord M. the week before he was thus summoned, and then you know he went and came—stayed away for two days at a time. Now he has evidently made up his mind not to stir, notwithstanding all his sisters are there. I agree with you that Lady M. looked ill, and I am much afraid of their both being

worn—not that there is anything painful to witness, for all is tranquil and comfortable, an easy existence while it lasts, but the daily watching, as you watch a sick child, will infallibly make the ultimate separation much more affecting when it comes.

I beg you will not cramp your genius. I shall be very glad to hear all your thoughts and opinions. . . . My plans are not yet fixed. I shall stay here all the present week, though almost doubtful whether I do Mrs. W. [Weddell] good or harm—there is no making her relinquish a certain degree of form which, it stands to reason, must be irksome and constraining to so great an invalid. She does, perforce, let me breakfast by myself and go my own way in a morning, though with many lamentations about it, but I believe she sometimes comes downstairs at three or four o'clock, when even that is a *gêne* to her, and the laws of the Medes and Persians have long since decreed that we must sit down, we two, to dinner, with four huge fellows standing round, and pump for proper conversation in awe of their presence. I could laugh when she inquires after this and that relation for whom she well knows I do not care three straws—just as if I were to ask civilly when you last heard from the —, and hope they were all quite well. Then in the evening I fear she would often prefer lying down in quiet to conversing. It is a different thing for *company*—*that* being a positive cordial, a dram—what whisky is to an Irishman or a Highlander. And so we had eleven at table yesterday; and if Gen^l. Macleod and Lady Emily, Miss Atherly and Captain (or Colonel) Burke Cuppage, who called in the morning, could have staid we might have had fifteen. I rejoiced they would not, because they knew none of the other nine, who were Chief-Justice Best and

lady, Captain and Mrs. Fanshawe Martin, Lord Bayning and his two youngest sisters, and two Miss Stones, excellent old maids, who almost devote themselves to nursing Miss Benson. I heard a very good account of the poor Fans. [Fanshawes] from Capt. M.; they are now in London. Penelope much better. Catharine well. He seems a good-humoured, pleasant, honest sailor; his little wife a quiet girl. The C. J., I am told, likes me, and *so* I like him. I like professional people of all sorts, if they are open and will talk of their own trade; one learns something from them one did not know before, something one remembers. The usual saying, "as grave as a judge," by no means applies to him; he is too lively and too clever to put on gravity; speaks his mind outright on all subjects, and scouts all the mountebank pretences of the present day, as *I* could find in my heart to do if it became my petticoats. His wife has an appearance of overflowing good-humour and good-nature, at peace with all the world, which forbids one's looking any further. I am afraid the business of his court will not let him come again while I stay. What a blessing it is when men have something to do! The toil of his life five days in the week makes it happiness to him to be with his good plain wife and family the two remaining. While my friend, Prince Hoare, whom we expect to-morrow, all delicacy and sentiment, and refinement and literature, and much solid worth besides, but with no settled employment—you have seen him and know his peevish, discontented tone.

I shall be concerned when Sir William returns home [from Portugal] . . . I return his letter, having taken care to copy out the passage about young Ch^s. [Charles Stuart]. We never can thank him enough for his kindness to that cub. Did I tell you I saw *Sir* C.

[Stuart] one morning while I was in town, and found he had been with your uncle ; he thought him but ill, only as he is not used to Sir Henry's usual state it may appear worse in his eyes. Only think of the poor Q. of W. [Württemberg] having been at sea in that dreadful storm on the 10th, and forced to put into Harwich the 12th, which sounds as if either she was ill or the ship had sustained some damage ; I wish I knew of her safe arrival at home.

Miss Benson is wonderfully well, just as when you saw her the first day you dined here last summer. I go and read to her for an hour most mornings. Her placid cheerfulness and content are beautiful, but it is very melancholy how seldom she and Mrs. Weddell can ever meet for five minutes—once, perhaps, in ten or twelve days—any other intercourse quite out of the question ; notwithstanding Miss B's. *wellness* she has every now and then a fit, a sort of convulsion, and had one only a week ago. I think her memory and mind a good deal failed.

Now I am come to the end of my paper. Adieu.
Love to all. L. S.

LETTER XLIV.]

[The "Argyll Memoirs" is an allusion to Lady Louisa's own most brilliant piece of writing, which she entitled "Some Account of John Duke of Argyll and his Family." This account of her great uncle was written for the amusement and information of the Mrs. Scott of Petersham frequently mentioned, also a descendant of his. It has been twice privately printed, and is now included in the volume of Lady Louisa's compositions lately published.]

Saturday [Chiselhurst (?)], [Oct. (?) 1827].

I shall just say a few words to you and a few to Mary, dear Louisa,—hers to assure her of her father's

[Lord Montagu] health and well-being, yours to tell you I am going to town on Monday. I am glad you approved of my writing to Cockenhatch. I chose you should be innocent of the knowledge till you applauded the deed. And every day I rejoice that you have yielded to stay. Some good comes out of bad. I trust Lord M's absence will give you more time for tête-à-têtes with Mary and ripen companionship into friendship. But there is one foolish thing of my own I want to say to you—By degrees you have got out of me many a matter that I have been an old fool for saying anything about, and should be thought so were it known. So do not, for example, tell Mary that you have heard me read the Argyll memoirs or other things—it would not strike *her* at all perhaps, but it might her mother as gross vanity, and I should be hurt and feel myself lowered. *They* have seen it, but then it was she who showed it them, not I. Take this hint and burn this paper. If I write to you from town I shall enclose to his Lordship and put C. beside the seal. Adieu.

LETTER XLV.]

[Sir Lowry Cole was the well-known Peninsular general. Sir Herbert Taylor was Commissioner of George III.'s property during the King's illness, and afterwards private secretary to William IV. His niece, daughter of his elder brother Edward Taylor of Bifrons, married in 1824 the Hon. John Knox, youngest brother of Thomas Knox with whom Lady Louisa was staying.

Sir Francis Willes had married the aunt of Sir William Clinton.

Lady Queensberry was a daughter of the Duchess of Buccleuch; a daughter of hers, Lady Frances Douglas, died on October 25th.

Lord Pembroke, 11th Earl, died on October 26th. His

second wife, here mentioned, was the daughter of Count Woronzow, Russian ambassador in this country.

The "Penn girls" were either aunts or cousins of Mrs. Thomas Knox. Her mother was a daughter of Mr. Penn of Stoke Park.

Lady Charlotte Lindsay had just lost her brother Lord Guilford.]

[Addressed] Barkway, Royston, Herts.

2nd Nov. [1827].

Dear Lou—The newspapers persist in saying that Sir W^m. is to succeed Sir Lowry Cole at the Mauritius, by which I conclude some arrangement is probably made for offering it to him, and I begin to be anxious to know whether you think he will accept it or not, and if he should, what then? Surely he would not dream of taking his family with him? Cole's accepting the Cape will be a disappointment to the Taylors, I fear, for Ly. T. spoke of it as a thing they wished for, and rather counted upon. Mary (here) Mrs. Knox says she cannot conceive why they supposed Cole was to refuse it, since the other climate disagreed so much with his children that he had been forced to send them to the Cape already. You will wonder how Mary should come to know or think anything about the matter, but one of her *beau-frères* is married to Sir Herbert's niece, and was to have gone with him as private secretary. The papers (I am arguing from them like a country parson's wife) give us a most improbable story, that Sir H. will stay at home to act in that capacity at W—— in lieu of the accoucheur. *Plut à Dieu!*—Well! But I hope I may trust the aforesaid paper in one respect at least, the finale of that Sir Francis [Willes] so long supposed immortal—and after all only ninety-three—some good must arise from this surely. . . .

Matters at Richmond continue precisely in *statu quo*; they have put on mourning for Lady Q.'s [Queensberry] poor daughter, and no notice of it has been taken, nor any surprise or curiosity shown at Lady Q.'s reappearance after above ten days' absence. Therefore the mind, though not gone nor bewildered, is evidently not perfectly awake to what passes. The M.'s [Montagus] are extremely affected by Lord Pembroke's death, and engrossed by concern for poor Lady P.—the most of a favourite friend Lady M. ever had—and wherever she loves it is heartily. . . .

I went to Chiswick on Friday and did not return home till Sunday evening, came hither Tuesday, found nobody but one of the poor dejected Penn girls. In addition to all other afflictions her father has now a complaint in his eyes, which he is forbidden to use. I did much business on Monday, saw George Dawson, who is shortly going to Paris, went boldly to see Mr. Hoare, he also being afraid for his eyes, and then receiving a penny post letter to say Mrs. Lockhart was in town and lodged in the Regent's Park, I tramped away instantly and sat with her almost two hours. She gives a very good account of her father, and is quite in heart about her little boy. I fear he will be hump-backed or very near it, but his health and strength are greatly improved, he runs about like other children, and she says is always in mischief. In the evening I went to Lady Charlotte [Lindsay]. There was a violent burst of grief at our first meeting, but she overcame herself and soon proceeded to talk of other subjects. . . . I daresay W. S. [Scott] *thinks* he has sent me his new book, but it had not arrived when I left G. P., and I know once or twice I have been cheated out of his good intentions by some blunder of the bookseller's. *St.*

Ronan's Well came, but not till two months beyond the right time, when I had bought another copy. This chance makes me afraid of buying the *Chronicles* [*of the Canongate*]; the newspapers have been outrageous in giving whole pages out of them before publication, which I see will occasion litigation, as it really ought. These I have refrained from reading, not to spoil my dinner by making three-quarters of a meal before hand. I triumph in the 2nd edition of *Napoleon*. Adieu, with kindest remembrances to Ly. Louisa.

LETTER XLVI.]

[The post of Master-General of the Ordnance was vacant owing to the Duke of Wellington becoming Commander-in-Chief on the death of the Duke of York. Lord Anglesey was the next Master-General for one year.

General Conway was Lieut.-General of the Ordnance from 1767 to 1772, and Field-Marshal Commanding-in-Chief from 1782 to 1793. Sir William Clinton was Lieut.-General of the Ordnance from 1825 to 1829, when he was succeeded by Lord Robert Somerset. The office was abolished in 1831.

Cockenhatch belonged to Lady Willes. She left it to her nephew, Sir William Clinton, subject to her husband's life interest.

Lady Maria Pinfold was Lady Louisa Stuart's niece. Sir Charles Pole was the father-in-law of William Stuart, son of the Archbishop of Armagh.

Miss Murray's brother, Lieut.-General Sir John Murray, Bart., of Clermont, had lately died. His wife, the only daughter of the second Baron Mulgrave, survived till 1848. "Old Lady Murray," his mother, was a Miss Renton or Lamerton.]

[Addressed] Barkway, Royston, Herts.

Barham House, 11th Novr. 1827.

You would *call* a cold for me, in spite of my frequently beseeching you to let it alone, so it came, and

I have been nearly shut up above a week. It is now waning gradually away. I mention it as a fact, and beg not to have a page or two of deploring it; on which condition I forbear making suitable lamentations over the inflammation in your eyes, though I am sorry to hear the cold winds so affect them. As this cold has hitherto made me null to the family, I must stay on a little the longer, therefore can fix no time for moving. Your news is strange indeed. A *Master-Gen.* for these fifty years past to my knowledge (and I believe long before) has never been a mere *soldier*, but a man of more or less political consequence, being a minister, one of the cabinet. *Est ce que nous avons changé tout ça?* 'Tis as if a mere lawyer, one of the Masters in Chancery, were to have the great seal, without anything to do with the House of Lords, or out of his particular court. But is it *true*? If so, does not it at least speak the D. of W.'s influence to be great? I cannot call to mind any M. G. who was not a peer, excepting General Conway, one of the leaders of a party, and distinguished in the H. of C., and I cannot be sure that he was more than Lieut.-Gen. I shall be grieved indeed if your father is thus ousted from what suits him so peculiarly well. It is not like Sir H. T. to take it without inquiring into *his* inclination on the subject. 'Tis said he might succeed Lord Combermere in India, but cannot bear to supersede two or three older officers whom his appointment would force to return with disadvantage.

Well, I think Don Quixote himself could hardly have cried for Sir Francis Willes. What has he done with all his *monies*? He ought at least to have left some of *you* all he had received from Cockenhatch, as in the nature of things a landlord says, "Thank ye," for

your living gratis in a house at a certain distance from London, where there is no particular beauty of country to allure the tenant. The Pinfolds have had that fine old family place of the Chesters (Chicheley) these twenty years, on the terms of paying rent for the land and keeping the house in habitable repair. The owner has at last resumed it, by the bye, and they are gone abroad.

The Montagus were in a terrible fright about your going to the Mauritius. . . . The Dss. is much the same, more drowsy rather than less; yet when Dr. Maton sees her, after perhaps a fortnight's interval, he finds nothing to make him think the end nearer at hand.

Tuesday.—Mr. Knox spent yesterday morning in town, so having no frank ready I indulged my laziness. I went out yesterday for the first time since Friday was se'nnight, aye, and read aloud some of the *Chronicles* in the evening; no falling off there assuredly, though a squire who dined here on Sunday said the beginning was "very stupid," *il ne faut pas disputer les gouts*. I am highly provoked that some blunder of the nasty bookseller has cheated me out of *my* copy, for I feel as sure W. S. has meant to send it me as that I sit here, but Thomas writes that "there is no parcel come," and you know I can never ask W. S. whether he did send or mean to send it or not. I could not take it to read while I had a stuffed head, preferring some of the children's fairy tales or an old novel I almost knew by heart. To return to your affairs, Sir W^m. Keppell is a friend of your father's, I believe, yet I do wish Guernsey had been bestowed on somebody *Buonaparte* had ever *heard of*, and I know well how all these regiments and governments given away will sting you. I am glad you are not bewitched by *Paul et Virginie*.

There was a time when that sort of French *palaver* turned everybody's head. I durst not say so, but I never entered into it much. *Now* I am come to a very keen taste of Mr. Jekyll's translation of *le sentiment*. Did I tell it you? I heard it last summer at Danesfield from Mr. Gilpin, and laughed for half an hour. Madame de Staël defied any body to express *le sentiment* in English, there was no word in our language that conveyed the full meaning. "Why, for a single word," said Jekyll, "perhaps not; but I think we have a *phrase* that will do: All my eye, Betty Martin." Fye on me, I believe I have told it you. I do not think I must stir from hence this week, and I must give a few days to the Poles (who are always so civil and kind to me), and return hither. The end of next week or the beginning of that following will be the soonest for *you*. I have heard to-day from Miss Murray; she knew her brother was in a bad way, and it is an *increase* of affliction more than one in itself, for she has seen little of him for many, many years, and his wife always kept his family at a certain distance. For the old Lady Murray, once dotingly fond of him, age has blunted her feelings most mercifully, and she takes everything calmly, but *I* know that change in the *octogénaires* is painful to witness, though one's reason bids one bless God for it. Miss M. pities her sister-in-law, who loved him, and says she is more drawn towards her than in his lifetime—a generous feeling which one comprehends. So is Sir William's in that particular, but not his lamenting the Struldbrugg [Sir F. Willes]. Adieu. Tell me how to direct a letter to you if I have no frank? Enclose to Mr. Byham?

LETTER XLVII.]

[Addressed] Barkway, Royston.

Barham House, Monday, 19th Nov. [1827].

With many thanks for your letter, my dear Louisa, I am going to write a very brief answer, simply to say that I shall move to *Aldenham Abbey, near Watford* [Sir Charles Pole's] on Thursday to dinner, and thence proceed to Cockenhatch, Monday the 26th, doing my best, for mine own dear sake, to get thither by fair travelling daylight, as I suppose your roads will not be less muddy than those about here, which are abominably deep at present. I shall take care not to go to sleep again and let the post-boy drive me to Royston, and I daresay you will that the gates be open for my reception. Thomas [her footman] is safe in town. I am very sorry for all you say about your father's situation, and understand its irksomeness. *Quant au Struldbugg* [Sir Francis Willes]. I borrow a proverb I have just learned from the *Chronicles* [*The Two Drovers*]"—"You can have no more from a sow but a grumph." He seems to have grumphed out of the world as he grumphed while in it, so no more of him. Nothing new from Richmond. We are not advanced far into the second vol. [*The Surgeon's Daughter*], but I have peeped on and am not fond of India. Adieu. If anything happens to hinder your receiving me, write on Thursday to the above direction straight. My love to Lady Louisa. L. S.

LETTER XLVIII.]

[Lady Harriet Erskine, Lady Louisa's niece, died on 16th December. Her brother-in-law, "the lawyer," was Thomas Erskine, afterwards one of the Judges of the Court of Common

Pleas. He and his brother were sons of Lord Chancellor Erskine.

Lady Louisa's meeting with Lady Montagu was evidently the first after the death of the Duchess of Buccleuch, who died on 21st November.

Sir Charles Stuart's patent as Baron Stuart de Rothesay is dated 22nd January 1828.

Lord Cranstoun (8th Baron) was Commander of the *Belliqueux* during Rodney's action.

Lady Sheffield's son, the 2nd Earl, married in 1825 Lady Harriet Lascelles, eldest daughter of the second Earl of Harewood.

The young owner of Montagu House was Walter, 5th Duke of Buccleuch, just of age on 25th November. The "amiable young Duke of Dorset" was the 4th Duke, killed while out hunting in Ireland, aged twenty-three.

Don Miguel arrived in London on 30th December.

The British forces quitted Portugal on 30th April 1828.]

Gloucester Place, Saturday,

[22nd Decr. 1827.]

I would have written to you yesterday, my dear Louisa, but spent half the morning with Mrs. Henry Dawson, and had many notes and letters to write in the other half. I found on arriving in town that it was *over*, as I had conjectured. Poor Harriet died on Sunday, instantaneously probably, from the bursting of an abscess in her side ; danger had been apprehended only the day before. Henry [Dawson] went down directly to Mr. Erskine, who seems to bear it as resignedly as such an affliction may be borne. His brother the lawyer and Mrs. Erskine are likewise there. And Henry has not made himself ill by the exertion. As for Lady Macartney (*my* chief concern), I find at first they could scarcely make her comprehend what had happened or who it was, which, melancholy as it sounds, was a relief to me. Then she recollected all

about it, but still the first shock had passed by harmless. Lady Montagu and I had a good cry together Thursday evening, which did me much service and carried off nervous sensations. They stay till Monday, and I shall dine there again to-morrow. I was with Lady Lothian last night. To-day am to drive with Sir Charles and Lady Eliz. [Stuart]. Lady Charlotte, who has just been here, tells me his peerage is certain, but she understands it was much opposed by some of the present ministers on the ground that he was not a man they (the Whigs) could be sure of (as to voting with them). Lord Goderich pleaded, on the other side, that it was a debt due to him long ago, so as L^d. G. can but plead, not insist, two other diplomats are to be made along with him in order to render it as mortifying as possible. . . . But I can go back forty-five years and recollect with what spite and ill-will the Whigs made Rodney a peer after his victory, and how they grudged the officer who brought the news, Lord Cranstoun, his unavoidable promotion. An' you talk of *liberality*! Lady Charlotte says Lady Goderich is better, and Lord Goderich in [office] again [as Prime Minister]. Lady Sheffield and Co. set out for Harewood on the 13th.

I shall be very anxious to hear of you, my dear Louisa, for I did not leave Cockenhatch with at all an easy mind; do write to me, and do not, pray, pray, fill pages with panegyrics, and slur over with an attempt to joke what concerns yourself, but tell me really and sincerely how you do, and whether there is any sensation like lurking mischief. Let me not hear absurd assurances that it does not signify, and nobody can do you any good. . . . Dearest Louisa, combat this great weakness, and for all the other evils . . . I must say

as seriously as a Catholic confessor would do, *Il faut les offrir à Dieu*. They must be viewed in the light of a trial you are called upon to bear with patient resignation, just as much as Mr. Erskine is to submit to lose his wife without murmuring at the will of Him who has taken her away.

There was nobody at M. [Montagu] House but the young owner of it, who when I went away took my hand and said something which I heard imperfectly, and understood to mean that he should always be glad to see me there ; that I thought *piercing* enough, but I saw L^y. Montagu yesterday, and she told me it was, "If ever I am in town when you are, do just write a note and say when you will come and see me !" which, to be sure, I shall be very likely to do ! She laughed, as I did, at the idea, but the kindness of the poor boy's heart to the old friend of his family was all the same, as you will be the first to allow. I wish he did not look so delicate, like a fragile flower bending on the stalk. I never can help thinking of that amiable young Duke of Dorset whom the world was not to profit by. I rather expect Lady Mac^y. to call this morning. I believe I shall go there for three or four days the morning after Christmas Day, and the next week, the first in the new year, to Petersham. At least I have offered it. After I have been there I shall begin to think of Ditton Park. We shall talk further of that to-morrow. L^y. M. [Montagu] was afraid your father's return might interfere, but you see Don Miguel is not yet come, and you could return at any time to meet Sir W^m., who I daresay will hardly be in England sooner than March, and I could hasten my going to accommodate you, so pray think about it. Lady M. expects nobody. L^y. Home is gone to Scotland, and

for Lord M., she says positively you would do him good. Adieu, with kindest remembrances to all the party, and thanks to Lady Louisa. Affly. yrs.,

L. S.

I found the roads perfectly good, though the country under water, so I got to town by three o'clock.

CHAPTER III

1828

LETTER XLIX.]

[Lord Douglas was succeeded by his eldest son, Archibald, whole brother of Lady Montagu and half brother of Mrs. Scott and of the Fanny mentioned, wife of Major Moray Stirling of Abercairny].

*Gloucester Place, Wednesday eveg,
3rd of January [1828].*

In spite of the light manner in which you affect to talk of your health, my dear Louisa, your letter shows me you have been seriously ill, and Lady Louisa greatly alarmed, and I now reproach myself not a little for being so deceived by your protestations as to assure her I thought there was no occasion for your going to town, and thus letting slip the opportunity of bringing you up with me, which I might have done if I had joined forces with her and listened to no denials . . .

As for Ditton, I shall say nothing *now*, because I know nothing, but I firmly believe the present loss is not a bit more against *that* than the former one, and on that head Lady M. [Montagu] was very sufficiently explicit, that it made no manner of difference. Ditton as a place, objects that remind, etc., is much more connected with the remembrance of the poor Dss. than of Lord D. [Douglas]. Your father, when he wrote that he should return the middle of February, thought Don Miguel already here, who is but just come, and I

warrant will not be at Falmouth this fortnight—then there is the voyage to Portugal—then they will not embark the day or the week he arrives—and then their voyage home will take some time. I will insure their absence these two months at least—however, no more about it now. I cannot promise another visit to Cockenhatch, I fairly tell you. But of all this by and bye. I am going to-morrow to the Scotts, where I shall probably remain at least a week. Car. has such good accounts from Fanny. They seem to have cheered her greatly, and the elder brother has been all kindness, making it a point Fanny should stay on in the house, now his, which she has wisely consented to do for a little while, though to her own feelings it would be pleasanter perhaps to leave it immediately. And then that husband of hers is in all and every respect such a godsend, enters so much into their ideas and feelings, identifies himself so completely with the family, and though fond of his own house and place, so readily consents to do whatever will best please and most soothe them, that it is a blessing not to be described. I hope to find Car. very composed.

But, indeed, my dear Louisa, I have not been such a passive piece of wood all this time as to remain indifferent and unconcerned about one who has devoted herself to me as you have long done, and it will make me very unhappy indeed if I am to think of you as falling into bad health. Instead of not writing again soon, I must beg you will write directly, and candidly explain all that has passed and is passing. I cannot touch on other subjects now. I finish my letter Thursday morning, with bills and begging letters about my ears. May God bless and restore you to—Yours
very affectly,

L. S.

LETTER L.]

[The following portion of a letter to Lady Montagu, undated, apparently refers to the time in April, 1828, when Sir Walter Scott was in London, and Mrs. Lockhart was obliged to take her son to Brighton (see Lockhart's *Life*).]

. . . In the morning I called at Mr. Lockhart's to inquire how the child was going on, and finding the grandfather at home and alone I went in and visited him, like Mahomet going to the mountain. Poor man! There he is, passing these few days he has cribbed out of the year to enjoy himself with Sophia, as much at a distance from her as if he were at Edinburgh still. "Let no human being look forward to a fortnight's comfort (he says), for something will be sure to demolish it." I thought his account of the child *more* unsatisfactory than a worse—some kind of abscess has broke, and the physicians have a degree of hope, which on the other side his extreme debility counteracts. All this sounds like lingering long and ending ill at last; every day, meanwhile, making it dearer and dearer to the poor mother. If I do not mistake, Sir Walter views it in this light too. Anne Scott is with her sister at Brighton, having put in the fire without hesitation or regret a dozen cards of invitation to fine things here, as was only right to be sure, and yet, as he says, some little sacrifice to a young person. He wanted to know more about *vous autres*, Walter [D. of Buccleuch], etc., than I could tell him. The day Lord M. [Montagu], Archie [Lord Douglas], etc., called, was the first of my venturing out for a dowager's trail round the Regent's Park, if the saucy expression may be pardoned, for I know I am not *so good a thing* as a dowager. . . .

[Between January and September 1828 a few unimportant notes from Lady Louisa Stuart are all that can be found. It appears from them that Miss Clinton, after some hesitation and scruple, for which she was scolded by Lady Louisa, paid a visit to Ditton Park at about the end of January or beginning of February, and was probably joined there by Lady Louisa. In April Lady Louisa writes a brief note to Miss Clinton from Barham House (Mr. T. Knox) to congratulate her on "the long expected come at last," her father's return from his command in Portugal. In September Lady Louisa was at Ditton Park, before the visit to the Waddingtons at Llanover, which is described in the following letters.

Mrs. Waddington was Georgina Port of Ilam, granddaughter of Mrs. D'Ewes, who was sister of the well-known Mrs. Delany. Mrs. Waddington's daughter, Augusta, married Sir Benjamin Hall, created Lord Llanover in 1859.]

LETTER LI.]

Ditton Park, Friday [Augst. (?) 1828].

Dear Louisa—I merely write to say I gave you a wrong address. A letter from Mrs. Waddington, which I ought to have received several days sooner, informs me it should be as follows: *Lanover, Newport, Monmouthshire*, and observe that the county, long as the word is, must not be omitted, because there are several other Newports.

I am grieved to hear of your vile toothache, and fear it would not be improved by travelling yesterday, for here it rained the whole morning, to-day is sunshiny by fits, but too showery to be trusted. We expect *them* back this evening. Rob^t. Stop^d. [Robert Stopford], as I suppose they have told you, has rallied in a most miraculous manner, asking for meat and ale, eating heartily, and seeming all the better for it. God grant he may recover, but I own I trust little to this flash of

amendment. While the magnetising mania raged, I heard of many such cures performed on persons in almost the last stage of a consumption by Mrs. Prescott, who, besides flourishing her fingers, made great use of beefsteaks and strong beer. The patients were wonderfully revived by this sudden change of diet, but in a few weeks their malady returned anew, and they died. Nature seems to have dictated the change in poor Bob's case. God grant the event may be different.

I have no time to write you a letter to-day, can only return thanks for yours. C. [Caroline Montagu] continues looking the picture of blooming health, and O. [O'Reilly, the doctor] has not appeared these three or four days. You must not expect to hear from me again till I am lodged at Lanover, then I will write at large. Adieu.

LETTER LII.]

[Nuneham, Lord Harcourt's, was the place where Lady Louisa first met one of her greatest friends, Mrs. Preston.]

[FRAGMENT.]

[Llanover, 1st Sept. 1828.]

I have left myself little time and space to say I had the two finest travelling days (Monday and Tuesday) imaginable. The first was *triste*; passing through Oxford and by the gate of Nuneham conjured up Mrs. Preston, the Harcourts, Haggitts, Miss Fauquier, and others of a pleasant society all now in the grave. The second day the beautiful country (much of it new to me) feasted my eyes and raised my spirits. I had the chaise open the whole way, and have been in an open carriage every day since I came. This place is between Abergavenny and Pontypool, looks over a most rich

and varied landscape bounded by picturesque hills, the Sugar-loaf, the Holy Mountain, the Derry, and several whose Welsh names I have not yet learned to spell. There are a daughter and her husband living in the house : she a very unaffected pleasant little person ; he shy and silent. The daughter, Mrs. Hall, drives me out. We are close to the river Uske, and a brook that tumbles over stones through the shrubbery falls into it.

P.S.—I open my letter again before the wafer is dry to tell you of a match which I suppose I may now divulge. I knew it when I saw you last, but was charged to keep silence in that letter of Mr. Morritt's I read you, much of which was expressive of his delight in the approaching union of his niece Anne and Sir A. E., always a favourite of his. Do you remember the little man saying at Mrs. Pole Carew's with much pleasure that he was going to Rokeby ?

LETTER LIII.]

[The following is part of a letter to Lady Montagu.]

[FRAGMENT.]

Llanover [*Wednesday* (*Sept. 3rd.*) 1828].

I was called to go out, which hindered my finishing my letter yesterday. We drove to the place, Coldbrook by name, that once belonged to Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, where there are several interesting pictures and some good ones. It is near Abergavenny, and about three miles from hence ; has magnificent trees, and lies just under *the little Skyridd*, a very high and most picturesque hill, to the top of which we contrived to climb afterwards, partly on *gig* and partly on foot. The great Skyridd, or Holy Mountain, towered above it one side, and the Sugar-loaf hill on the other. I am

beginning to learn the mountains' names. *We* means Mrs. Hall and I, Mrs. W.'s [Waddington] daughter ; she herself can bear no fatigue of any kind, but the daughter drives so well one feels oneself safe, though with a great spirited horse. She says ponies are not strong enough for this hilly country. She is a very natural, *naïve*, pleasant young woman ; her husband a reserved, silent man, speaking a few words of good sense now and then. He is building himself a handsome house within a stone's throw of this, and meanwhile lives with the mother. They have two little children.

On Monday we went (but in a chaise) to Ragland Castle, the noblest ruin I ever beheld, and giving one the greatest notion of baronial magnificence from its immense size. Almost every part of it is beautifully clothed with ivy. The drawback was a pert, dirty, London sort of housekeeper or cookmaid, who acted as show-woman. It is not anywhere habitable, but they keep people near it to take a certain degree of care of it, and hinder its being pulled further to pieces to patch up farmhouses. At Coldbrook there is a singular oak chimney-piece said to have come from it, for in old days the neighbours, great and small, helped themselves to what suited them, so that several staircases were carried off bodily. It has not been inhabited since Fairfax took and dismantled it in the Civil Wars. The situation is not as high as you would expect from its standing such a siege. Tell Mary [Montagu] to look in Dugdale for the Somerset Marquesses of Worcester, where she will find the whole story. . . .

LETTER LIV.]

[FRAGMENT.]

[*Llanover, Sept. 1828.*]

I begin to know the names of the mountains—the Blorenge, and below it the Coed-y-Prior, or Priory-wood ; the Sugar-loaf above Abergavenny ; the Derry, a round hill beneath ; the great Skyrid, or Holy Mountain ; and the little Skyrid, a beautiful wooded hill, to the top of which we scrambled yesterday. Mrs. W. cannot walk at all. Mrs. Hall drives me out in a gig, and when we get to steep or rough ground we alight and stroll or clamber. She drives so well I am not afraid of going up and down the hills. One afternoon we went a good way in a boat along the Brecon Canal, which winds and turns so like a river that it is no unpleasing object when you happen to catch a sight of it, and the views from it are charming. The little simple churches without towers are picturesque, and almost all shaded by uncommonly fine yews. Iron-works reign throughout the country, but then coals are cheap and whitewash plentiful ; the cottages look neat and healthful, and the people have that sort of civility that marks the true peasant—all touch their hats or drop curtsies. Though in Monmouthshire, I find Captain Fluellin said right,¹ for divine service is performed alternately in Welsh and English, and the clergyman repeats the text in Welsh to his congregation. It sounds harmonious enough. He has an ungraceful manner and an odd twang in his voice, but an air of sincere piety, an *unction* that forces you to listen with an attention you would not give to a more polished sermon. Every word tells, because it comes

¹ *i.e.* that King Henry must be Welsh because he was born in Monmouth.

from his heart—yet a mere Welsh curate who serves two churches and labours in a little farm. I was glad to hear that Mrs. Sumner (*now at Winchester*), while her husband had the see of Llandaff, sent him a present of fifty pounds. They were very good to the poor. The present bishop, Copleston, is new. The bishops have no residence, they hire what house they can get—all save my friend Watson [1782-1816], who was *liberal*, proposed to equalise the sees, argued against the wealth and power of the Church, and so aimed at its highest preferences himself, and being enraged at not getting it, never dreamed of troubling his head about this poor paltry diocese which he visited for a month once in three or four years. The *illiberal prejudiced* bishops come and reside.

At Ragland church I first saw two graves strewn with flowers, and I observe in most of the churchyards the burial-places of higher people are enclosed with iron rails, and shrubs planted within to shade the graves. It is so here. Mrs. W. lost two or three infant children, and one married daughter died lately. She is at pains to make flowers grow above them; it suits her originally romantic turn, but I do not wonder she should have indulged that in following what is the custom of the country.

Ragland Castle was too distant for the gig,—we went to it in a post-chaise. I never yet saw so fine a ruin, or one so beautifully clothed with ivy. It must have been a magnificent residence when entire; the walls are all standing, and they say the Beaufort family might have repaired it so as to be habitable, but as it never has been inhabited since the Parliament forces took and dismantled it, I presume that *might* respects a very distant time. Roger North describes Badminton as their residence in Charles the 2nd's time.

Thursday.—On reflection I am convinced —'s

education of M. was wise, and intense application most salutary to her mind, which, like some others I have had the misfortune to know (the subject comes near home), had a singularly imaginative turn in her childhood. She lived in an ideal world, created a society, and was once found crying for the death of a favourite friend that never existed. Well for her that this was repressed and *ground down* by culture. I can remember something very like it, but I kept it to myself. Had it been discovered and effectually checked as it is in her, I should not have written verses, but been a happier, wiser, better being, escaped worse than follies; but the blue-stockingphobia was so prevalent with the males of my house, that I was bid to mind my work, which I detested, and the castle-building went on in secret unchecked. Do not wonder that I shudder at seeing in some folks an evident disposition to *rêverie*. My friend had much intercourse with Willis, and he told her he held it of material importance to struggle with a disposition to reverie. Many people, he said, might have kept themselves out of his hands if they had resolutely done so; but, alas! it is the dram-drinking of the mind, and wears and wastes it as ardent spirits undermine the constitution. M. may be less agreeable to me for having through labour sobered herself into the *esprit rangé* we now see her, leaving an interesting conversation to regulate the house or superintend her sister's lessons, but, oh! the infinite gain to herself! I fear the wild, untamed genius would be more the "child after my own heart," because my own heart is still childish and foolish, and in spite of bitter experience, bitter remorse for time wasted, duty neglected, for a selfish, useless life, it would more readily cling to its like than to anything far better. Well, good-bye!

I really have so little time to write as long as the obliging weather keeps fair, that you must not expect such long letters often. I find one has come to my maid and another to me under Sir W^m's. frank. I grudge his having such trouble. Adieu.

I am not likely to write to Ly. Gardiner—write yourself, you goose !

LETTER LV.]

Llanover, Thursday, Sept. 11th 1828.

I am going to do as you desire, and send you enclosed a letter to be franked ; it will reach you, I think (the post going from hence early to-morrow morning), on Sunday, and as it contains what is to go abroad by next Tuesday's mail, its being forwarded the same Sunday will suit perfectly well ; but I am sorry your father fixed on yesterday to visit you, for just yesterday the weather relapsed into its old train of raining and thundering and blowing, which looks the more ugly because we are at the beginning of the moon. However, I shall always be thankful for sixteen such days as we have had, and I am in some hopes this may be only an equinoctial flurry.

I received your letter of Sept. 8th on Tuesday night. If the rain should give me leisure by continuing I will write at large about people and things. At present you see I am circumscribed to one page. No—feudal attachments could not well subsist—and we are in the middle of bustling trade—coal, iron, lime presenting themselves on every hand ; but, as I have seen in a part of Yorkshire where these things are also abundant, the peasantry look healthy (consequently handsome) and comfortable ; all the cottages clean from the whitewash bestowed within and without. The curate is quite a primitive Christian—content, laborious, and careless of

self. Mrs. Hall, a violent Welsh woman (which I like her for), maintains they were all innocent good folks, till a mail-coach and steamboats brought in strangers and crimes five or six years ago.

. . . It is tiresome to live with everyday mortals, best distinguished by black, brown, or fair, as I have often experienced, but where there *are* characters to watch and decipher, one may have as much amusement as in reading La Bruyère or Walter Scott. But no more to-day.

And *que diable* did it signify if they sneered about Sir A.? Why not rise above such nonsense and take it as the wind blowing? Do you know *I* used somehow to fancy Lucy his object, but Mr. Morritt says he pleads three years' attachment to Anne, so I must have been quite mistaken. Adieu.

LETTER LVI.]

[FRAGMENT.]

Llanover, Wednesday 17th of Sept. [1828].

Your letter of the 12th was duly received. Poor dear Sir W^m, who, Lady Emily [Macleod] says, "looks quite himself again," need not take the trouble of writing that long word W. [Waddington]. The name of the place is sufficient. Our weather changed this day was se'nnight; we had three or four days of stormy showers, thunder, etc.; then one (Sunday) of complete pouring rain; then again Monday and yesterday beautifully bright, clear, and cold. The former was employed in driving to Crickhowell, through such a variety of lovely country! the latter in going on the canal up towards Pontypool, to show it a Miss Paytherus, who lives at Abergavenny Castle, a daughter of the chemist, predecessor of Savory and Moore. His passion, it seems, was drawing, and he spared no expense

in masters to make his daughters proficient. They are in deep mourning, I suppose for him, as this one appears very dejected and talks of "our late affliction." When Mrs. Hall first drove me to Abergavenny she asked leave to call on them and their old mother, and what should cast up there but the Fanshawes' friend, Mr. Swinburne, whom afterwards they brought here? I find they are likewise most intimate with your Capt. Parry. This one is a meek, mild, quiet, sensible woman, with a handsomish face and black hair just grizzling, her manner subdued, like Lady E. Pelham's. She looks about forty. Mrs. W. [Waddington], whose life has passed among artists and sketchers, is in raptures with her portfolio; but she herself says modestly she has no natural genius; anybody can draw if taught, just as they can write. These Paytheruses inhabit a square building on what was the keep of Ab^y. Castle—what might have been repaired; but Lord Aber^y. in perfect negligence, let his steward do what he pleased, and he pleased to pull down the old keep and erect an abomination, which is only the more abominable for pretending to be Gothic—an eyesore whichever way you view the town, because perked up and staring you in the face. To my surprise I find Lord A. has much of the old possessions of his family in this region, and, though worth little till lately, the iron and coal-mines now render them very valuable. It rejoiced my aristocratic spirit to hear the Nevilles were still something, but, to be sure, the Nevilles should not abandon their old castles to the mercy of attorneys. The gentleman who built the edifice lets it to the ladies in question, on whom the surrounding landscape is as well bestowed as if they had the high descent of the owner. There are some very respectable remains of the old castle, but,

unluckily, far less visible from their site than the Gothic tea-canister which surmounts them, and is the temple of the winds—a deplorable habitation, I should think, in rough weather.

LETTER LVII.]

[Lady Charlotte Stopford, daughter of the first Earl of Courtown, married in 1775 Stephen Ram, Esq., of Ramsfort, County Wexford.

“A derivation given for ‘Tramway’ is curious. In 1800 a Mr. Outram used stone blocks for a colliery line near Little Eaton, Derbyshire. This was called ‘The Outram Way,’ which was soon shortened into Tramway. Mr. Outram was the ancestor of Sir James Outram. The first to use stone blocks was a Mr. Barns in 1797, for the Lawson Colliery, Newcastle-on-Tyne. (*Vide C. Stretton’s Safe Railway Working*, p. 11.)”

Llanover, Monday, 22nd Sept. [1828].

I thought I should have been at Monmouth by this hour to-day, but Mrs. Scott has put me off till Thursday, therefore I do not set out till Wednesday. I will take the opportunity to return your friend’s letter and write you a few lines into the bargain. The weather having continued uninterruptedly fine, here is my week’s journal :—

Monday.—Mr. Hall drove his wife and me to Crickhowell in a tandem, but with a postilion on the leading horse, a safe and most swift conveyance. He likes to go like the wind. The whole road beauteous, Crickhowell a neat white town with a ruined castle overtopping it. Here we called on Mr. Payne, a clergyman, who was here last week for a day, a man of letters and an antiquarian, that can tell one the meanings of words, the site of camps, etc. *Tuesday.*—Mrs. Hall, Miss Paytherus, and I went on the canal

up towards Pontypool. *Wednesday*.—We carried Miss Paytherus home to Abergavenny Castle, and went to Arcadia, a gentleman's house on the side of the Derry, a subordinate mountain which the Sugar-loaf crowns. Taking the young ladies of the family for guides, we walked to the top of the said Derry. *Thursday*.—A grand expedition to the iron-works at *Nant-y-glo*, or near them, with Miss Paytherus who had returned, but whom we set down again on our way back. We went a certain distance in a post-chaise; there Mr. Hall met us, and we ascended a wooden cart with low wheels drawn by one horse, made to go on the railroad, and so proceeded six or seven miles up into the mountains—Pyrenean enough, I assure you; at least enough for me, for sometimes in my heart I felt terrified, and in places where we were on the very edge of the precipice, the railroad cut out of solid rock, without a *garde-fou*, I am afraid I was inclined to look away from the beautiful landscape below, rather than to enjoy it. This gave rise to wholesome reflections on the utility of what produces self-control. I knew these young people would have wondered (perhaps laughed) at any outward signs of fear, accordingly I kept my apprehensions to myself, and in so doing mastered them. Real danger there was none, for our good strong cart-horse had not the least mind to run away with us. Only sometimes we met other tram-carts, and had to get out of their way as we best could. Then, to be sure, I rejoiced at the proposal of alighting and going a little way on two legs. The scenery was both wild and lovely—woody glens with torrents roaring through them, and dark hills rising brown above. The only thing I quarrel with is the lack of their proper native tenants, goats. It seems they are so destructive from

their habits of browsing that all farmers set their faces against them. The sheep in these places are as nimble and venturous, but not so picturesque. *Thursday night*,—came a Mrs. Ram and two daughters, Mrs. W.'s [Waddington] sister, widow of a relation of Ld. Courtown's. She is in wretched health. *Friday*.—We drove the Misses to Abergavenny and walked a good while on the banks of the Uske. *Saturday*.—Mr. Hall drove them and me a *giro* to see views. *Sunday*.—We had a very pretty walk to church and back, near a mile off. I am in love with the Monmouthshire churches, almost as humble buildings as the Scotch, but not like them, looking like barns, and ugly barns too; I will try to make out the usual shape [a rough sketch here], very low and nicely white-washed. Ours has a tower steeple, which is very rare. They usually stand at some distance from their village on fine green knolls sloping down to a river or brook, and the churchyard is sure to have (more or fewer) large yew-trees in it. Some of them have not a single gravestone, in others these are numerous, and the places where higher persons have been interred are enclosed with rails and planted with flowering shrubs. At Ragland alone I saw two graves newly strown with fresh flowers; this I expected to find everywhere, but they tell me it is done only once a year, on Palm Sunday, when the country people each weed the grave of their own relation and scatter flowers over it when they have finished. Mrs. Hall, who is zealous for the Welsh, though (as her mother reminds her) without a single drop of Welsh blood in her veins, affirms they are in themselves excellent, simple, good people, but that the mail-coaches and canal-boats have corrupted them by bringing strangers. Irish vagabonds, too, arrive, and the forges are usually worked by depraved persons.

Still, when I hear her husband (a magistrate) twit her with *two* trials for burglary at the last sessions, I know by comparison how the matter must stand. In other counties one hears of two-and-twenty. He also throws in her teeth a woman hanged for poisoning her husband, to which she answers that an execution was then so rare it caused a general alarm. The truth is, some atrocious crimes, though they speak a more horrible guilt in the individual who commits them, do not denote such a corrupt state of society as some lesser ones. The woman who poisoned her husband probably communicated her design to nobody, persuaded nobody to do the like. The man who robs, forges, or coins, gains as many accomplices as he can, and perhaps trains a dozen boys to help him. Adieu. Write to Danesfield, Great Marlow.

LETTER LVIII.]

Danesfield, Great Marlow, 30th Sept. [1828].

Dear Louisa—I believe I wrote you word that Mrs. Scott, being forced to take a journey to town, put me off for a couple of days. Then Mrs. W. [Weddell] earnestly begged me to delay one more, so I did not set out till Thursday the 25th, or arrive here till dinner time Friday. The first day was all beauty, in heaven and earth, for nothing could exceed the weather, calm and brilliant, and few things could match the country I travelled through. I had heard much of a road lately made from Monmouth to Chepstow commanding all the scenery of the Wye, but as it would take me full twenty miles out of my way, I did not resolve upon it till I saw the sun would surely shine. I found it lovely indeed, and Tintern Abbey answered all my expectations. I had no time for Chepstow Castle and Piercefield. By the bye when the Wye reaches them it is so yellow and

muddy one would rather look away from it. The next stage (to Newnham) you drive always within view of the Severn estuary, the next (to Gloucester) within that of the Severn lessening to a river. My chaise was open the whole day and as much of the next as I wished, for after you are fairly out of the Cheltenham region you enter upon the ugliest in England, which lasts nearly till *this* pretty, cheerful country begins. However, I had no rain, so as it poured that night and the next morning, think of my good luck. I found Mrs. Scott quite alone. She, too, is just returned from Wales (a further part of it), and by the same road, therefore we can compare notes and vie in adventures. She has even gone in a tram-cart on a railroad.

October the 1st.—We went out early yesterday, and I could not conveniently finish my letter, having written already what you see enclosed. I found here your two letters waiting for me ; amongst a huge parcel of others was one that really gave me pain. Poor, poor, Mr. Morritt ! Always doomed to meet with sorrow and vexation when he should reap comfort ! The match is off. On examination Sir A.'s affairs proved to be in a state that did not afford hopes of even any future tolerably competent income being secured, and as a conscientious guardian he was forced to withdraw his consent, though with the more reluctance because no blame could be imputed to Sir A. himself, except for ignorance of his own position. His father and grandfather, living in London and neglecting business, let debts and mortgages accumulate ; a strict Scotch entail prevents any part of the property being sold to clear the rest, her fortune would be far insufficient ; in short nobody is in fault, but everybody is unhappy. "I suppose these things are in some way good for us," said

Walter Scott, when talking of his grandchild's illness. We must suppose they are, and submit to the will of Providence, but it wrings one's heart to see so kind-hearted and unselfish a man as he is constantly baffled or harassed in this manner. If I had been a match-maker, and had had my will, I should have joined him and Lady G. a dozen years ago—not that she would have said Aye, for her choice was privately fixed—but who knows that more good would have come of my wish? People can be sufficiently plagued with, and by, and about their own offspring, as we every day see.

I do detest pages of excuses either for writing or not writing, and never give them more than a glance of the eye, so they are perfectly thrown away upon me—unless wanted to light a taper. No matter for them—but there is one fearfully foolish paragraph that I must notice, it would be fearful, it would be foolish, it would be almost impious, from the mouth of any human being, in any possible case “Cased in armour of proof that might defy the most subtle Asmodeus.” Poor, ignorant, silly, absurd boast! Proving the most gross ignorance of human nature, as well as extreme self-conceit. But exactly *this* did your prototype say in 1787—or at least think. Let alone *general* assertions, which our not knowing futurity must always render presumptuous, *particular* restrictions against this or that act, this or that person whom we do know, seem often to provoke our fate. As Monsieur de Puysegur¹ said to Lady Lothian on hearing her inveigh against small beer, “*Ah, Mademoiselle, n'en dites pas tant de mal, vous finirez par l'épouser.*” . . . Never, never, let any woman say she is safe from any man, however vile, however disliked by herself at the present moment. But to say she is safe from

¹ One of the French *émigrés* at Holyrood.

every man in *every* circumstance is about as rational as to say, "For my part I am quite secure against ever being burned out of my house or robbed on the highway."

For *reverie*, the evil of it is the injuring and weakening one's own mind, therefore I should suppose it would *not* have been better to indulge the habit, rather than to toil and trouble without reward. It is much better to be a slave than an opium eater, such as they describe in Turkey, although the pleasure of the latter consists in delightful reveries. *I know* that such reveries may be indulged without the aid of opium, but not without the same deleterious influence on the spirit. However, I cannot cut open your head to look into it and be quite certain whether we are talking of the same thing. I only suspect we are. To return to the former subject, pray ask your father whether, supposing he had to take a town or invade a territory, he should have greater hope of success from learning that the inhabitants, the defenders, the governors, thought the place perfectly impregnable, and defied any force that could possibly be brought against it? I suspect he will reply, "Why, Lou, how can you ask so senseless a question? I could hear nothing so encouraging." And were it practicable to ask it in the other case, putting "my own daughter" by, how he would laugh and chuckle over the lady's armour of proof! No more of all this——

LETTER LIX.]

Danesfield, Tuesday, 14th Oct. [1828].

My dear Lou—I return Miss L.'s letter with congratulations on the event that seems so near, and promises to be a happy one. The whole of the history is marvellous in my eyes, I must own, but it is not new

to me that men and women see very differently. It appears probable that Lady Jones will do what she can ; perhaps that may be less than she wishes, for we *old relations* seldom meet with fair play ; in a large family everybody is first to themselves and also first to their own friends.

“Why does not A do more for B ?” quoth C, who is very fond of B. “Is not it a shame, so rich, and B wanting it so much, and being so excellent ? Yes, but C does not happen to have any acquaintance with D, E, F, G, H, I, K, and so on, who are equally near to A. C does not know that perhaps they want it quite as much, and are quite as deserving as her dear friend B. She never (possibly) heard of any such people being in existence, and if you tell her of them, it is ten to one but she will unconsciously hold her own ignorance on the subject a sufficient reason for thinking it ought not to admit their claims into the least comparison with B’s. So much of this as I have seen *chez nous et nos alentours !* I have had to combat the pretensions and complaints of some young people by putting them in mind that there did exist a person, and by no means an old one, who was forced to go without what in their opinion “*a gentleman must have*”—a person, simply their *own father*. I might as well have whistled as talked to them of twenty or thirty cousins-german whom they never beheld. This is a long digression, and may be very little to the purpose. I conclude, as I began, by wishing ML. all comfort and happiness.

But the whole is as strange morally as the old story of the famous *Cause* was physically. You are right in the fact, but then the marriage took place late in life. Amongst all the unaccountable circumstances of that history was the *twins*, for there was another boy who

died. On one side this increased the wonder and, consequently, the incredulity. On the other it was urged, "Why should people in actual want of bread saddle themselves with *two* children, when *one* would have answered the fraudulent purpose? Or how came they to find a pair ready for them?"

My nieces came on Friday, and will go away to-morrow, first to their brother-in-law Mr. Erskine in Leicestershire, then to Capesthorpe [Mr. Davenport's], where I have some notion George and Mrs. D. [Dawson] will meet them. I do not leave this till next week. I must then be some days in town for business, and mean to offer Mrs. Weddell a visit of some more, thus almost finishing the month; then I go to Barham, where Mary [Mrs. Knox] will be much hurt if I do not stay three or four weeks. You know how desirous the M.'s [Montagus] are that I should come to them a good while before Christmas, especially as they now have got a fixed residence in town, and therefore are likely to go to it earlier in the winter than they ever thought of moving before. All this does certainly make against my visiting Cockenhatch at present, which I am really very sorry for, and so assure Lady Louisa. For your own individual concern in the matter, Lady Montagu thinks it will be quite as well if Sir Will^m. brings you up some fine winter's day to meet me in London, and I carry you down to Ditton the next. And I own it will be far more convenient to me, for in the other case I really could not stay above a week or ten days. I fancy she has already written to you on this head. I am now in a hurry. I must go to my nieces. My intention of writing characters died away, but I will resume it some day when quite at leisure. For the present, adieu!

LETTER LX.]

Danesfield, Saturday,
[Oct. (?) 1828.]

I return you the two letters, and do indeed rejoice in Miss L.'s prospects. If you think thus of the heir of C. I wish you would take him for yourself, but I always understood he had a bad temper, and was not of a pleasant character—indeed fancied that was your own opinion. *Au reste* I have no objection to the match you propose, only as I know “you are *too old* to be ever in question in such affairs, nobody can reasonably suppose *a woman of your age* concerned, etc., etc., etc.” I should humbly have conceived a woman who might very well be your mother (exactly the same difference as between Mrs. Bennet and Lady Swinburne) stood further aloof from reasonable probability.

I do not know the gentleman's age, but his parents seem not yet arrived at decrepitude, therefore I presume he can hardly be above forty.

As for your going to Ditton with me, forgive me if I cannot help being a little out of patience at the repetition of what you have said *at least* forty times over in precisely the same words. If I answered Lady Louisa's invitations to Cockenhatch with, “I know it must be merely for your sake; it could give *her* no pleasure, would be rather an annoyance to your sisters, put Sir Wm. out of his way, etc., etc., etc,” would not she be tired and impatient of having the same assurances to give, the same ground to go over every year? I do not do it, because, in plain English, it is gross ill-breeding when once you have done it and been once expressly contradicted—it tells people you doubt the truth of what they say, and question whether the motives they choose

to assign are their real sincere ones or not—which the rules of civil life forbid any one doing to another's face. If you honestly are of opinion that your company is not wished for by all means decline going, but do not in great humility offer a direct insult. You will say you are far from meaning that—then forbear putting so many sentences on paper which those who read them ought to pass over as having no meaning at all. The post will not carry this forward till to-morrow, but to-morrow I shall have no time to write, so adieu.

LETTER LXI.]

[The governess means Lady Frances Cole, wife of the Governor of the Cape, and daughter of the first Earl of Malmesbury ; her sister, Lady Catherine Bell, was the wife of General Sir John Bell.]

Danesfield,

[FRAGMENT.]

[No date. Oct. (?) 1828.]

It has just occurred to me that I never took any notice of what you said about H. I was glad to hear of his going out of *harm's* way, but am concerned that he was so perverse about the voyage. I fear the same spirit will prevent his making use of the advantages which the Cape at present might afford in point of company, two very sensible, agreeable women of fashion being now established there—the *Governess* and her sister, Lady Catherine Bell, just the sort of society to improve a shy young man, and without any danger, for they are not flirts themselves, and have no daughters to get off. At least those Lady Frances has must be children in their nursery. Mrs. S. [Scott] and I have been *tête à tête* all this while, which is uncommonly comfortable ; circumstances have prevented some from coming who were expected, and others have put it off,

so that I believe we shall not be interrupted for more than two or three days at a time while I stay. I hope my nieces will be one of the interruptions. After a month passed at T. W. [Tunbridge Wells] with Mrs. Williams, they went to Worthing and received into their charge a little niece of theirs, a child of Mr. Erskine's, threatened with some affection of the spine. They talk of leaving her under the care of an old servant (there or at Brighton), and calling here on their way to make various visits in the north, first to Mr. E. himself, then onward, I presume, to the House of Davenport [Capesthorpe]. I fancy they will make Brighton their winter residence. Ly. Mont. [Montagu] writes word that she has heard from her sisters [Mrs. Scott and Mrs. Moray Stirling] from the Lago Maggiore. My last letter (received at Llanover) was from Berne. They crossed the Alps by the Simplon. Lady Mont. comes home on Thursday, but may possibly go back to T. [Tunbridge Wells] for a week or two more after she has seen the Stopford girls, Eliz. and Charlotte, who are to visit her from Cheltenham.

I must now go and write to Ly. M., so farewell.

LETTER LXII.]

[The sad event alluded to was the death of Lady Louisa's old friend, the Queen of Würtemberg, on 6th October.]

Danesfield, Friday, 17th Oct. [1828].

Dear Louisa—I write now to say that I leave this on Monday the 20th, a little the sooner for the sad event which has happened, as I have no mourning here, and indeed have it all to provide, for wear it I must, whoever else does not. I should not have thought beforehand that I was likely to be so deeply shocked

by the news, but it has very much affected me indeed. The renewal of old intimacy and all her kindness, and the chain of thought that linked her in some sort to the writer of those letters [Lady Ailesbury?] I read to you last summer—another circumstance operates besides. However, I will not dwell upon it, for I am at this moment very, very low. Pss. A. [Augusta?] made her lady write me word of it, a very kind attention at such a moment, quite what you call piercing. It will hinder my stopping at Ditton though, since I could not, without going to make inquiries after her, and that could not be done in coloured clothes. However, I am not sorry to have a good excuse. I have offered Mrs. W. [Weddell] a visit in the course of next week, and proceed to Barham some time in the following. My nieces came here Friday, and proceeded into Cheshire Wednesday, where they will no doubt make acquaintance with Aunt Kitty, and I daresay with Aunt S. and Co. I should not be surprised to hear of them at Alderley before they leave that country, where they propose staying till the middle of November. Then they will probably call here again on their way back, and they have a great mind to accept L^y. Montagu's repeated invitation to visit her at Ditton ere they take up their residence at Brighton for the winter. This makes them very desirous that I should be there or meet them there, and I own to you militates yet more against my going to Cockenhatch. I hope nothing will impede your meeting me in town and accompanying me to Ditton, which all parties are eager you should do. Miss Crewe and her cousin Miss Assheton Smith have been here two days, and are just gone; the former seems well, but is sadly altered from what she used to be. I mean in looks. I have always forgot to tell

you how Mrs. Scott wishes she could see you here, “not merely for *your* sake, she said one day, but I like Miss Clinton for her own; she is agreeable to my taste, I should delight to have her”—these were her very words. Adieu, I may perhaps write again from town. Remember me to Lady Louisa, who, I am sure, will forgive my not coming, all circumstances weighed.

LETTER LXIII.]

TO MRS. STEWART MACKENZIE OF SEAFORTH

(On the Queen of Würtemberg).

[Oct. 1828.]

“No one of any rank ever left such sincere mourners. Her charities were unbounded, and she had so endeared herself to her husband’s family, and to all his subjects, that from the present King down to the beggar, I hear, all seem to have lost a parent. In speaking of him she constantly said, ‘my son.’ She sent for him when she thought herself dying, had a long conversation with him, and bade him bring his wife and children the next day. By that time her sight had failed. She said: ‘*J’entends vos voix, je ne vous vois plus,*’ and was in the act of putting out one hand to him, while his little boy, on whom she doated, was kissing the other, when an apoplectic seizure ended her life. They could hardly remove the child from the body; and the young Princess Pauline, the orphan daughter of the *vaurien* Prince Paul, would not leave it for several hours. The last day I saw her she showed me a set of ornaments she had just bought at Rundell and Palmer’s, saying, ‘Don’t think I wear such things myself; these are for Pauline, my spoilt child.’ It was her custom on Sundays to make her English maid read her an

English sermon. On the 5th of October she said, after hearing it attentively : ‘ There, my dear, you have done, and I thank you, you will never read me another.’ The woman answered she hoped she should. ‘ No, no,’ replied the Queen, ‘ I know my death is near at hand,’ so prepared was she for the awful change—I trust a blessed one to her.” . . .

LETTER LXIV.]

[FRAGMENT.]

[Oct. (?) 1828.]

POOR Mrs. W. [Waddington] does not know I ever wrote a verse in my life. I did not betray that propensity among the old ladies with whom she saw me upwards of forty years ago, and afterwards her marriage fixed her in the country, and her visits to London have been few and far between, so she has known nothing particular of me, only retained the early idea of my being a superior being, because I was the *finest young* lady who visited Mrs. Delany ; or at least that was disposed to take any good-humoured notice of the little niece, for Lord Bath’s sisters, who sometimes came with their mother, were the coldest and most repulsive girls in London, thought it all “ *a great bore*,” and would not have condescended even to say six words to myself, let alone to “ *that chit*.” I think I need not describe the sort of manners to you. Only observe that such things always were and probably always will be. “ Why seems it so particular to thee ? ” That I liked the old people’s conversation you can also conceive to have been very quizzable, but to have made the old people like and cry me up in Miss Port’s ears. And she, being a child by herself, had nothing to do but to listen and take her impressions from them. Mrs. Delany had real genius,

and was a sort of miracle in her day, having made a proficiency in painting very far beyond anybody flourishing *now*, when it is so much more cultivated and better understood. Sir Joshua Reynolds himself looked up to her, and once could not be convinced that one of her crayon pictures was not done in oil, but by having the glass taken off and examining it closely. *He* was no better versed in the science of drawing and colouring than she. She had excelled equally in music, and in every sort of beautiful work; had read a great deal, had lived with wits, poets, statesmen—Dean Swift, Lord Lansdowne, Lord Granville—was visited in Mrs. W.'s memory by Mason, Bishop Hurd, Frederick Montagu, Lord Orford, Mr. Gilpin, etc.; was the last *real Granville* (Lord Lansdowne's niece). Then the full sunshine of Royal favour shone on her closing days. She lived at Windsor the three last years, visited by the King every day without fail, and of course courted by every one around him. In that sphere grew up Mrs. W. [Waddington], who was hardly seventeen when her aunt died, at nearly eighty-eight. Do you wonder she should retain a hankering after everything elevated in every way—rank, literature, and *les beaux arts*? The society of Mrs. Locke and Miss Burney gave her a tone of sentimental exaggeration she has never since been able to shake off; but I must seal and send my letter, or be again too late for the post. The sketch shall be finished another time. Adieu!

LETTER LXV.]

Chiselhurst, Saturday, 25th Oct. [1828].

I meant to have written to you by yesterday's post, or before I left town to-day, but found it impossible.

What with foreign letters, and home letters, and notes, and this and that, I do not think I had the pen out of my hand an hour in the thirty-six. Besides, I was "sprighted with a fool" like Imogen. When I came to town I found the notification of a match, the younger C. married to a late Irish lord's nephew, eligible in all respects excepting a limited income, *i.e.* none at all, but he had had "a very fine education, and was quite fit for any post to which he might be appointed, at home or abroad." Knowing the language, I was aware that this meant "you must get him one." Accordingly, in walked the bride yesterday, praised her husband, as was to be expected, and deplored the above-said *limitations* in terms proving my interpretation of them faithful. Unfortunately, too, she must own she was totally ignorant of family management, for mamma never had allowed her or her sister to meddle with it, or even to know the price of any article, not that of their very clothes. Then came what I looked for, mamma wished Mr. J. could be so fortunate as to obtain some office under Lord Stuart de Rothesay. My answer was easy enough, truly I had got extremely well acquainted with the matter (most vexatiously well), and could positively say Ld. S. de R. had no more power to appoint an attaché than his footman, and it was the most difficult thing in the world to get. But in the *dunderment* of the minute I forgot the conclusive point, which I had to write afterwards, namely, that attachés, when appointed, have not a farthing's pay, salary, or emolument, but must live at their own expense; for which reason they are always people whose families can afford to maintain them somehow, better or worse, and never by any chance married men. She has been so long in desperate want of a husband that I am not surprised at her catching

the prize with both hands, but what can possibly possess the man is past my comprehension ! I think the Signora Madre must have surprised herself in lying and puffing to persuade him that we, our family, are to make his fortune. I saw him evidently change countenance when I said the diplomatic line was quite out of the question—change it in a manner betraying the overthrow of a sanguine expectation.

He is the sort of young-looking thing you see the Duke of B.—slender, delicate, and pretty—to appearance about three or four and twenty. *She* was born in the winter of 1788-89, I am not sure of the month, so perhaps she could swear herself still nine-and-thirty, though, as her old grandfather said of her mother before her, “she knows nothing in the world but how to wash her hands.” Poor C. and the mother, however, were both of an age, boy and girl, when they ran away together, but think of the boy saddled with this old girl ! with the ignorance and inexperience of a woman of forty !—yet *only* forty ; therefore as children will greatly mend the business you may be quite sure they will come. You have no concern in all this, but it does me good to pest my fill.

I was X when I wrote last, too X I own, and my heart smote me for it afterwards, but if it had the good effect of making you return a perpendicular, that is a reasonable answer to Lady Montagu ; it did excellent service, so I need not repent. I have not seen your Chief’s performance, which I can readily believe to be open to criticism—unless below it. I am altogether behindhand in political and newspaper lore. At Llanover the paper came in in an evening, an hour that seems not to suit one for reading it. It was Mr. Hall’s, beside, and he took the lion’s share of it. I got out of

the habit of reading it (always an idle one), and merely looked at the list of killed and wounded, I mean the deaths and marriages, which I have gone on doing ever since. Still, I suspect I should not agree with you about his Grace's motto. The *Nolumus* was said by Catholics as there were no Protestants to say it, but by Catholics who would not let their laws be altered even to gratify their own wishes and interests.

The legitimating their natural children would have been the first consequence of the alteration the Pope and priests proposed, a sugar-plum these latter thought likely to make everything else go down. No, said the sturdy barons, *Nolumus*, etc. Now I do not think that so inapplicable to the present case; if they resisted even what would have benefited themselves in a point near their hearts, why should not we resist what we think will injure us materially? I speak as an anti-Catholic in the argument, observe. For myself I am neither anti nor pro, holding with Sir Roger de Coverley that much may be said on both sides, and so little concerning myself with what is said that I shall not read a syllable about the Kentish meeting. I surmise that my Lord Win. [Winchilsea?], however, is nearly as great a genius as your Chief. They write word from Capesthorpe that they found all the family divided, and the neighbourhood going by the ears about Brunswick Clubs and so forth; and as the spirit is now quite laid in L. she seems rather annoyed by the battling—yet likes very well the style of living; two brothers were there—one a clergyman, the other an invalid.

Sunday.—I came hither yesterday and wrote thus far between whiles. Mrs. W. [Weddell] is much as she was, suffering in the same miserable manner, but enjoying company as you saw her do in July. I found

visitors with her at four o'clock, and the Miss Townshends and others dined ; altogether it was a good day—to-day she has not yet appeared. The T's dine again. I went after church to Miss Benson, who looks surprisingly well, though she has very lately had one of her attacks—always cheerful, placid, and resigned, so that one says to oneself, "Thank God for her state !" But alas ! alas ! the mind and memory are giving way—confusion, repetition, forgetfulness of names, times, and places, all the sad symptoms I have seen so much of. She told me her age, 81,¹ and Mrs. W's, 79. The latter's mind remains in full vigour.

I have not mentioned that I came to town Monday, and spent Wednesday and Thursday evenings with Lady Lothian. Our travellers had got to Venice. Car [Scott] had there been arrested by a bad headache, and Fanny [Moray Stirling] was not well. I have received a mournful letter from poor Miss Knight, who was actually on her way to pass the winter with the Queen of W. [Württemberg], when it pleased God to take her from us. She says she retained her senses to the last, and was all kindness to every one round her.

Adieu. I return to town Wednesday, and go to Barham Friday or Saturday. I do not think I can turn my face towards Ditton till the last week in November.

Miss Murray is in the Isle of Wight ; she bids me tell you how glad she shall be to see you again.

I enclose a note I had from Ly. E. M. [Macleod] ; you will see why I send it.

¹ She died apparently soon after, see end of letter, 20th February 1829.

LETTER LXVI.]

[The present from the Queen of Würtemberg was probably a bracelet now in the possession of Mrs. Clark of Tal-y-garn.]

Barham House, 3rd Novr. [1828].

Dear Louisa—I found your letter here and thank you very much for the enclosed, which I return. As you say, it is the fairest account one has seen. It came apropos, for I read at Danesfield the account of N. America, “picked up by a travelling batchelor,” in reality written by Cooper; and in spite of all his endeavours to conceal it, indeed to assert the contrary, I came to the conclusion that—precisely as Colonel Hezeta says—they were a disagreeable race without a gentleman among them. Nay, that if they had such a thing, he would be *deplacé*, and lead an uncomfortable life. However, by all means read the book, for it is well worth the trouble.

A painful incident happened to me on my return to London from Chiselhurst. I found on my table a square packet, the shape of which told me whence it came, and made me *thrill*—a letter and a present from the poor Q. of W., dated, alas! the first of September. Pss. Sophia had sent it with a note from herself; it was in a box which reached her almost in the same moment with the fatal news. What peculiarly vexes me, the letter (but a few lines) begins with, “Though I wrote to you only some days ago,” and *that first* I have never received. It is always unpleasant to lose any letter, much more so in such a circumstance. It pained me, too, that I had been long anxiously expecting to hear from her on a concern of my own, having written to ask a favour the last week in August. Cannot you understand that it gives one the sensation of having done something

wrong, interested, and selfish, to have teased her when she was sinking into her grave, and by what I can learn (am glad to learn) withdrawing her thoughts from this world. This leads me to the subject you inquire about, for the favour I had asked was her interference in behalf of Henry [Stuart], which I was told would have more effect than any other mode of applying—I am speaking in strict confidence observe. Well! There was a sad end to those hopes when I came to town from Danesfield, and I had just accepted Dun's [Dunglas] offer of speaking to his principal, Lord A. [Aberdeen], but was pondering dismally on the little chance of success, when Cousin Prate-apace and her young husband brought forward their petition for it as the easiest thing in the world—at a fortunate time, you will say! However, I had the satisfaction of bringing down hither a letter from Dun, which made Mary [Knox] cry for joy. Dun has really been so feeling, so kind, I never can forget it while I live. He pleaded the cause so well to Lord A. that the request was granted as far as is desirable. If Ch^s. will consent to take him as a *supernumerary*, he may, provided Henry bestirs himself to gain the requisite information—that is all we want. It is like a man you want to plough and dig for his health-sake, not for his daily bread, if we can but set him at the task, no matter whether he has the privilege of franking letters, and of following the Amb^r. to court or not. Salary none of the actual attachés have, which was the beauty of cousin's young Irish *calablero's* (*sic*) aspiring to the post. We are very impatient for Henry's arrival, he is only at a little distance, but cross-posts are the most tantalizing of things to write by.

I am uncertain whether the M's [Montagus] have left T. [Tunbridge Wells] or not; they talked of being

a week in London about this time, if they could get into their new house [in Hamilton Place]. . .

Thursday, I went to reconnoitre fine things at Howels and James's for Mrs. Weddell, who is at a loss what wedding present she shall make her youngest niece [a Miss Ramsden] about to marry Lord Muncaster. . . .

On the same Thursday I dined (an engagement made at Chiselhurst) with L^d. C. J., and Lady Best. Company, Lord Tenterden, another judge, a young lawyer, and a young Oxonian, the last Lady B's nephew. I like to hear the conversation of professional people (I am afraid I except just what the Fans [Fanshawes] covet, that of *artists*). It is pleasant to hear what sensible men say on a subject they thoroughly understand, and not unpleasant either to have an opportunity of meeting folks whose names one so often reads in the newspapers. Without prejudice to my own friend, I was much taken with his brother C. J. Lord T., the most mildly sensible person imaginable. For Lady B. I like her in her way, honest, open, downright, and jolly, overflowing with good nature and goodwill to every one; all her neighbours are so agreeable and so excellent, and she so loves to have them round her—saying it with her whole heart—I can imagine her being called vulgar, but I never knew any person really so who was quite natural and without pretensions, especially if the *fond du caractère* were such as I describe it, the milk of human nature abounding. The vulgarity I hate is that of the mind, always linked with something the reverse of true good nature. Enough for the present. Adieu.



MISS BERRY

LETTER LXVII.]

[Miss Berry's book was *Comparative View of Social Life in England and France*, 1828 ; a sequel appeared in 1831.]

TO MRS. STEWART MACKENZIE OF SEAFORTH.

28th Nov. 1828.

. . . Authors before they write should read—at least they should before they *quote*. It is wonderful how inexact and dashing Miss B. [Berry] has been in that respect. She even gives you chapter and verse in *Macpherson* for what you will find nowhere in his volumes, the author she should quote being *Dalrymple*. One Scotchman, I suppose, did just as well as another ! Then she criticises an old play, which I am confident she never took the trouble to read through, as she totally mistakes a main part of its story. In short, she pursues the same course of boldly asserting which marks her conversation, and, by the bye, it will do just as well for the generality of her readers, for her book is very much liked, and I understand she intends continuing it down to the present day, though how she can do so without burning her fingers I am unable to conceive. Apropos of inaccuracy, I recollect that in her note on one of Mad^e du Deffand's letters, where Anne Pitt was mentioned, she says, "the *only* sister of the great Lord Chatham"—that is, the only one she had happened to hear of. Lord Chatham had half-a-dozen sisters ; one a Mrs. Betty Pitt, very famous (*i.e.*, infamous) in her day.

CHAPTER IV

FEBRUARY—AUGUST 1829

LETTER LXVIII.]

[On February 2nd, Lady Louisa's niece, Lady Louisa Dawson, married as second wife the Rev. Walter Davenport Bromley, the second son of Davies Davenport, M.P. for Chester, and assumed the name of Bromley with the estates of Wooton Hall and Bagington. Mrs. Williams mentioned later in the letter was his aunt; her husband afterwards became Sir John Williams, a judge of the Queen's Bench. Lady Sidney Kerr was the youngest daughter of the 5th Marquess of Lothian and first cousin of Lady Gardiner, whose mother, Lady Emily Macleod, was daughter of the 4th Marquess.]

G. P. [*Gloucester Place*] Sunday, 8th of February [1829].

Dear Lou—I begin upon my marrow bones, as I must confess I ought, but if you had been by to see me you would have owned there was little leisure for writing. My nieces engrossed the first week, and as they were much afraid I should disgrace them by being an old-fashioned figure, we were to go to shops together that they might order my bonnets after their own better knowledge, and so forth. Then Mr. Bromley came to make acquaintance with me; then I met him one evening; then there was a dinner at George Dawson's. Then on Sunday after church arrived Lady Gardiner to be my inmate. She at first

said poor Lady Sidney Kerr's death put her attendance out of the question, but this causing great disappointment to the party most concerned, she at last resolved on coming, and really she was of such material use to both the sisters, it would have been a pity she had staid away. We went that evening to George D.'s, where there had been a dinner; the next day she went early to dress the bride, and on our return to dine (for we came home after the wedding) sate some time with Anna till dinner was ready, and some time when we came up from table; so they had her to vent themselves to, and her calm, quiet good sense and cheerfulness did wonders in soothing and encouraging all parties, as she had grown familiar with Mr. Bromley from the meeting that took place at Melbourne where they staid (and he with them) three days. . . . The company at George's on Saturday were Mr. Davenport, Mr. Bromley, Henry Dawson and I. Mrs. Dawson and Mrs. Davenport confined at home by illness. Sunday evening, when we went, we found those who had dined—Mr. and Mrs. Williams, Lady Stuart, Mr. Bromley. At the wedding were George and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Williams, Lady Stuart and Miss Hobart, Mr. and Mrs. Davenport, Anna Maria (Dawson), Lady Gardiner, Edward Davenport and I. Henry had one of his bad headaches and could not come. Mrs. Davenport just was able to stay the ceremony. None of the family dined, but Mrs. Williams came in the evening. The married couple went off to the Lodge [Richmond Park] from the Church door, staid there Tuesday, and set out on Wednesday morning for Baggington, where they arrived Thursday. I have heard from L. once. She seems to like the house and place, but does not fall into the common cant of saying she is the happiest of women

and he the most amiable of men—"three blue beans in a blue blown bladder." However, he does really appear to me an amiable person. I think him rather well-looking than otherwise—modest, quiet, and diffident, as well as heartily in love. My only apprehension is his not having sufficient character—I mean in the French sense, *caractère*, for although he by no means agrees in opinion with a lady that shall be nameless, nor at all approves of her, yet I find she has the power of swaying him.

Monday.—Well, even this is awkward and disjointed. After the wedding was over and Ly. Gardiner gone, I entered on the Herculean labour, bodily and mental, of arranging and cleaning my books, which my housemaid has contrived to put in a sort of confusion that a month's toil will scarcely get the better of. I was delighted that I executed my commission about the Sévigné so much to the satisfaction of my employers, and (*chemin faisant*) picked up something for Mary she liked. I have been these two evenings with Lady Montagu at the hotel, as she will tell you. Your father paid me a most comfortable, friendly, kind visit, and we had a good *causerie* together. I trust your cold is really and truly gone by this time. I write now piece-meal, all in a fuss and fidget, not in the vein for it at all, but am resolved not to miss this present post.

I have not sent *Choaky* away and do not know when I shall, but it will be safe for you when you claim it. Mrs. Weddell, I find, does not return to town till the end of this week. The account of her is as good as I could expect. I have not told you that Anna Maria [Dawson] has remained at her brother George's, but goes shortly back to Brighton, where Henry and Eliza will also go, and have invited her to take up her

quarters in their house, which on every account I hope she will do. I had a letter lately from Miss Knight, dated at Stutgardt. She tells me the young Queen cannot yet speak of her poor mother-in-law without tears, and the King told her (Miss K.) that in fourteen years, since his father's death, not only they never had had a difference, but he had always found her the kindest of parents and most judicious adviser. He has justified her confidence in making him her heir by providing for all her servants, and as far as he can continuing her charities. It does me good to hear such accounts. Now adieu, with love to all at Ditton.

LETTER LXIX.]

[Sir William Clinton had been compelled to resign his seat in Parliament for the Duke of Newcastle's borough of Newark. He had also this year to resign his post of Lieut.-General of the Ordnance. See *post*, 1st June.]

G. P. [Gloucester Place]
Friday, 20th of February [1829].

Dear Lou—Everybody's brains were addled that day, I suppose, for you dated your letter the 19th, and it came the 18th. I meant to have answered it yesterday, but various little fiddle-faddles came in the way, and Anna [Dawson] arrived to take up her residence here until she goes to Brighton, which is delayed by her brother Henry's putting off his removal. I was afraid she would not like the change from George's gay house so well as she seems to do.

Think of my having, for the first time, sent Sir W^m. letters to frank the day before I heard from you what heartily vexes me!—I apprehended mischief, I own, the moment I found in what key his Chieftain was dis-

posed to play, and thus far I am relieved ; it is better than giving up the Ordnance, which I feared it might lead to. Still I consider it as an evil ; though, by the bye, a greater evil to himself than to anybody, for he will now fall wholly into the hands of interested flatterers. Truly you need not apologise for setting your father's judgment highest. Nobody can have a worse than the other, always excepting the Earl of W., who seems capable of overturning any cause he may attempt to support.

I think as little of these matters as I can, because to me they have a most awful and melancholy aspect. I hate times of confusion and change. When the French Revolution mania was at its height, and some ladies, friends of my own, were bit, and for the time commenced raving Jacobins, a man—not a very sensible one either—said to me, “Do they know what they say, or what they would have? Supposing a complete convulsion, everything demolished and turned topsyturvy, why, we men may bustle through it and take our fair chance ; if one would sink lower, another will rise higher. But what the Devil do you think can become of you women?” This speech always recurs to me whenever I hear ladies talk *liberally* and carelessly of the overthrow of existing institutions as if it were desirable. Pray do not suppose my remark applies solely to one side. Seldom as I talk at all about the matter, I did say one day that Mr. Peel appeared to act conscientiously, and if he saw no other alternative than a civil war, surely he could not be blamed for avoiding that. “Umh!” answered a lady, “that depends upon Mr. Peel's nerves.” Nerves! Again I recalled to mind an old story. In 1798, news came of a victory gained over the Irish rebels, and all the ladies at

Windsor, save my poor friend [Lady Ailesbury] were crowing and chuckling, and almost wishing the good King joy. "Yes," said he, "they tell me I am to rejoice that fifteen hundred of my subjects have been killed! and by whom? by my subjects." I need not say all was hushed for that time.

A great deal is to be said for the Catholic question, I am sensible; and taking this country alone into consideration, where the Catholics are mostly respectable and of the higher orders, where their priesthood is too quiet to be ever heard of, and its superiors content to be apostolic vicars and bishops of some place in Mesopotamia, I protest I see little against it. But in Ireland surely they do not disguise their intentions of making this, should they carry it, a mere stepping-stone to further changes; they point directly at the overthrow of the Protestant Church; O'Connell tells you so every time he opens his mouth, and their bishops have more cautiously dropped hints of the same nature. "Well!" reply Mr. Brougham, and Mr. Hume, and Lady Charlotte, and the Miss Berrys (*and (-st!) I am afraid Lady L . . . C . . .*) "what then? Can't people say their prayers just as well without bishops and deans, and so much money given to a pack of drones who do no good, etc. etc. etc. Why can't we do as they do in America?" To this there *will* follow what those who hold such language would be very far from liking, yet it stands on exactly the same ground. Why can't we do without people who engross great estates that might do so much good if divided? What have the D. of Devonshire and Lord Fitzwilliam in Ireland that did not proceed from the confiscated property of Catholics? In short, the work of destruction once begun, no one can tell where it is to end. Abstractedly the burning of

York minster is an excellent thing, for consider what a sum it must have cost yearly to keep it in repair ! But I have a vulgar, mean-minded prejudice in its favour, and so I have in that of a constitution and order of things, under which we, our fathers and grandfathers, have lived and flourished 140 years,

Till Adam-wits too fortunately free
Began to dream they wanted liberty.

If not true when Dryden said it, God knows it is so now. We are gobbling under the tree of knowledge like a parcel of pigs under a Spanish chesnut, and, I believe, know full as little what we are about.

I certainly need not tell you I am glad you stay at Ditton to the very furthest moment. I did *not* know much of the comings and goings, for I have hardly seen Lady Lothian but by snatches since Ld. and Ly. M. [Montagu] went back ; I can only assure you the *cousins* asked eagerly, " Shall we find Miss C. there ? " I am sorry you think the Duke looks so indifferently.

Mrs. Weddell is come, and much as usual—suffering in body, but entire in mind. Mrs. Benson left her the furniture of the house, " that she might immediately put another friend into it to supply her place." How kind an expression ! Adieu, for I have much more to write by this post.

LETTER LXX.]

[*Gloucester Place*]
Thursday night.

Dear Lou—I have been spending the evening with Mrs. Lockhart, who has sung and played on the harp, The Gathering and the love-verses of Montrose—" I'll make thee famous with my pen, and glorious with my sword," and who says, " Oh, when Miss Clinton

comes to town, do tell her it will be the greatest favour if she will come to us in this way, for we hardly ever go out, and are so glad of a little pleasant conversation !”

Mr. L. was not at home ; there were only her younger brother and a pretty genteel Scotch girl her neighbour—daughter or niece (I forget which) to one of Burns’s beauties, the lass of Ballochmyle. Perhaps you heard at Ditton of the new edition of the Waverley novels to be published in monthly numbers. She told me with great joy that this would entirely clear her father’s affairs, ten thousand copies being already subscribed for, though the first number will not appear till June—to be sure it must take time, forty numbers embracing three years and a half ; but for the money, at five shillings a number, I think Cocker would estimate ten thousand copies at £100,000. Bravissimo !

After daily expectation of Miss Murray I had quite given her up, and written her a letter, when lo ! she was here at breakfast-time yesterday, having arrived (in Portland Place) the night before. She went off to Kenwood in the course of the morning, but promises me a *staying* visit some time or other. All things considered, I thought her in good spirits, very happy to see us all, and quite herself, which includes being almost as violent in politics as your Grandee Cousin, and on the same side. So is Lady Isabella Kerr. I forgive Miss Murray, because it is the natural propensity of all old maids and country parsons to concern themselves with matters which they have less opportunity than others to know much about. But I wish Lady Is. would hold her tongue, as she is not an old maid yet, and does not, *like some folks*, in the least desire to be held one. I shall leave Miss Murray to fight it out with Miss Berry—a fair match. However, I swallowed

an antidote in the course of the day, for Mrs. Davenport called here, and on my saying I could not take either side, answered in a tone comically pathetic, "Yet I think you must be glad for the sake of *the poor Irish!*" As if it were a terrible calamity not to sit in Parliament, or rather as if the old oppressive laws repealed near fifty years ago were still in full force. Perhaps she thinks they are, for so the huge six syllable-word emancipation implies, and I daresay it has a prodigious sway with certain people; no small number either. I cannot pity either myself or Countess de Grey, because she does not sit in the House of Lords, though I will answer for it she would speak better sense there than either your cousin or Lord King. By the bye, at Mrs. Weddell's the other day, Mr. Ramsden brought in a droll caricature print,¹ Lord Eldon and the Duke of Wellington as two apple- or fish-women preparing to box; the one (with a nose duly hooked), in a soldier's coat over a ragged petticoat, advancing briskly; the other, a large, steady old lady firmly standing on her guard, and scowling from under a great black hat; behind her John Bull in a smock-frock; behind the Duke a tattered, starved Paddy nearly *sans culotte*.

I have just discovered that my blotting-paper *blots*, and blots with great effect, which must excuse the state of this epistle. I now conclude it. I do not overlook what you said in your envelope, but we will talk over grievances when we meet. I am truly sorry for them. Adieu.

P.S.—I saw Mrs. Gaussen the other [day].

¹ One of the FB's.

LETTER LXXI.]

[The following letters give an account of a visit Lady Louisa Stuart paid to the embassy at Paris. Her nephew, Sir Charles, had been created Lord Stuart de Rothesay in January 1828. Lady Louisa apparently travelled with Lord Stuart's wife, and found *old* Lady Stuart in Paris, as she talks of the effect the news about Sir William Clinton had on Lord Stuart's mother when she told her after her arrival. The news was evidently his having to resign his post of Lieutenant-General of the Ordnance.]

[Addressed] 27 Queen Anne Street, Cavendish Square.

Calais, at Rignolles,

Monday, 1st of June [1829].

My dear Lou—We had a most tedious passage, for, sailing soon after eight, we did not arrive in this harbour till eleven at night, when the cabin-woman came and pulled me off the bed I had betaken myself to for the last three hours, being miserably sick and giddy. Miss Mayow, Ly. S.'s [Stuart de Rothesay's] friend, was the only person who kept up all the while, and she is as active and useful as a man. Ly. S. and the two maids being very indifferent, and I very stupid to-day, we have all determined to pass another night where we are, and not set out till to-morrow. Miss M. has a nephew in the Foreign Office, under whose cover this will go. May it find you, dearest Lou, in better spirits. Remember me MOST KINDLY to your father and mother.

L. S.

LETTER LXXII.]

[Madame de Canillac was an old refugee friend.]

[Addressed] 27 Queen Anne Street, Cavendish Square.

Paris, begun Saturday, June 6th, 1829.

My Dear Lou—I wrote you a few lines from Calais, where we staid all Monday to recover our fatigue; thence we proceeded Tuesday morning to a place called Bernay, two stages short of Abbeville; thence on Wednesday to Beauvais, and arrived here about nine o'clock Thursday evening, having purposely dawdled to avoid coming in before dinner in all our dust, which was so abundant that the carriages looked as if covered with snow. The cathedral of Beauvais, a curious old town, is one of the finest things I ever saw; a beautiful monument there to the Cardinal de Jansen has such a resemblance to that which Chantrey executed of my poor brother for the Armagh clergy, that I cannot help thinking he must have taken his idea from it. I observed to Miss Mayow, "This is very like a monument of Chantrey's;" and she answered, "So I was thinking, but I did not care to point it out till you made the remark yourself." The attitude is precisely similar. By the bye, though not genteel enough to please people who have the distinction of being admitted at Devonshire House, Miss Mayow was the pleasantest and most useful travelling companion one could have found; I will not say as agreeable as Miss Murray, but with something of her alacrity and activity; no frights, or fears, or delicacies, or difficulties—if we had a bad dinner, "Well, never mind, we shall fare better to-morrow." If it had not been for her I should never have got Lady S. on. For myself, I am not ill-pleased to discover that, even now, I grow *less*

fatigued instead of more every day of a journey ; in other words, that travelling, old as I am, still agrees with me.

Sunday.—after church I am going to Versailles, and find I have (and shall have) so little spare time for writing any day, that I must hasten to the most material part of my letter and tell you, you would have been pleased—pierced, as you say—to see how really *shocked*, sorry, and disturbed Charles (Lord Stuart de Rothsay) was when he heard of Sir W^m.'s resignation. “No! What! Sure you are not in earnest ; it cannot be.” I never saw any one more *hurt*—hurt at the *person's* doing it. “What can it mean?” he said to himself ; “there must be something under it ;” and once, “Oh I wish I had been there !” All this is much from a man so little *demonstratif* and who has certainly great reason to be attached to the *person*. As for his mother, when I told her, she was almost ready to cry, and said she could not sleep for thinking of it. Both, too, agreed that the memory of Lord Cornwallis should have been respected in Singleton, though a dull old gentleman, as he was a nothingly young one ; but this did not make the same painful impression. Poor gratification ! However, I know it will be one to you.

Monday.—Miss Mayow and I, escorted by Henry Stuart, went after church and luncheon to Versailles, where the water-works played, which they do but twice or thrice a year. It was a very fine sight, and carried one back to the days when they were always playing to Louis XIV. and his court. The old magnificence of the gardens, the statues, the orangerie, the allées, brought back all one had read and heard of—not the horrible scenes of later times. The crowds that thronged around were all of the lower class indeed, but gay and festive, making the scene beyond measure

cheerful. I just—*just* saw Madame de Canillac, who lives there, and whom I am expecting presently. I did not find her at home when I called at her lodging, which I did first.

I find writing very difficult in the whirl we live in. Adm. and Mrs. Scott dined here, Friday, and we went to a play all together, founded on Lionel Lincoln, which I never read: it seemed absurd enough, but I really heard too little to judge, between deafness and being unaccustomed to the *tune* of French talking. Both Car. [Scott] and Fanny [Moray Stirling] look well; they lodge in the same house with the Berrys. Adieu, dear Lou. Do not expect to hear from me often, but let me know how matters go on with you. I would give a finger to hear something pleasanter than I hope for.

LETTER LXXIII.]

Paris, Friday, 12th of June [1829].

I have received your letter, dearest Lou, and can only say I heartily grieve over it. I am vexed more ways than one, for there is a spirit of insolence in some people's proceedings, like the *intoxication of prosperity*, which they never fail to pay for afterwards; and I cannot wish his downfall, on account of those I care for here to whom he has certainly been a firm friend—nor would that repair the mischief he has done you. Alas!

I should not write by this post, but that I have a message to deliver to Sir William. The Duchess of Albufera (Marshal Suchet's widow) is very desirous to show him every mark of respect in her power, and being about to publish her husband's memoirs, wishes to send him a copy. She has applied to Lord Stuart de Rothesay about it. The book he may perhaps contrive

to dispatch by the bag ; if he can, he will. The Atlas must come by some private opportunity.

I am very glad the Artillery made those demonstrations. I suppose there could not be a more unpopular act. "It will not and it cannot come to good ;" but alas ! as I said before, that is cold comfort. God bless you, dearest Lou. Be as much as you can with the M.'s and poor dear Mrs. Weddell. I shall depend upon you for accounts of her.

P.S.—I believe Mad^e. d'Albufera's present will be sent to-day, but I am not sure.

LETTER LXXIV.]

Paris, Monday, June 29th [1829].

I received your letter of this day sennight last night, dear Lou. By the bye, it ought to have come on Thursday eve^s ; but no great matter, you will say. It grieves me that *cloudy weather* should still continue for you, and I fear I cannot contradict your apprehension of its continuance. One thing I verily think might change it—if anybody could set the matter in its true light to the Dictator, and convince him that he has been an Irishman and committed a bull by *gratifying* the very person he intended to plague and mortify (your *Chief*) ; then perhaps he would be in haste to repair his blunder and do what would really answer the purpose. You, I know, will and must be indignant at no little word of praise having been dropped when casually mentioning in parl^t lately the orders given to the Commander of the Forces [Lord Hill]. Alas ! Such are politicians ! The printing of the papers relating to Portugal gives *us here* a triumph. It has been commonly said that *we here* got into a scrape and made a blunder by bringing over Don Pedro's Charter.

All Canning's friends said it loudly, and so it passed, even many of Ch.'s own friends wishing he had not done it. Now the actual letters are published, and it comes out that he avoided it as much as was possible, and that Canning himself wrote, "Though His M. *fully approves* of your having done it (circumstanced as you were), yet he wishes you to make no stay at Lisbon, etc." What is *fully approved of* can be neither blunder nor scrape. But I own I think *they* shuffle about the poor Portuguese, whom I pity. Yet in Sir William's own words, "they are a divided people," and I know not that we are bound to support either of the two parties which divide them, especially as it was proved that they would not fight for themselves. Villaréal is here; I find he sate by me the other day at the Chamber of Deputies, but I did not recollect him, nor (I hope) he me.

The Scotts [of Petersham] leave Paris next Thursday, going by Dieppe. I believe I shall follow them this day fortnight, but go by Calais. Ly. Charlotte [Lindsay] and Mrs. Williams, I hear, set out to-day. Adieu. If you are still in town when I come, so much the better.

LETTER LXXV.]

["*Patienza y baraja*" (or more correctly, "*Paciencia y barajar*"), "*Patience, and shuffle the cards,*" is an old and well-known Spanish proverb. It is the one Don Quixote heard Durandarte use in the enchanted cave of Montesinos.]

[Addressed] 27 Queen Anne Street, Cavendish Square.

Paris, Friday, 10th of July [1829].

My dear Lou—I will write a few hasty lines for to-night's courier, to say that I set out on Tuesday and shall probably arrive Saturday.

It is uncertain whether I shall find Anna M. [Dawson] still in Gl^r. Pl. [Gloucester Place] or not ; if I do I cannot ask you to come in an eve^g.—that is, I *can*, but one could not converse freely before a third person.

Your letter of the 2nd saddened me, but did not surprise me, for I had anticipated in imagination all these unpleasant consequences of what had happened. *Patienza y baraja*, the Spanish proverb, is all one can say. Something better may cast up in time. I am glad your father was pleased with the book. There is one well worth his reading now coming out, *Mémoires de Bourienne*, Buonaparte's schoolfellow and secretary ; certainly authentic, and bearing a strong impression of truth. If he had *loved* B. he could not publish it ; but there is no mean or base disclosure, only the *truth*—which he almost acknowledges his master never told in his life. I have read four volumes—there are four more to follow. But I must have done. Everything here is to be done against time.

Adieu for the present.

LETTER LXXXVI.]

[Lady Anne Holroyd married in 1827 the Hon^{ble}. Arthur Legge, son of the 3rd Earl of Dartmouth. She died on the 31st of August.

Bagington Hall, near Coventry, from which this letter is written, belonged, as has been said already, to the Rev. Walter Davenport Bromley, husband of Lady Louisa Stuart's niece, Lady Louisa Dawson. Mrs. Davenport, mother of Mr. Bromley, was a daughter of Ralph Sneed of Keele Hall.

The Duke of Buccleuch married, on the very day this letter was written, Lady Charlotte Thynne, youngest daughter of the second Marquess of Bath. Boughton House, near Kettering, where they went for the honeymoon, the old residence of the Montagu family, was not unworthy of Lady Louisa's epithets of

“ramshakel” and “deserted.” It had never been much inhabited since the days of John, Duke of Montagu, the husband of the great Marlborough’s daughter. Ralph, the first Duke, while ambassador at Versailles, was bitten by the splendid style of Louis XIV.’s architects, and attempted to turn Boughton into a French palace. He died after completing one wing, which remains as he left it—a suite of state apartments, with ceilings painted by Chéron, and the walls hung with tapestry from Raphael’s celebrated cartoons. This forms an incongruous and inconvenient addition to an old English house, the old hall of which has the open roof hidden by what has been a magnificent fresco, now much injured by damp. Avenues (70 miles of them, it is said, in all!) extend in all directions from the house over the estate. They were planted by Duke John.]

[Addressed] Alderley Park, Congleton.

Baginnton Hall, 13th of August 1829.

Dear Lou—I received your letter from Daventry last night: the post here (*par parenthèse*) is on an uncomfortable footing, going out before it comes in—if you can understand that expression—besides, they send at no fixed hour, therefore unless one writes to-day what one dispatches to-morrow, one may be left in the background. I did see in the newspaper that poor little Anne [Legge] was brought to bed: so far, so good, and since there are favourable symptoms, I cannot but hope she may recover wholly; but surely she ought to pass the autumn and winter in some mild or dry climate, as best may suit the nature of her complaints.

I will not let you recur to the old story of wishing to stay always at home. You goose! don’t you see that it is precisely occasional absence which works the change and makes things come round to what you call the right way? Settle at home and you would soon find the vane veer about in a contrary direction. Wherefore I rejoice you are to be away a good while, though I hardly know

what to say about my own motions so late in the year as November. However, sufficient to the day, etc. I hope to be at Danesfield by the middle of next week.

Mr. and Mrs. Davenport are just arrived, she so indifferent that she must keep her room for the present. She speaks as if she had heard that there were scarcely any hopes of poor Anne ; but as there are many Legges in these neighbouring counties, it may be from some of them, and Ly. Charlotte [Lindsay] not know what I charged Lady Stuart not to tell her. Her party, that is, she, the Berrys, and Mrs. Williams, are all living now at St. Germain's. The newspaper says *Ly. Stewart* was landed at Dover, but whether that means one of *my* Ly. Stuarts or not, I cannot tell.

Friday.—Not in time for the post again, and the weather too abominable to send my man to Coventry, were it worth while for anything I have to say. I am sure, I hope the D. of B. [Buccleuch] is not married—to go down *slopping* in the rain 80 miles to an old *ramshakel*, deserted house [Boughton House, Northants], which he only knows as the burial-place of his parents ! I can imagine nothing so deplorable—enough to frighten the poor girl out of her wits at first setting out. I said, “ Bless me ! that’s a long way to go ; ” and was answered, “ Why, he has no other place to take her to.” The lack of a place to a person so peculiarly over-*placed* and over-*housed* for even *his* fortune sounds droll ; but, to be sure, Richmond is too public, besides his not liking to turn out his sisters. I remember Lord Camelford said that a house by the river-side was on a highway, only without any dust.

Saturday.—Again this must stand over till to-morrow. Poor Mrs. D. [Davenport] is not better, altho’ she sometimes comes down for an hour or two. Say

nothing of her illness where you are, as it is in her own neighbourhood and might make a story. No truer word ever was spoken in jest than what Miss Edgeworth makes her manœuvring lady say, "*In general it is better never to mention things.*" One has cause to think it every day. Mr. D. is so unhappy, one could cry for him ; and I must say his son shines in his devotion to his parents, as he also does in fondness for his children. Where those two grand points are so right, there cannot be much that is materially wrong. The old people do so doat upon L. [Lady Louisa Bromley] that she has cause to be vain, and indeed they are also as kind as possible to her sister, seeming to take her quite as something belonging to them.

Here is another absolutely *hanging-day*, the third and the worst we have yet had—rain, rain, rain, without an interval of sunshine, and cold enough for a fire ; which, however, is better for the poor harvest than damp warmth. It confuses one's intellects and makes one stupid, besides being bad, I fear, for poor Mrs. D., whose complaint is on the chest, a difficulty of breathing. They have not yet written to Mrs. W. [Williams], who is at St. Germain with Ly. Ch^{tte}. [Lindsay] and the Berrys, but they must to-morrow, and I daresay she will be in England and here before ten days more are passed.

I see that in this brilliant and entertaining letter I have already said the same thing twice over, so truly it is time to have done. Only first, I will tell you that this is a pretty place in a quiet style ; small enclosures, and very fine trees the landscape of the country ; the soil so dry that if it clears up to-morrow it will be good walking. The house, built by the Speaker Bromley in Queen Anne's days (his old one being burned down),

is more comfortable than most of that period, and full of interesting pictures, all her last ministry—Oxford, Bolingbroke, Ormond, etc. There is, too, good old plate, good old japan, rather in want of repair, and a *very* good old library. This moment a letter is come from Mr. Morritt. Mr. Lockhart has been there, I find, and Mr. M. seems to think poor little Johnny's state almost hopeless. Only imagine that the House of Sotheby, after visiting Rokeby, are all gone in a body to fall on Walter Scott—poor man!

Saturday night.—A medical man who is to sleep here thinks Mrs. D. better this evening, and she evidently has less oppression in breathing. I hope she will yet do well.

As this letter has trained on so long, I believe I shall get Mr. D. to frank it. No, I do not think I will neither, as it will not be double. I go hence to *Danesfield, Great Marlow*, Wednesday next, I hope and trust. Pray write. I shall not grudge postage. You guessed right that your letter cost very little, and as I am in the straight line to Congleton this ought not to cost a great deal more.

LETTER LXXVII.]

[Addressed] Alderley Park, Congleton.

*Danesfield, Great Marlow,
Monday, August 31st [1829].*

I do not know whether I shall accomplish a letter to-day. All last week I was laid up with a violent cold, which has thrown me sadly back with my correspondents, some of whom must perforce be answered by this post. Otherwise it was as well timed as a bad cold can ever be, for we had rain and wind without ceasing day and

night ; so I lost no enjoyment, and gained that of sitting over the fire. Thus much for the sultry month of August. I cannot help hoping for better things from September, in spite of an old superstition about a Saturday's moon. Why will you send me Master Owen's letter, in which I see nothing particular ? It is such a tiresome trick ! One opens a huge packet expecting a long letter to oneself, and lo ! two-thirds of it consist of one from A., whom one never saw, to B., whom one does not know. Very interesting, perhaps, to the parties, or even to those acquainted with their characters ; but as such acquaintance cannot be conveyed along with the letters, I would quite as lieve reserve my eyesight for what more concerns me, not to speak of being tantalized and disappointed. *Parlons d'autre chose.* What you say of Lady Sheffield's writing cheerfully gave me the courage to write to her herself yesterday and ask after Anne, although the few and distant reports I had heard were sufficiently uncomfortable. I found here Mrs. Philimore, *née* Bagot, a relation of the Legges. She told me she understood the greatest alarm had prevailed one night. . . . She said, too, that the young Ly. Sheffield was so ailing and delicate, she had been advised to pass the winter at Torquay. The Philimores live but nine miles off ; of course only come for a day or two ; they went away the morning after I arrived (Wednesday the 19th), and nobody has been staying here except Lady Tancred. I mentioned when at Bagington how ill I thought Mrs. Davenport. She grew worse, was given over that very day, and remained in a hopeless state above a week, then rallied beyond expectation, and I had a letter yesterday from Louisa to say Dr. John Johnson of Birmingham, who had been there on Friday last, pronounced her "*decidedly con-*

valescent.” Mrs. Williams was wild with joy. Mr. Davenport could not immediately recover the misery he had gone through, nor the fatigue, watching, etc. Mrs. W. arrived the Tuesday before at midnight, having crossed the sea in a messenger’s boat in the midst of a hurricane of contrary wind, and travelled from Dover (near a hundred and seventy miles) in seventeen hours. Had she been too late after all, I really suppose she would have lost her senses ; but I trust this unhopedor blessing will soften and soothe every one’s mind.

Tuesday.—I could not finish this yesterday ; it will be some days before I shall be in writing-*trim* again. Your account of yourself is very good, considering that (as you say) you have with you none of the people you particularly like ; but how much real benefit you must have derived from your visit at the Rectory [Mr. Edward Stanley’s]. Scenes of real domestic comfort are like a fine climate ; one is the better, the gentler, the quieter for breathing in their atmosphere. I remember Sir David Hunter Blair and his brother, both young men at the time, and pleasant ones, coming to Bothwell in former days—remember it by the token of poor Mrs. Preston’s falling into a comical error about them. When I mentioned them, “Lord !” said she, “are not they very low people ? Surely Sir D. H. B. was a *Stationer*”—*King’s Stationer* in Scotland is a patent place, and the Hunter Blairs held it for three lives, therefore the *name* was in the title-page of all prayer-or hymn-books and Bibles printed by royal authority. So somebody might have taken poor Frederick North, *Chamberlain* of the Exchequer, for a *valet de chambre*. I have a notion the brother may be your old colonel, for this is five-and-twenty years ago. An Indian wife, sent out a-foraging from Manchester, does not sound

promising, to be sure. All the Indian ladies I ever saw were of a peculiar breed, and more like French than English women, from the habit of being what one may call *waited upon* by the men of their society, having half-a-dozen always at their command. The knowing how to draw, that is to do something, distinguishes your acquaintance remarkably, for Mrs. Mackenzie told me she met with few who had sufficient energy to teach their little children English. The poor things gabbled Hindostanee after their nurses till of an age to be sent to England. And as for seeing temples or palaces a mile off, they looked upon *her* spirit of curiosity and enterprise much as we should on a woman's clearing a six-bar gate or accompanying her husband to shoot pheasants.

By the bye, I cry you mercy with regard to Owen's letter, which I have just been reading over with less clouded faculties than when it first came. I do confess it is very interesting, and speaks the veritable English sailor, consequently I blush for my peevishness and ingratitude in not having thanked instead of scolding you for enclosing it. I cannot send it back unfranked; however, though you shall pay for this stupid sheet of paper, I shall have no scruple of sending others *viâ* Ditton, now the M.'s are so much nearer at hand. Their being rained out of Beaulieu was very mortifying. I must now go and write to Lady M., to whom I have been silent this great while. You will rejoice to hear that Mr. Scott, on his return to Bromley, declared he saw a decided amendment in Anne Kerr, and hoped to effect a greater by some medicine he intended to try, or method he meant to take, I do not know which.

Ere I conclude I ought to tell you that on my first arrival here Mrs. Scott said, "Oh! where is Miss

Clinton? I have been so provoked with myself for forgetting to write, and beg that if it were possible you would prevail upon her to come with you to Ditton. It is what I longed for. Is she within any distance to make it practicable for her to join us?" Thus it ran, I do assure you, without exaggeration. The first letter I had from Ly. M. (of 18th August) contained bitter complaints of your never writing. Adieu. I believe I shall remain where I am all this month just beginning.

LETTER LXXVIII.]

TO LADY MONTAGU

*Danesfield, Great Marlow,
Tuesday, Sept. 1, 1829.*

Dear Jane—. . . Your account of the wedding [the Duke of Buccleuch's] amused me. I heard that all Grosvenor Square, *foreby* the church, was crowded with mob on the occasion. I must own they seem to me to be trying a fearful experiment in that month of *tête-à-tête* [at Boughton in Northamptonshire]. Lord Chesterfield, when the fashion of passing a week in the country on such occasions was new, said the couples went out of town through an unnecessary fear that they should not be soon enough tired of each other if they staid in it; and Whitehead's poem of "Variety," "We live, my dear, too much together," at the beginning, and "We live, my dear, too much asunder," at the end, has more sense and knowledge of the world in it than poetry. I shall be quite glad when this quarantine is over and they get to Dalkeith. It will be a test of her character, I think, to see how she is struck with a strange country. If she finds all barbarous and odious,

shrinks from the twang of broad Scotch, and wonders what people can admire in rocks and rivers (I shall never forget Lady Binning), she may turn out a very good sort of woman, but Walter Scott must shut up shop ; there will be an end of the clan. . . .

CHAPTER V

SEPTEMBER—DECEMBER 1829

LETTER LXXIX.]

[Lady Anne Legge, daughter of the first Lord Sheffield by his third wife, sister of Lady Charlotte Lindsay, had died on 31st August this year. Young Lady Sheffield, daughter of the second Earl of Harewood, married the second Lord Sheffield in 1825.

Mrs. Brodrick was the daughter of Lady Louisa's great friend Mrs. Preston. Lady Isabella Cust, third daughter of the fourth Duke of Buccleuch, married Lieut.-Colonel Honble. Peregrine Cust in 1823. She died on 9th October 1829. Her sister Lady Charlotte Stopford died in 1828. Their father died in 1819, five years after his wife, aged 47.]

[Addressed] Alderley Park, Congleton, Cheshire.

Danesfield, Sept. 15th [1829].

Your last letter sent *viâ* Ditton was dated—*Wednesday*. So at this distance of time (for I am afraid it was a good while ago) I cannot exactly judge when you wrote it. This reminds me of poor Lady Ely's questioning an Irishman. "When did such a one tell you so and so?" "The last time I saw him, Madam." "But when was that?" "Oh, when I went to Dublin on such a business." "Aye, but when?" "The very last time I was there." "Well!" cried she at length, "but was it yesterday or last year?" I am sure I do not know what has brought this foolish

passage into my head. However, it is as good as anything that I have to say. Mrs. S. [Scott] and I are now quite alone together, which is extremely comfortable to me, and I hope not disagreeable to her. Lady Tancred went away last week. . . .

Louisa wrote me word that if Mrs. D. [Davenport] was able to travel, Mr. D. and she (and I presume Mrs. W. [Williams]) were to set out for Cheshire as yesterday. Perhaps though, the floods and the dreadful accident which the papers speak of, the loss of the Liverpool mail-coach, may retard them. The B.'s [Bromleys] and Anna [Dawson] are going for some time to the sea-side either in Wales or Lancashire. I think you are not unlikely to see them before you finally leave Alderley, as Capesthorpe will be their ultimate point. Poor Mrs. D. seems still but in a weak, precarious state, and L. [Louisa Bromley] says Mrs. W. [Williams] is very low about her. I heard from Lady Charlotte [Lindsay] on Saturday. Her account of poor Ly. Sheffield is just what one must expect to hear, so far better that her health does not seem to have given way. She told Ly. C. she had come exactly at the moment when she could be of the most comfort to her, which I do not doubt is true. Whether any thing or person can be of *any*, is another question. When the Sheffields go back to S. P. [Sheffield Place] Ly. Charlotte will remove to her sister's house, and as soon as the poor babe (Lady Anne Legge's) can bear travelling they will all follow them (the S.'s) into Sussex, to Sheffield [Place] first and then to Hastings. I am glad it is no further off, for I had heard the young Lady S. [Sheffield] was to pass the winter at Torquay, where the Dow^r. could hardly carry the poor Legge children. She may have some interest in them, but I know nothing in the world

so melancholy or heart-sinking as a grandmother undertaking the charge of children she can have no hope of living to rear, or if she does live, retaining her judgment and faculties to be of use to them. Mrs. Brodrick, who is in town, writes me word she has seen Lady S., and cannot get her out of her head, notwithstanding her resigned appearance, perhaps because of it—for it denotes deeper grief than what makes a greater show. She says she is very pale, very calm, speaking little, and that little almost cheerfully, but alas! passes sleepless nights. Wherever she goes L^y. Charlotte says she shall accompany her for some time forward. Mrs. S. [Scott] and I, as you will hear, drove over to a luncheon at Ditton last Friday (the 10th). You will hear, too, that we found Lady M. (and the girls too, I daresay, though they did not express it) in great anxiety about L^y. Isabella Cust. The next day L^y. M. was sent for by express, and that night they thought all was over. Sunday she had so far revived that her physicians thought it safe to leave her for a few hours, and returned to London. To-day I have not heard, so am very impatient for to-morrow's post, which I think will bring something decisive. L^y. M. had been looking back to old letters, and found too much of resemblance to the case of the poor mother [wife of the fourth Duke of Buccleuch]. She was brought to bed (of Harriet) very safely and doing very well, when in ten days or a fortnight a fever came on and shortly put an end to her most precious life—though, had she lived to survive the man she loved and see one daughter go after another! Ah! God knows best how all ought to be. But one cannot help hoping it may be His will that this poor woman may recover. It would be such a blow to L^y. Anne, such a

check to the new-married couple (the Buccleuchs), and a great shock to the M.'s. . . . Lord M. and Lucy had gone from Boughton to see the Stopford girls at Leanington, and were not returned when we were at Ditton. This alarm hurried them back Saturday, and when Mary [Montagu] wrote Sunday, the Duke, her father and mother were all at Richmond. The first was to have set out for Scotland this week. Lucy, I find, writes in raptures of the young bride [the Duchess of Buccleuch].

We are reading "Sketches of Irish Character" by Mrs. Hall—tales of the peasantry and their priests *à la* Edgeworth; very interesting—by the bye, what a feather in Miss Edgeworth's cap is W. S.'s avowal in his preface to the new edition of his novels, that *hers* suggested to him the idea of painting Scotch manners? And how few *men* would have owned this! *A woman's* writings! Pshaw! But fie on her for a woman, and a vulgar woman too! Mrs. S. vows that when in England she moved Heaven and earth for an invitation to *Devonshire House*, and when she had obtained that summit of preferment she asked—I suppose having made a puzzle between it and the King's drawing-room on a birthday—she asked, "Pray, must I pull off my mourning?" The writer of Lady Clonbrony!!! Such a question from Hogg the Ettrick Shepherd one would have forgiven, but Miss E., as good a gentlewoman as any of us, must have drowned her gentility in her ink-bottle. All this while I have said little in direct answer to your letter, but believe me I am much concerned that you have any uneasiness about Aunt Kitty's [Mrs. Edward Stanley's] health and want to know more on that head. Write, pray, and do not mind Franks. If you inclose to Lord M. anything but a fat,

double letter, I shall be very angry. I meant to have sent this through that channel, but dare not, lest things should go ill and keep them at Richmond.—Adieu. Mrs. Scott is always saying, “Now do contrive another year to bring Miss Clinton to Danesfield.” Can I end better?

LETTER LXXX.]

Danesfield, Monday 28th of September 1829.

Dear Lou—Mrs. S. and I have been alone together for above a fortnight, therefore time has glided on peaceably and pleasantly without affording one anything to talk about. This must excuse my not returning a quick fire to your long letter, which, however, I was very glad to receive. . . .

I am not fond of giving what is called a fling at serious opinions; one ought rather to stand in awe on the subject, lest those who hold them should be right and oneself wrong. I wish then you would try to get at L . . .'s doctrine and sentiments, discussing the point with her fairly, and giving her arguments whatever weight they may deserve. Who are her guides? What are her books? What is the train of her thoughts? For example, there was . . ., who had no fixed opinions at all, but a wild, dreamy sort of declamation in no way allied to practice. She only bewildered you and herself when she endeavoured to explain her notions. Is this the case with L . . .? I shall be curious to know what you can get out of her. It seems to me that if she felt confident of having taken the right path she should be rather solicitous (even warmly so) to bring you into it too, than inclined to draw off from your intimacy. If she has inlisted under the banners of *a party*, be that religious, political, or

what you please, down to for and against vaccination, or Sontag versus Pasta, then the effect no doubt is to shun everybody who will not go all lengths with your leaders. . . .

I suspect you have been *nervous* by what you say about crying at one time and not being able to shed a tear at another. I shall never forget my own fright and astonishment when at a moment of great affliction I found on a sudden that I could neither cry nor *feel*, but was perfectly indifferent, repeating to myself over and over, "Why, such a thing *has* happened, it *is* so—and yet I do not care, I cannot care in the least. I did care an hour ago—what has consoled me?" I little knew that this was a near approach to that nervous state which has a hard name in medical language—*catalepsy*. No wonder the thousand odd sensations attending such complaints were attributed to witchcraft in the days of yore. I used to think it a most natural belief when I was labouring under them. I thoroughly comprehend your mingled feelings on the score of poor Ly. Sheffield. I heard from Lady Charlotte [Lindsay] after her arrival—just what I expected to hear. Mrs. Brodrick wrote to me before she left England that Ly. Sh. had seen her, was calm and almost cheerful in conversation, but her look and manner told of a broken heart, and she understood she got no sleep at night. They are all to winter at Hastings.

Tuesday.—The Admiral [Scott] and Car came yesterday from Ditton. Another very immediate alarm had carried Lord and Ly. M. [Montagu] to Richmond in great doubts whether they should find Ly. Isabella C. [Cust] alive. She had lain insensible for many hours. When they came there was again a rally. Dr. Holland (who was called in above a week ago) does not give her

up, but acknowledges the danger to be extreme. It seems as if they did not find the root of the evil. . . . Car brings bad news from another quarter. Poor Ly. L. [Lothian] (to whom she is shortly going) has now been expressly told there is *no hope*. Her poor Anne may last some time or may go off at any moment, as indeed consumptive people usually do.

Wednesday.—You must wait another day, as the Scotts (I am sorry to say) leave us to-morrow, and just call at Ditton on their way home. I will send this by them to Mary to get it franked on to you, for perhaps you are now at Penrhos, and if so, I do not know your direction. This morning's account from Richmond is better again, but, as usual, very doubtful whether the strength will hold out. However, if the immediate danger did not return, they (L^d. and Ly. M.) meant to go home yesterday evening. Altogether it is a most unfortunate thing that the poor invalid lay in *there* (Richmond). No place could be worse for all that happened. In this extraordinary wet season I know, without being told, that the offices are probably under water. In that damp steam, then, they must all live—those delicate people—Margaret, about whom there are so many fears, Lady Anne, the Duke—the two last sitting up almost every night. The Bromleys and Anna are at Barmouth in N. Wales. Where (exactly) that is, I do not know, nor whether your Penrhos expedition will make it likely you should fall in with them. Did you hear or see anything of the Davs. [Davenports] before you left Cheshire? The old gentleman, I can tell you, fell extremely in love with *me* when we met in his son's house, so you would have a bond of union. For your question, I could answer it by word of mouth better than in writing. There

was nothing disagreeable, but I was on my good behaviour, and that does not suit my inclinations. Mr. T. [Tancred], Mrs. Scott's nephew, is here at present, and was here for some days before his mother went away. To be sure, comparisons are both odious and foolish, but by way of a companion, if I had been to chuse—!! It was, indeed, a thing that would only admit a thought in the case of a decided preference overcoming all prudential considerations—the other not so. Still, as I do not believe such had the chief weight with her, one can only resort to the good old proverb exemplified lately by Lord Portarges, and first and last by many more—*Liking goes by luck*. It is whimsical enough that another proverb, "Tell me with whom you live and I will tell you what you are," holds good in all instances, except in the choice of companions for life. They baffle it completely, nay, almost go by the rule of contraries. In days of yore, before the minuet died, somebody said such a girl would have danced well at court, but she was too much frightened, it quite spoiled her performance. "Ah!" cried a man present, "how *can* any girl be too much frightened? is not that sort of timidity preferable to all the fine dancing in the world? Could one bear a woman who possessed herself coolly when exhibiting before so many spectators?" He had [not long before] married—for love—a woman about as timid, as diffident, as gentle, and, from her earliest youth, as little of a *maitresse femme* as *Madame votre tante à l'heure qu'il est*. I know not whether she ever danced a minuet before many spectators, but she would harangue over the heads of as many auditors as ever listened to any orator in the House of Commons, and neither falter nor blush for the matter. The husband, observe, was no Jerry ;

on the contrary, a person who acted a considerable part in public life. These are things as surprising in one way as the drunken chairman's assertion in another.

My motions will partly depend on what *Car* [Scott] does, and hers on the state of these poor invalids. She goes on Saturday to Lady Lothian at Bromley, to stay some days—then if anything should happen in either family, one does not know what course the survivors will take. Miss Murray is now, we suppose, at Paris, and will come to London for a few days about a week or fortnight hence. My own idea is to stay ten days longer here, and then go to Petersham, if these circumstances allow, calling perhaps at Ditton for a day or two. I should hope Miss Murray would meet me at one or the other. Mrs. Knox is beginning to *dun* me, but I doubt it will be November before I can get to her. I would fain see Mrs. Weddell, but I wrote to her a week ago and have as yet had no answer, which makes me fear she is very indifferent. Adieu, unless I should find something to add to-morrow morning.

Here is a good-humoured M.P. [Dr. Philimore] who has unexpectedly called.

LETTER LXXXI.]

[Addressed] Penrhos, Holyhead.

Danesfield, Wednesday, 7th October [1829].

(N.B.—At this moment it *snows*.)

Dear Lou—I have this morning received your letter of the 1st with the enclosures, which I will take care of, and return to you whenever I am where franks are to be had. . . .

Your longer letter also came safely some days ago, and entertained us extremely—*us*, for I could not forbear treating Mrs. Scott with the account of the

visitation, confirmation, etc. You mistake ; it is the identical Mr. R . . . formerly at Petersham (there being no other). We heard the b^p [Bishop of Chester probably, Sumner] had appointed him his examining chaplain. I am very sorry that master and man should lean so evidently to the side you say they do, but it had been whispered some time. It puts me in mind of a speech of Lord Lyttelton's (the *good* Lord Lyttelton) upon Lord and Lady D . . . frequenting the Lock Chapel, then the headquarters of the Methodists : "It is a contrivance of the devil's to prevent the excellent example of two such religious and amiable people from being of any service to the world." I speak of the parents of the late Lord D . . . Yet, as I said in my last long letter—franked from hence by Dr. Philimore to Alderley (you must have got it by this time)—I would have you pick your cousin's brains and discover what it really is and really tends to, without rashly starting aside at words. Not but I hate catch-words in anything, and think the bishop must know wonderfully little of our fair sex, if he would encourage us to meddle and make out of our own families. His writings would never lead one to think this likely. I am not sure about Mr. R . . . 's. He published a volume of sermons which, I own, did not please me. Undoubtedly a country clergyman's wife may be of infinite use to his parishioners, but not by encroaching on his part and going about preaching. So may an officer's wife do abundant good to the regiment ; but if she took to fighting, her petticoats would be as much in her comrades' way as in her own.

Thursday.—The accounts from Richmond are most uncomfortable, that poor woman [Lady Isabella Cust] still lingering on, every day, nay hour, expected to be

her last. L^d. and L^y. M. [Montagu] have now been there a week. . . . I no longer hear from them, but from the Admiral [Scott]. There again all has gone wrong : he went from hence with the gout, and she has been ill ever since. She left us this day se'nnight ; of course prevented from going to L^y. Lothian, who earnestly presses it, wishing to see her—she does not say it, but the meaning is—while poor Anne yet lives. That will in all likelihood end suddenly, as consumptions usually do. These melancholy circumstances derange my plans. I meant to have gone to Petersham for a week or ten days next Monday, the 12th, which you see I cannot do. I am in doubt whether to go to town about the same time or not, but I rather think I shall. At any rate, your next may as well be directed to Gloucester Place. I have had a letter from Mrs. Weddell, who I conclude is much the same, and speaks in her usual way, as if she should be glad to see me, yet did not like to let me come. So I suppose it will end in my running down for two or three days—but all this will bring it to November (and beyond the first days of that) ere I can get to the Knox's, for which Mary grows impatient. I hate to vex or disappoint you, yet you must yourself see it will probably be out of my power to visit Cocken-hatch this year, as she will take it very unkindly should I in any degree shorten my stay with her, and already grumbles that I talk of a *month*. *L'Homme propose et Dieu dispose*. Alas, how often one is forced to say this, and how little does one remember it to any good purpose ! L^y. Charlotte writes me a good account of L^y. Sheffield—by this time they are at Hastings. She describes Sheffield Place as much improved and very comfortable (now do not make a face) : the chief alterations she mentions are marbling the columns of

the staircase and making a glass door out upon the lawn from the anti-library, which is now fitted up with books, also a great deal of furniture added in all the rooms. She says when they leave Hastings, where Capt. Legge and his children are to be with them, Ly. Sheffield will go to his house at Blackheath, and she to her own in London. Mrs. S. takes your newspaper, *The Times*, where there is a most detailed account of the proceedings of the Newarkites, his grace's letter, etc., and Serjeant Wilde's speech—S. W. being the *bête noire* of my friend the *ci-devant* Chf. Justice, with whom he was evermore squabbling, even between bar and bench. I have heard no good account of him, but I conclude he is at least very clever, and a fair match for Mr. Sadler. Oh, the folly of pulling such an old house over one's ears—but the Duke is in for it, and will as surely lose the borough as I sit here. I am sorry, because I know it will vex your father. The said *Times* vex (*sic*) me too, by odious sly insinuations against Charles [Lord Stuart de Rothesay] about smuggling under his name, as the French papers say—and the French are now as little to be depended on as the English. “The Ambr. *cannot* know of it, that is *impossible* ; but if it were possible should he not be removed, impeached, etc.,”—in short, it is plain the paragraphs come from an enemy. . . . Adieu.

Do write straight next time without inclosing to Ditton.

LETTER LXXXII.]

Gloucester Place, Oct. 17th [1829].

Dear Lou—I received your letter of the sixth at Danesfield, which I left on Wednesday the 14th, and

I found here one from Lady L. B. (Bromley). They were on the point of quitting Barmouth before they received accounts from Capesthorpe that made them uneasy, a worse met them at Wrexham, and the worst at Knutsford. The father [Mr. Davenport] and daughter were more calm than they expected. The latter, however, could not persuade herself that all had been done which might, but it was the solemn injunction of the dying woman that she should be opened, and that put an end to such ideas. A complete ossification of the heart, at least further advanced than Holland (the father) ever saw, had taken place, so what was done or undone signified equally little. . . . I went with Mrs. S. [Scott] to a missionary meeting at Marlow last Tuesday, conducted by a friend of hers, a really exemplary clergyman. . . . We had many speakers, and I remarked that when gentlemen began with not having designed to say anything, therefore having come quite unprepared, and meaning to trouble us with only a few words, we were invariably *in* for a very long speech. I own there were things I did not like, mountebank tricks. How rarely can people keep free from what is allied to the healths with three times three—song “Glorious Apollo!” A resolution was read in form and agreed to, that this assembly think we ought to pray for the success, etc.—a resolution passed by the majority of suffrages about one’s prayers!!! Then Mrs. S.’s friend, that really good man, observed how extraordinary a circumstance it was that the chapter for the day—the day we were thus met—contained our Saviour’s command to preach the Gospel to every creature; as if the day had fallen out by chance and not been appointed a month beforehand by those who knew, or might know, what chapter would be read every

day in the year. This I call mountebank, just to make some silly old woman cry—"What a providence!" When an event nobody can foresee or control happens to tally with the chapter of the day, such a remark would be fair and have sense in it. There was, too, now and then a something bordering on attempts at wit, which James the First would have relished better than I did. I believe it is very much the style of the Methodist preachers.

Your father writes precisely as I thought he would on the subject. Oh, that mischievous vice (as the old Scotch lady said) *Folly*—the worst of all. And it is playing so straight into the hands of the Radicals, promoting Reform of Parliament more than all the Hunts and Cobbetts put together! By the way, I told you *The Times* had fretted me about Charles (Lord Stuart de Rothsay) and the smuggling concern. What have I now learned, think you? That *he* discovered and denounced it to the French authorities, who publicly returned him thanks for his vigilance, and our papers pass over that trifling circumstance, and abuse him as sanctioning the fraud, if not at the bottom of it. He urged the immediate confiscation of it all; but there was a poor ex-diplomate, a Portuguese, whom they wished to screen (one of Miguel's victims), to whom part of the cargo was addressed, therefore they re-exported the whole and let it be said that the whole was under Charles's name. He always disdains contradicting anything in the paper, and people will accordingly believe it.

Adieu, for I have written my eyes out to-day.

LETTER LXXXIII.]

Petersham, Monday. Oct. 26 [1829].

Your letter of the 16th is to be acknowledged in a frank which I have bespoken and hope to get to-morrow. I wish I had seen the paragraph you speak of. I had no newspaper while I staid in town, and here they take *The Morning Post*, which gives much of Miss Fanny Kemble, and more of extracts from books, but nothing one wants to know. If you easily can find the needle in the stack of hay, I should be very thankful if you would copy it out for me. Is a confidential servant concerned? Alas, then, I fear it must be Wood, for I know no other they have, excepting L^d. S.'s foreign *valet de chambre*; he has lived with him almost as long, and it would be almost as bad. They had a trusty English under-butler, but he died suddenly last spring. My last letter was ready sealed before I got yours, which the M.'s [Montagus] brought with them to Richmond. Car [Mrs. Scott] went over to meet them by appointment. I staid away because I imagined their visit was to Capt. Cust. Margaret and Harriet [Scott] returned on Friday; and on Saturday morning, Lady Anne, with them, him [Capt. Cust] and his children, went to Brighton. That day came here Capt. Bowles [R.N.] and his agreeable wife [sister of Lord Palmerston], who leave us this afternoon, and L^y. Anna Maria Elliot, who stays on. By her means I can fully answer you about the Lockharts, etc. She very lately came up in the steam-boat with Mr. Lockhart and Johnny, and had the care of the latter, his maid being too sick to attend upon him. He is now quite well for *him*—that is, I suppose, until his next attack; and thus it will probably go on—a melancholy prospect. As for Sophia, her visit to her father has turned out yet worse and more

unluckily than his last to her. She has had a violent rheumatic fever that confined her to her bed most of the time ; the country doctor, to assuage the pain, gave her such quantities of laudanum that it fairly unhinged and stupified her mind. At last, growing frightened, they sent for an Edinburgh physician, who quickly proscribed the remedy, and by a different treatment did her a great deal of good. But on some return of suffering, she again had recourse to the country practitioner and the laudanum, which again produced such a sort of apathy that she could make no struggle, and seemed to care for nothing, not even whether Johnny went or staid, was well or ill, taking it unkindly to be urged to get up or to leave her room. So her sister once more summoned the other doctor from Edinburgh. There matters stood when Lady Anna Maria came away. In the midst of Sophia's illness, while Anne Scott and the Miss Ardens who were there took it by turns to sit up at night, arrived a person you must have heard of, A. W. and his family, a-lion-hunting ; and as in Scotland and Iceland and such savage places you may take liberties you would never dream of taking with your fellow-Christians in this civilised country of England, no hint (however broad) of the family distress, and the inconvenience they occasioned, would drive them away. It suited them to stay, so they resolutely staid. Sir Walter was reduced to sit silent ; his daughter Anne, being of a less-enduring temper, was on the point of speaking out. Still they staid and staid. At last Mrs. Lockhart grew worse, and that compelled her father to say in plain terms he could accommodate visitors no longer. It afterwards transpired that they waited for some friends whom they had coolly invited to meet them at Sir

Walter's house—people he had never seen nor heard of. Put these proceedings in a play or a novel, and the world would cry, "Oh, too ridiculous! too farcical! Nobody ever acted thus in real life." Yet it is amazing how many do act thus the moment they get out of bounds—at a certain measured distance from what they are pleased to deem the capital, which with the W. . . .s, I presume, is York, or across the border, or across the Channel. Their presence, then, confers so much honour on the natives that, like a Prince who visits his subjects, they are entitled to be masters of the house for the time being, and consult no one's pleasure but their own. It is whimsical enough that the strongest instances of this behaviour I have happened to hear of have been in zealous *Whigs*, who would bluster outrageously against the King's trespassing on the premises of any free-born cobbler. I believe W. is decidedly of that party; and William Smith of Norwich, who used to be called "King-killing Smith," once made a tour in Scotland and behaved himself in the same free and easy manner. I was there the year after, and found the country ringing with stories of him and his wife. They came to a quiet gentleman's house, chose the best rooms as you do at an inn, ordered the dinner, directed, commanded, and found fault; nay, if the master, tired out, said he had business, and must leave his home, answered condescendingly, "Never mind us, we can stay all the same," and did actually remain after he was gone, not at all wanting the encouragement that made the ambassador of Bantam knock down the walls and pack up the furniture.

Tuesday.—. . . *talks a little*, you know. Time was that I thought her the most insufferably conceited, forward girl in England—but that time is gone by, she

is a middle-aged woman, and her sense and information *tell*. She still talks rather too fluently, but I can listen without weariness, because it is about *something*, neither mere silly prate, nor common news, nor ill-natured scandal. I am sorry for her too: her mother died a few months ago, and all her family are dispersed, most of them distant. She is just in that painful predicament of finding and settling in a solitary home, upon a comparatively small income. A great and marked change in a man's life, a sudden loss of place or fortune, makes a noise, and if he is not beyond measure cast down, you are called on to admire his strength of mind. Nobody thinks a woman needs any to support the natural and usual changes in her life, though as striking, as total, as ever Cardinal Wolsey's fall was—going from the mistress of an affluent house or its daughter, to be the widow with a confined jointure, or the old maid with a scanty provision. I must not moralise more to-day, for my frank is come and the post time nearly arrived. I should like to read the book you mention, the natural history of Enthusiasm; if well done, it must be interesting. Do you know the circumstance of the toad-eater sounds like a very weak and ill-regulated mind—not satisfactory—that *kind of cattle*, however harmless in character as individuals, those *good creatures* always do mischief. They can never be indifferent and null. I rather suppose I shall stay here this week, if not hastened back by L^y. S. de Rothsay's going, and I daresay it will be the middle of November before I get to the Knox-firm. Pray let me know that your cold is quite gone. Louisa continues to write good accounts of Mrs. Williams and Mr. Davenport: they are for the present all staying on at Capesthorpe—The post, the post!—Adieu.

LETTER LXXXIV.]

[Addressed] Alderley Park, Congleton.

Gloucester Place, Nov^r. 8, 1829.

Dear Lou—The Fire King (poor Mat Lewis's) has certainly a spite against all your family. You know by this time how strangely he broke up the Sheffield party at Hastings. This I think was yet a worse business than that at Cockenhatch, since somebody must have been his agent, and who, or why, seems not discoverable. Yours was less wonderful, but a most providential escape. Lady Louisa's resolution does not at all surprise me, for she is just the person whom emergencies call into exertion beyond what others would dream of. I begin to wish you back there, in order that you may be ready and willing to come up about Christmas and go with me to Ditton, as Lady Montagu and I have settled that you must. I saw her one day at Lady Pembroke's during my stay with her sister [Mrs. Scott], whom I left on Monday the 2nd, after having treated her with coughing and snuffing for three or four days. I have therefore been chiefly confined to the house all the week, but it is now going off (not the house, Cobbett!) and by no means one of my worst colds. I mean to enclose this letter to Louisa [Bromley], as she writes that she and Mr. B. want to see you in order to make inquiries about *M^{dle}. Sibille*, whom they covet for a governess. I doubt her consenting. I am almost sorry I named her to them, for, next to a husband or wife, one hates most to recommend a governess. What suits one person may not suit another, and all the faults that can be found fall on the shoulders of the poor innocent go-between. L. has not said anything lately of . . . My first impressions were exactly yours, nor are they effaced,

although I cannot doubt the existence of many good qualities ; but it appears to me that (exclusive of political connections) she has a bad set of intimates. P . . . B . . . , General . . . U . . . , Lord D . . . and *his lady*—Lord ! Lord ! What a woman that last must be ! What a story there is of her !—and it is *true*—Ask me no questions, don't be curious ; only I will tell you this much, it has nothing *naughty* in it—but (Heaven forgive me for saying so !) it might as well—when women have no sense of delicacy or decency, their *virtue*, if they keep it, can scarcely make them fit to enter a good, respectable kitchen. They should stay out of doors with the cinder-sifters. Yet this is the acquaintance Mrs. W. brought L. into two years ago, assuring her that whatever might be falsely presumed from her friend's light manner and love of admiration, she was a *very good sort of woman*, and much attached to her husband and children. I forget who it was that expounded that handy phrase thus—A good woman of a bad sort— I am charmed with your account of the tenantry and peasantry, glad indeed to find that there are such things left in any part of this island. My notions of landlord and tenant, of master and servant, were originally drawn from Sir Roger de Coverley's establishment—*vide* the second vol. of the poor obsolete *scouted Spectator*,—and they took a deep root in me before the rights of man, and liberal ideas, and the doctrines of let everything find its own level had any existence. It is amazing how much of the modern declamations filling numerous pages and couched in fine-sounding sentences might be condensed into these two lines of Hudibras—

For what's the worth of anything
But so much money as 'twill bring ?

. . . Sir John Stanley might, I dare say, get a great rise of rent by making changes that would turn most of the people, you heard shouting his health, utterly adrift. Therefore he ought to do it for the public good, as they might on the other side be more usefully employed and would imbibe a spirit of independence, instead of slavishly looking up to him. I warrant you may often catch him himself, being a philosopher, unconsciously holding this language where general principles are concerned, although his better genius will not let him put them in practice. Well, old stupid Addison was Whig enough for me.

It is vexatious, though, that Sir Roger's maxims have had so sad a check, and La Rochefoucauld's such a triumph in the conduct of Wood. I feel as if Cross [her maid] had been thus weighed in the balance and found wanting. He came raw from Fletching to Lady Stuart in 1801, as footboy, groom, postillion, odd man. The next year having got into a scrape with the parish on account of a damsel ten years older than himself, he begged to go abroad with Charles, and has lived with him ever since. As Lady A. M. Elliot observed the other day, perhaps he really *is* the faithful, attached being we have always supposed him, for none of the lower class can ever comprehend that there is anything wrong in cheating the government of any country—yet he had surely more sense than not to know he was risking an injury to his master's character.

I will not smile, but take your word for what you say of M., and even for her having done you good, taught you the prudence of never showing your teeth where you cannot bite—Lady Sarah Lidhurst—Oh, the chilling comparison! I have always felt such a dislike to her. I wish the contrast between D . . . and A . . . held good throughout; it fails in one very important particular,

the behaviour towards one person, *i.e.* C . . . I have been taking pains to urge her, when she next visits there, to resolve upon being civil, cold, and dignified (the last, I doubt, is not in her simple, humble, frank nature); to—never to consult him or begin a conversation; if he attacks her, to make no answer; if he asks her questions (which I think I hear him do) about Italy and so forth, evidently to find something to scoff at, then to give a dry yes or no and decline any discussion. She uttered a most severe censure on the heads of the house, without herself feeling that it was one, for she said very quietly, “Why, to be sure, he *is* rather impertinent to me; indeed he was so the very first time I ever saw him—began directly to make fun of me.” The first time he ever saw the sister of my—the cousin-german of my—! Could this proceed from any possible cause but one? Was not he certain he should please those whom he ought to have supposed he should offend? Oh fie, fie, fie! At the same time it was bad taste and ill-breeding in him, all one.

Monday.—I have just received Mrs. Weddell’s acceptance of me for Wednesday. When I return from her I shall hasten to Barham, so a week hence you may inclose to the Honble. Thomas Knox, M.P., Barham House, Elstree, Edgeware.

LETTER LXXXV.]

[*Gloucester Place (?)*] 8th Nov. [1829].

Ly. S. de R. [Stuart de Rothesay] hopes to go Tuesday, if she can get a messenger to escort her, for she has nobody but a stupid English under-butler. Wood came with her to England, as he always used to do, and was with her in Hampshire, she suspecting nothing, till once or twice the newspaper disappeared

very oddly before she had read it, and nobody in the house could tell where it went. At last when L^d. S. wrote her the whole story, with orders to discharge Wood, she said she really felt frightened, being there without any other man except this footman, and dreading that Wood might throw himself over the cliff, which indeed he talked of doing at first. He cried bitterly, but, what was pleasant, said he thought there could be no harm in helping "our poor manufacturers." Then came the excellent excuse that —'s people had done just the same, etc., etc., etc. Our poor manufacturers must be the persons immediately concerned, not the shops, since it seems the patent net is all in the state in which it comes from Nottingham, or wherever it is made, having been pressed down by a steam-engine. But nothing can draw from their agents, viz., Wood, an old hairdresser in London, and Adams, a coachmaker, whom Miss Berry recommended to Charles (but I hear has since quarrelled with herself) the names of the chief parties concerned. Did I tell you that the same thing had happened to Prince Polignac? Meanwhile poor Lady S. is every way a sufferer, not daring to send for her own furniture, which has been lying in a warehouse these five years (since they were ordered from Paris by Canning), "for fear the appearance of packages should raise reports of its being smuggled from France." Then she has twenty servants offering themselves every day : in short, she knows not which way to turn.

LETTER LXXXVI.]

[The injunctions to burn this letter refer chiefly to passages that have not been printed.

Dr. Jephson was a doctor of high reputation for many years at Leamington.]

Barham House, Monday, Novr. 23rd [1829].

Dear Louisa—Your letter of the 13th arrived here last Thursday, the day after I came. In consequence of fasting so long from franks, I have had several to ask for, and therefore put off writing to you till the last, in order to do it at leisure and at large. I am indeed much pleased with all you say of L., who seems settling into the practice of all her new duties in a manner which must endear her to her husband and his family. The youthfulness of her character is a lucky circumstance with respect to the children, who at least will never be afraid of her. . . . Ly. Mont. said she would give up Miss Sybille for the winter rather than stand in her way. However, it had much better stand over till the B.'s can see her themselves.

I find Mary [Mrs. Knox] and her eight children (bless us!) in good preservation. Her mother [Mrs. Stuart] some time ago hurt her leg and has been confined to her couch and footstool, but it does not seem to have impaired her health. Her eldest son's [William Stuart's], I fear, is in a very indifferent state. He went to Leamington to consult Jephson, having had some very unpleasant attacks of giddiness and fainting, which, Jephson said, proceeded from the stomach. More seizures, however, have occurred since he has been under his care; and now that Jephson pronounces him well (which I do not believe he is), *she* has caught the scarlet fever. Most unluckily they took their eldest girl (7 years old) with them, and only one maid, and, not intending the long stay they have made, have remained in a hotel. I hope she has it slightly, but the child will probably follow next; they cannot send it home among the others, and what is to become of it there? He had the disorder when a youth, so runs no

risk, except of the harm which anxiety may do to himself. You must have heard a great deal of Jephson, what does it lead you to think of him? Some call him a quack, others an oracle: he certainly has recommended the same things in very different complaints to my knowledge; but as those things (rising early, taking regular exercise, and a plain diet) were undoubtedly good and exactly contrary to W^m's habits, I was glad he resolved to consult him.

I am not unmindful of the old time you obliquely hint at. You have read *Reginald Dalton* (by Lockhart): do you remember the heiress, the cousin, he had fancied himself in love with, and been dreaming of for months, and then was amazed to find a thin, dismal-looking damsel of forty odd? Another dreamer would have been equally *taken aback* by such a measure of intercourse as could open to insight the *mind* of the supposed object, and manifest the utter impossibility of any mutual comprehension. Alas! when this happens, as it often does, when it is too late to awake!

Not to be understood is painful enough, even in the case where you complain of it, with one you wished to think your friend. Still I rejoice you have come to explaining and accounting. I love explanations: it is frequently for want of them that people fall out, or worse, go on sullenly till distance and surmise produce lasting estrangement. I wish you could get L. to read *Penrose on Christian Sincerity*, a very small book printed for Rivington, which I read at Chiselhurst the other day. I am sure Aunt K. would like it, and if your cousin is not too far gone, it might rectify many of her opinions. I staid five days with poor Mrs. W. [Weddell], and had not one (hardly one *evening*) of her society. It was doing her utmost to come down at seven o'clock;

and two of the days she was forced to return to her room ere dinner was well over. Yet I found that Mr. Dickenson had been there a short time before (just come from a tour abroad), and he told the maid he thought her no worse than usual. I suppose he meant in no more danger. If at tolerable ease for half an hour, she rallies, speaks with as strong a voice and is as much herself as ever. Yet it is a melancholy existence. . . . My dear Lou, you must promise and vow to burn this letter, nay, assure me you have burned it; for I am throwing my lumber into your garret, as poor Mrs. Preston used to say, by wholesale, and I should be pained if it remained above ground to be coolly read again a fortnight hence, after its first lodgement—then I know the size of the packet will excuse all in your eyes. . . . Respect and admiration—Fudge!—might make one afraid to write at all, I grant, but they cannot suck all pith out of one's quill. I agree with you about the Colloquies, though I ran over them like a cat over a harpsichord, and I own scarcely recollect a syllable. France [the smuggling scandal] put everything else out of my head. By the bye, my *belle sœur* at Whitehall [Lady Stuart] brought over two more volumes of Bourrienne which I liked still better than the four first. I wish the wise and political ladies who so idolized Buonaparte would take a hint from what he thought of *them*. Bourrienne confirms (for once) the truth of the account he gave at St. Helena of Mad^e. de Staël, for he more than once read him (Bourrienne) her letters, making passionate love to him, and representing how much fitter mate *une âme de feu* like hers would be for his genius and spirit than the insipid character of his wife. “*Allons, c'est une folle, je ne veux pas lui répondre. Elle se comparer à Josephine ! Une femme bel-esprit ! Et*

puis je n'aime pas celles qui se jettent à ma tête." So much for the *femmes bel-esprit*. Dear Lou, I earnestly wish and pray you not to be an old maid, but if you positively will, then I do beseech you solemnly to check in yourself betimes a very little leaning you have towards being a *politician*. When the two things meet they really construct a most ridiculous and often a very mischievous animal. In your ear I will tell you I found my *belle sœur* above mentioned furious against one Miss B . . . y, who has increased the younger lady S's worries and vexations as Job's friends did his, writing her letters by every post to make the very worst of the smuggling affair, to find fault with everything Ch^s did or did not do, advise, warn, remonstrate—and all this from their dear and intimate friend (but would be governess) because, forsooth, she has taken a *decided part* against—the king of France and his new ministry—and, leaguering herself with all the ultra Liberals, retails their language. So much for the fly on the chariot wheel. The going ding-dong into *French* politics has something in it too ridiculous; but when once the habit is contracted it becomes inveterate, and if you could transport her to Abyssinia, her sword would straight be drawn against *Ras* something or other. *Évitez cet écueil là ma chère, je vous en prie*, though in truth I do not think *you* have the spur that pricks her on—*videlicet*, excessive vanity and self-consequence, the ceaseless desire of being *un personnage marquant*, which no one can accomplish who submits to mind only their own business. Once more I charge you to burn this, for it seems as if I, to prove *my* humility, had resolved to censure all the world. I am heartily glad you are so tractable and good (grown so at last) about D. [Ditton] Park, though what you wrote to *Papa* was quite fair. As I am in doubt

where you may be, this shall be directed to Q. Anne Street, whence I suppose it will not fail to find its way to you. I mean to remain here till a day or two before Christmas day.

Tuesday.—On second thoughts, and looking again at your letter, *this* shall go to Cockenhatch as the surest, safest way, for I know Ly. L. will forward it if you stay longer at Alderley. Pray remember me to her most kindly. I am quite glad of the improvements worked in Kent. It must be owned that for young people who have no particular sedentary pursuit or resource, *home* is a very dull place and may affect their spirits, which, where there is *temper*, will affect that likewise. . . . Rasselas and Nekayah longed to leave even the happy valley, so have we all done in our day.

Good accounts from Leamington—only *scarlatina*, and the child still well. But it will breed vexation. Mary has no unreasonable fears, but his family have the infection mania to extremity. Here ends this boarding-school effusion. Mum! *et brûlez*.

LETTER LXXXVII.]

[The Mrs. Antrobus mentioned was the daughter of Sir Coutts Trotter, Bart., and first wife of Gibbs Antrobus, brother of the first baronet.

Mrs. or Miss Catherine Dashwood (Hammond's Delia) died in 1779.

James Hammond the poet died in 1742, aged 32.

He had a passion for Miss Dashwood, but she refused his suit. In his *Elegy XIII.* he imagines himself married to Delia, and that they are retired into the country.

STANZA VI.

Or if the sun in flaming Leo ride,
By shady rivers indolently stray,
And with my Delia walking side by side,
Hear how they murmur as they glide away.

VII.

What joy to wind along the cool retreat,
To stop and gaze on Delia as I go !
To mingle sweet discourse with kisses sweet,
And teach my lovely scholar all I know.]

[Addressed] Barkway, Royston, Herts.

N.B.—For to-morrow's post.

Barham House, Sunday, Decr. 6th [1829].

Your letter of the 1st did not come till yesterday, where it had been I can't tell. I was beginning to tremble for the safety of that *farrago* you acknowledge receiving, which would have done ill for the general eye. Let me now inform you that I have consented to stay here *over* Xmas day, so it will be probably the New Year fairly set in before I can go to Ditton, for I must pass a few days at home, and am not likely to get there until the very end of this month. By this time Anna Maria is at 108 G. P. [Gloucester Place]. She has asked to lodge there for a little while before she goes to Brighton. Mary, hearing this, has warmly invited her down here, and I wish she would come. But when I go, as I shall have various things to settle, I would rather be alone, and indeed be able also to take you in for a night or two. Well! *Alors comme alors*. I only give you timely notice of my present intentions.

The Capesthornes (Davenportes) are all going to Clifton for some weeks. L. makes my heart ache for the poor old man, who, she says, cannot rouse himself or in the least recover. My said heart is grown wiser than to break for a *young* widower, but an old one in real sorrow is pitiable indeed. I heard lately of one of the former class, for whom I was as sorry as I ever let myself be, making a second choice.

And the first wife's family, to whom he has unremittingly devoted himself these two years, are so very right-headed as to declare beforehand that in case he should ever marry again they have entirely done with him, and there must be an end of even acquaintance. That is to say, they will do their utmost to make him unhappy. Still, they are not fools of your acquaintance, so I write it only to show how absurd mortal women can be. Mr. D. (Davenport) I find has insisted on Mr. B. and L. living in the house with him for the future in London, which is a very comfortable arrangement. The W's. go to Clifton too—not so comfortable—for brothers and sisters are not always good-humoured, or even commonly civil to each other, and it is a wearisome thing to patch up daily and hourly squabbles about nothing. Car. said one of her unconscious good things when I was at Petersham. They had got a new house dog. "How soon," said she, "dogs understand that they must not quarrel with a fellow dog who is to live in the same house with them. One that flies at every cur he meets on the road is in a day's time reconciled to an inmate, whereas with men and women it is just the reverse, civil to strangers, but to live together becomes a signal for war and battle." A professed *bel esprit* would have lived a whole season on this observation. You would have heard it trumpeted about and the wit of it extolled. "*On ne vaut que ce qu'on se fait valoir.*"

Aunt Kitty's report of Dr. Jephson I think satisfactory, for, as Dr. Baillie said, "It is all guesswork with the best of us." We have just heard of a fresh but very slight attack. Jephson always said they would recur for some time. But as it makes no change in the time of leaving Leamington, I trust it was as slight as

it is represented. She had only a scarlatina, and the child who is with them has not caught it. What a sad event happened there lately ; that pleasing young woman, Mrs. Antrobus, dying in childbed : the Miss Trotter whom your aunt made love to for her son William. I am very sorry for her poor parents. So I am for your father's accident, but I heartily hope it will be far from resembling his former one, and also hope Lady Louisa will not let the other unhappy case, of Mrs. Firth's niece, prey upon her mind. Oh ! I never told you that some ladies I met at Chiselhurst asked me after her and you, and seemed *au fait* of everything concerning the family. They had it from an old lady staying with them. Oh, Mrs. Firth ? said I. No, Mrs. Moss. Three maiden Miss Dashwoods of Lincolnshire. I had a *link* of a chain with them likewise ; they are the grandnieces of my mother's friend Mrs. Dashwood, the late Q's. first bed-chamber woman, and what will strike you more, *Hammond's Delia*, but they do not remember her, though I do. Perhaps were not born when she died, for that was full fifty years ago.

Adieu. As no post comes in on Monday I have no difficulty in sealing this. . . . I heard from Lady L. herself the other day, but we have tacitly agreed hardly to mention Anna.—Ever yours,

L. S.

LETTER LXXXVIII.]

[Lieut.-General Sir Henry Clinton, G.C.B., Sir William's younger brother, died on 11th December. His wife, Susan, daughter of Francis Lord Elcho, son of the sixth Earl of Wemyss, died in 1816.

Lady Lothian's daughter, Lady Anne Kerr, died on 6th December. Her father died in 1824. The Lord Lothian mentioned was her brother, the seventh Marquess.]

[FRAGMENT.]

*Barham House,
Wednesday, 16th Decr. [1829].*

My dear Lou—I am very sorry indeed for your sorrow, and feel most truly and deeply for Sir William, whose loss I can easily conceive to be absolutely irreparable. When I opened your letter this morning I anticipated nothing less than a fresh misfortune, and in every way a heavy one. Alas! what it is to part with an *only* friend. So few brothers have been thus entirely united, that on looking round I can scarcely see a parallel case, for even where there is equal affection, different pursuits and professions in some degree wean people from each other, at the very least give them different habits, conniptions, and ways of thinking. Here every circumstance has tended to draw them closer and closer. Undoubtedly Sir Henry's having struggled with his various maladies so long is a wonder, not his sinking under them, but that consolation is poor indeed, and I shall not bring it forward. "Time and the hour," however; sources of consolation and even of enjoyment open in unexpected places, as I have often seen and sometimes felt. They say a broken or dislocated limb which cannot be set makes itself a socket in length of time with which you continue to make shift and go on, till you no longer feel any inconvenience. So it is with the human mind; and when we have outlived the possibility of this, we have also outlived most of our keen and cruel sensations. I shall be very anxious to hear from you again. Should Sir William wish you to stay with him I can have nothing to say, but it will disappoint me sadly. Meanwhile I shall now decidedly pass another fortnight here, for Anna Maria, who has possession of my house and is to

come (here), (I believe I told you so before), has put off her visit from the 23rd to the 28th, so I must stay on probably most of the week after next, and not reach Ditton till the first in January. I have as good an account of Lady Lothian from Miss Buchanan as I can possibly expect. She supports a grievous trial with a resignation religion alone can inspire. That good Lord L. [Lothian] has never left them all this time, went with them to Hastings, and there has staid ever since. . . . The neighbourhood is much the same. Lady S. [Stuart] and Vere [Hobart] have been here for a week past, the former, I rejoice to say, much better in health and spirits than she was. They go to-morrow after having partaken—that is *Vere* has—of two balls, at Gorhambury and Hatfield.

LETTER LXXXIX.]

[The following is part of a letter to Lady Montagu. "Cinderella" is a version of the well-known fairy tale, written partly in prose, partly in verse, by Frances Lady Douglas. The copy made by Lady Louisa for Lady Montagu has on the title-page: "The History of Cinderella, addressed to Lady Susan Hamilton, who had never read Mother Goose's tales, by F. D., 8th October 1801; copied for Lady Montagu, 1830." Lady Susan Hamilton married the fifth Earl of Dunmore in 1803.

"The Journey to the Lakes" was a set of verses written also by Lady Douglas when Lady Frances Scott. In 1780 she wrote in verse a description of a journey to Scotland in the name of her niece, Lady Mary Montagu, then eleven years old, for the amusement of Mary Lady Courtown, one of Queen Charlotte's ladies at Windsor. Lady Courtown showed it to the Queen, who, hearing that Lady Frances was to make a tour to the English Lakes in 1781, requested that she would write a journal in the same manner. This she did. It is

dated Dalkeith House, 30th June 1781. The verses have considerable merit.

"The Letter K" was a very clever set of verses written by Miss Catherine Fanshawe in answer to a question by Lord Harcourt as to why she did not spell Catherine with a K. They are to be found in a memoir of her privately printed by the Rev. W. Harness in 1865, and published by Pickering in 1876.]

TO LADY MONTAGU

[FRAGMENT.]

1829.

. . . You shall surely have Cinderella. My copy is not *her* writing [Lady Douglas's], nor yours, nor Car's [Mrs. Scott's], at least as she now writes, but in a sort of *ungrown* hand, or hands, as if the younger fry had been called to assist. I always envy Catherine Fanshawe hers, not supposing that and the journey to the lakes (also sold to her for her letter K, etc.) any further prized than just as *clever things* of the moment, and having heard of their being shown to stupid people utterly incapable of comprehending them. This I hate almost as much as printing and publishing. You quite please me by saying your young folks enter into them; I have long wished you would thus connect them with times past. It appears to me one of the chief defects of the present age (though I am not apt to carp at it), that in most families the juniors know no more about their immediate ancestry than about yours or mine, and indeed very little about their near (let alone their distant) relations. Poor Lord Haddington used to say this sort of ignorance and *insouciance* in people of family had been cleverly fostered by the Democrats to further their own levelling plans. There is extant a letter of Lord Lansdowne's (Queen Anne's peer) to inform the young head of his house, Granville, Earl of Bath, that he was appointed, tho' under age, L^d. Lieut^t. of his

county, and give him advice on the occasion. "Your grandfather (says he) was related to almost all the gentlemen of the shire. I remember at a public meeting there were few whom he did not call cousin, and I observed how much it pleased them. On the contrary, the not knowing or acknowledging such relationship is *always secretly attributed to pride and insolence*, and inwardly resented accordingly."

CHAPTER VI

JANUARY—SEPTEMBER 1830

LETTER XC.]

[In Mackay's *Memoirs of Popular Delusions*, it is stated that Dr. Mainaduc lectured at Bristol in 1788 with great success and afterwards in London. He was a pupil of Mesmer and D'Eslon. See Hannah More's remarks on him to H. Walpole, vol. ix. p. 149.

An account of Dr. Katerfelto and Dr. Graham will be found in Chambers's *Book of Days* under the Article "Mountebanks" (vol. i. p. 510).

Katerfelto practised during the influenza of 1782.

St. John Long was tried, shortly after the date of this letter, for causing the death of one of his patients and found guilty. He died in 1834.

Mrs. Bowles was Hon^{ble}. Frances Temple, sister of Lord Palmerston. She married Captain (afterwards Admiral) William Bowles in 1820, and died in 1838.

G. P. [Gloucester Place] Tuesday,
[Jan. 1830.]

Dear Lou—I am (be it confessed) a terrible dawdle at my best, and the after breakfast bustle of begging letters, and bills and notes and messages, the door always opening upon me, disqualifies me for the whole morning from the sober state in which I could sit down to write a letter. But I was very glad to receive yours, though I could not answer it yesterday. In spite of Lord M's [Montagu] cavils, read over afresh Cobbett's

chapter on pronouns. You have made so free with your *shes* that I did not distinguish at first what *she* was in question, and even yet am not quite confident in one place. As for your moralising you are mistaken, for it is particularly welcome. You frightened me about Mary [Montagu], for when she was a child they had great fears that something wrong affected one of her eyes, in which you may still perceive a very small speck or blemish. I was afraid it was going to be troublesome again ; but so far I have great faith in O'Reilly, only one never likes even the name of the *tic douloureux*, and somehow it is continually ringing in one's ears. Every day one hears of somebody ill with it—is it really a new thing within these last twenty years, or what did they call it formerly ? It must have had a name in the eighteenth century. Before that there was a general and convenient one for all unaccountable disorders, *i.e.* witchcraft ; and the doctors who undertook to cure them were of the wizard tribe too. Apropos of this I met Mrs. Bennet at Mrs. Weddell's last night, and obtained from her a full confirmation of Miss Murray's history of the famed Mr. John St. John Long. Miss B. said Lady Barrington brought him to Northcote, her place in the Isle of Wight, and wanted her to have drawings made of it by him, which she declined, not liking his manner and appearance, and having abundance of such drawings already. Sir Fitzwilliam and Lady Barrington had met him at Mr. Nash's in the island, and admiring his sketches, had invited him to come for a few days, and if he pleased, take views at their house. There he settled himself for months, just as Miss Murray heard, and resisted coolly every intimation that they were tired of his visit, till they were compelled to say in plain words ' Begone '—then he ended by sending them in a

bill of forty or fifty pounds for drawings made during his stay. But the important point is the when—I asked this of Mrs. B. She could not exactly tell; it was not last year, nor, she thought, the year before, whether the year before that, or still one farther back, she was not sure. So we may handsomely allow four years at most for his metamorphosis from an indifferent painter into an admirable physician, who has not only discovered a wonderful secret, but is become so thoroughly acquainted with the human frame, and so versed in the nature of all diseases, that he can cure them better than the whole College of Physicians. He is rising in reputation; more and more people go to him—well, and so they did to Mrs. Prescott and Dr. de Mainaduc, and in my remembrance to Dr. Graham, and Dr. Katterfelto and Count Cagliostro—each dog had his day—and it was very natural and reasonable he should. Only we are very audacious in having the face to laugh at those who were believers in the Cock Lane ghost when *that* happened to be in fashion. Yet *some* discovery I believe Mr. Long to have made, and think it a pity that skilful medical men do not avail themselves of it, as probably they could easily find it out if they tried.

You do not name Capt. and Mrs. Bowles, who (I heard) were to go to Ditton on Saturday. She is a great favourite of mine, an excellent person, with sound sense, and a true friend to Car. Miss Ashton told me Lady A. M. Elliot was also going. She (Miss A.) was also at Mrs. W's [Weddell] last night. Mrs. W., I believe, is much the same, though if you had seen her on Sunday morning talking to three men and three women of us at once, you would have supposed her greatly better. She came to town only on Friday. It

happens, unfortunately, that three people she was interested in have died within the last fortnight. Mrs. Burton, Mr. John King, and Mrs. Harriet Bowdler. The last, who is a loss to the world, has died of the *small-pox* at seventy-eight. Mrs. Weddell tells me her mother would not have her inoculated, holding it *presumptuous*, according to the old notion which made the clergy preach against inoculation when first imported, and of course Mrs. H. B. was bred up in the same principles. "Now," says Mrs. W., "old Mrs. Bowdler was an uncommonly clever woman, and wrote an excellent treatise on the Revelations. Had not she better have let the Revelations alone, and inoculated her children like other people?" Mark the undiminished clearness and vivacity of this—though she spoke it half crying. Her mind certainly remains unimpaired, but she is grown much deafer, even since I saw her in November. I dine at Mr. Davenport's to-day. I dined at Mrs. Williams's, Sunday; company, her father, the Bromleys, and Mrs. William Dundas. Last Tuesday I dined with Mrs. Scott; Wednesday with Lady Stuart; Thursday at Mr. B. Bouverie's, to meet Mrs. Scott. Anne is at her brother George's in Grosvenor Street, and seems comfortable there, but means to take a lodging of her own, when they (the G. D's.) [Damers] settle in town.

End of the fourth page, so Adieu. Pray, write again.

LETTER XCI.]

[This letter is placed by Miss Clinton at the end of 1831, but as Mrs. Weddell died July 12, 1831, that is impossible, so it has been transferred here, owing to the allusion to magnetism in the previous letter.]

[*Gloucester Place*], *Friday eveg.*

Dear Lou—As I had written before and returned your papers, I was in no hurry to send you back the enclosed. . . . My chief employment has been working at carpets and furniture linens, the latter wonderfully pretty and far cheaper than they were when I had last occasion for such things. I am resolved to keep my good legs, though, so have stumped about every day. Mrs. Waddington is in town in the Regent's Park, beyond Park Square, a walk about as far as to Barley. I sate two hours with her yesterday, and was much entertained with anecdotes of the Germans and the English at Rome. She tells me there is actually a professor's chair for magnetism in the Berlin University, and stories quite equal to Miss Stevens and Captain Smith believed like gospel; nay, even taken up by religionists on the ground of the spirit being conveyed away from the entranced person!!! And then we talk of the enlightened age and the march of intellect, and have the impudence to despise the Cock Lane ghost! She referred me to an article in the last *Edinburgh Review* but one, which her daughter, Madame Bunsen, reading, said, "This is written by somebody who believes in it." The writer proves an old acquaintance of Mrs. Waddington's, whom she has seen since she came home, and who owned to her he did believe in it, and had nearly confessed that belief in his original work; but the editor of the *Review* (Jeffrey, I suppose), sent it back, and insisted on his qualifying his expressions, otherwise he would not print it. I begin to think all the world is gone mad. Such an account as she has given me of the Catholic convert, Mr. Spencer—stark staring! At the same time exactly like some of the evangelicals—merely taking a different ground.

Mrs. Weddell accepts me, and I am going to her on Monday. I have not seen a newspaper since I left you from sheer forgetfulness to send for one, being busy and fidgeting all the morning. I wonder if your weather is equally warm at Cockenatch. I am no longer able to bear any fire, or to sleep with two blankets. It is still very fine, but I do not like anything so unseasonable, for we are sure to pay for it afterwards. The clear bright cold was much pleasanter. Now it is really disagreeably hot. I must have horses for jobs to-morrow morning, so shall leave this at the Ordnance. Adieu!

LETTER XCII.]

[Gloucester Place],
Friday, 19th of March [1830].

Dear Lou—Your Wednesday's note came yesterday afternoon with the violets still very sweet. It was kind not to say a reproachful word when you must have wondered at my silence; but here has been the old story, a cold going the wrong way, something like that at Ditton, and I am in your friend Mr. Dickenson's hands. What is worse, the precious Thomas has been very ill and quite *hors de combat* for a week past, with a cold also, but taking the turn of violent rheumatic pains. He fell ill first, so had an apothecary of his own, which I am now sorry for, as I should feel more confidence in Dickenson. I have got a deputy for the present—a quiet little man out of place, who once lived with my nieces. *It is an ill wind*, etc. Mrs. Lockhart has profited by my disaster, and had my carriage for three days. She sends word that her father will be up by the end of the month. I hope I shall be able to enjoy your company by the end of next week.

Now I could not, for I have a harassing cough, which conversation does not suit, and I let nobody in but my nieces and Mrs. Scott. However, pray do not put yourself in any fuss. Dickenson says I have no fever, nor much the matter with me. I find, though, upon this attempt, that writing is quite out of the question, farther than bare matter of fact. I cannot enter on the subject of the enclosed, on which, the day I received it, I thought I should say a great deal. Altogether, I am very well pleased the discussion was brought on, and do seriously hope you will profit by the good advice so sincerely and kindly given you. I meant to have written to her (Car) directly, but all must wait till my head is clearer.

My love to Mary, and thank her for her few lines of postscript. Tell Lady Montagu I am a good child and obey Dickenson dutifully. He is an odd fish, yet I rather like him, for it is not medical cant, but the oddity of an old whimsical *gentleman*. Adieu.

L. S.

P.S.—He has now been here ; he thinks your father very well. Mrs. Weddell is much as usual, and had a great dinner yesterday, and was not able to appear at it herself. However, he says she is in excellent spirits to-day.

LETTER XCIII.]

[Four notes before this date relate to a bad cold that Lady Louisa had, and are only amusing from the forcible remonstrances they contain against Miss Clinton's attempts to come and see her.]

[*Gloucester Place*] *no date* [*April* (?) 1830.]

On the contrary it will be great charity to come to me this evening, and to-morrow too if you can. My

nieces offer it, but they dine at seven, and could not be here before nine *at soonest*, which would not suit me at all. I will send the carriage for you rather before eight. I was afraid L^y. M. [Montagu] was ill by her not calling here.

LETTER XCIV.]

[Mrs. Alison was a very early friend. Dorothea, daughter of Dr. John Gregory and wife of the Rev. Archibald Alison, incumbent of the Episcopal Church of St. John, Edinburgh. Their son was Sir Archibald Alison the historian. Lady Louisa heard the news from Sir Archibald's brother, Dr. William Alison. A copy of her answer has been kindly lent to the Editor by the present General Sir Archibald Alison, but of too private a nature for printing.]

No date [Gloucester Place].

I will call for you at eight. I have this morning the account of Mrs. Alison's death. I could never have seen her again, but— However my feelings, thanks to time, are not what they used to be. It was quite sudden.

LETTER XCV.]

TO LADY MONTAGU

Barham House, 1830.

[June] Saturday.

No post to-day, you know, but writing for to-morrow's. Thank you for yours of Thursday. And first, lest I forget it, let me recommend to you Mr. Lyon, of No. 1 St. James's Street's india-rubber galoshes, or, in his own spelling, *goloshes*. I have bought a pair, and they would be most comfortable in wet weather, fitting tightly like a glove. In walking,

I apprehend gravel might make rather too deep dents and quickly wear them out, but for you who lounge and stand over-looking gardeners, and especially for Lord Montagu, when he has planting going forward, I should think them invaluable. The damage is but twelve shillings for male or female, and a shilling for a bottle of blacking to keep them in order. I wish males and females could be kept in order by it, as the grammar of my last sentence seems to imply ; but the police appear to have conquered in their last engagement with the mob.

One word more. Walter Scott's letter was pretty legible, but for the greater part very melancholy, depressed by the times, dreading what was to follow, and so forth. Indeed, if Friday next is to throw out the D. of W., what *is* to follow or to become of us ? And people seem to fear it will.—Yrs. aff^{tely}., L. S.

P.S.—The shoemaker's number is 41, not 1—just a door from Piccadilly.

LETTER XCVI.]

Barham House, Tuesday.

Dear Lou—Though you bade me not answer your note, I felt it almost unkind to send the books without a word, but I was up to the ears in little bustles, bills to pay, and directions to give. Half of the latter, according to custom, I forgot, and am forced to write to Thomas to-day in consequence. Mary [Mrs. Thomas Knox] is in high health and spirits, but a little nervous about her brother [William Stuart], not that he has at all suffered as yet, only he has hitherto been living, eating, walking, etc., by strict rule, which cannot be preserved in canvassing a county. However, if he is not opposed I think he will weather it. At this moment

he is at Leamington, taking further advice from Dr. Jephson, to whom he tenaciously adheres, and I think with some reason. Mary's sick child is quite recovered, but, like her uncle, must live by rule for a good while.

I feel more and more, instead of less and less, the sad news I got so lately from Scotland. How true is that in Macbeth, "Our tears are not yet brewed," etc. A sudden event rather confuses than distresses one at first, and if it happens at a great distance, seeing everything around one the same, one can scarcely believe that it has happened at all. But the sense of it comes at last. She stood next with me to *her* [Lady Ailesbury] whose letters I once read you, and hers [Lady Douglas] whose almost equally sudden death ended my journeys to Scotland. She was in my entire confidence and I in hers. There could be no *glamour*, for she knew the best and the worst of me, and ever spoke her mind, and the strong sense, the remarkable honesty of the character, the originality! Though we never hoped to meet again, I had the comfort in thinking that there she was, even at such a distance—but it avails not to talk thus—Hush!

I shall be very glad to hear a better account of your father. Here is a fine, but cold day. The road yesterday was lined with Irish haymakers and their families. Adieu, and God bless you.

LETTER XCVII.]

[Miss Tytler was the eldest daughter of Lord Woodhouselee and sister of the historian. Mrs. Gerard was Mrs. Alison's second daughter].

Barham House, Sunday, 18th July [1830].

Oh the melancholy of a rainy Sunday, especially now, when despair about the hay is succeeded by serious

alarm for the harvest. It rained only a very small shower on St. Swithin, yet that, it seems, was a sufficient announce of his future intentions. I wish Thomas may bring me to-morrow a cheering account of your father to make some amends for the weather. I had the other day a letter (written by poor Mr. Alison's desire) from a Miss Tytler, a particular friend of Mrs. Gerard's, whom I remember at Rocksoles [in Lanarkshire], Col. Gerard's place. It gave a very affecting detail of all that had passed, but at the same time a soothing one—all were so calm, so satisfied of the happiness of *her* they had lost. Mr. A. [Alison] so thankful for the blessings that remain. Formerly the blow would have driven him out of his senses, such is the keenness of his feelings. She and I used in our correspondence to call him *la tête exaltée*, yet such is the kind order of Providence, that at the time of life when perforce these trials must come—come thick upon us—they are almost always borne with comparative patience and composure. I can hardly tell you how many thoughts came crowding upon my mind along with the idea and name of Miss Annie Tytler, of whom I had hardly ever thought at all for several years past, and who had nothing about her that particularly pleased or displeased me, or engaged my attention more than any other passing figure I saw. Indifferent as she then was, I could not help writing to her now as to an old friend, *à cœur ouvert*, because her very name brought the whole scene, the rooms, the persons, the conversations, the words and looks to my recollection. My poor friend was interred last Saturday, the day on which I received the news of her death. But no more on the subject.

Sir Charles Pole is Master of the Robes; fully his due, certainly, for he has been about the present—forty

years, most of the time without salary or reward, but, as *we know*, people do not always get their due, so I am glad the *master* has done so right a thing. He had, in fact, no other servants of his own, that is, of the higher class. As for the election, it is said to go on well ; if there should be a contest I shall call it *ill any how* (as the Irish say), both for health and purse, but our *chief* [Lord Bute] is very eager on the scent, I understand, and has insisted on Henry's [Stuart, brother of William] staying in England to help in canvassing, which I am afraid will be a disadvantage to him. And he thinks so, for almost all the attachés are now absent from Paris, and he ought to be there. I write hurriedly, and therefore spell wrong and blot every third word, from the same physical cause that makes some people stutter, and *you* talk fast and inarticulately, "my respected friend." . . .

I told you I wrote my chiefest word of the visit I had had. She has since answered that. She found the same was intended her (*i.e.* made her), but she, luckily, was really out at the time. Now, will my Lord quail and give way ; or, like me, fire up at this audacious attack in open defiance of him ? The husband, I find, is standing for Arundel, a borough which Sir John Guinea (as old Lord Denbigh used to say) is free to represent. I wonder whether Papa Lucien or her Grace of St. A. [St. Albans] is to furnish the cash ? You will learn from Bourrienne that the former must be well able, if he has not exhausted all his plunder. Villiers Stuart comes in for Banbury. I enclose a note for my maids, which you will be so good to have put in the penny post. I wish you may be dining to-day at Hamilton Place [Lord Montagu's], and not brooding over *tristesse* at home. I shall write to Ly. M.

[Montagu] from Danesfield. We have all the *Robinson* clan here at present—father, mother, and two daughters, none of whom are silent ; but I grow deafer and deafer, and hardly make out what people are talking about, let alone what each individual says ; which you will readily suppose to be an evil I can endure more patiently in *some* company than in *other some*.

Monday morning.—Thomas is come and has brought me your letter. Alas ! how very much concerned I am at your continued anxiety and *wearing* cause of dejection. It will make me very desirous to hear from you soon again. To answer your questions, the child is quite well again, but the baby who is teething has fits, and keeps its mother in hot water. However, she is in the main in excellent health and spirits. I have not troubled her or any one with my regrets. She saw at first that something was the matter, so I told her and then said no more. Villiers Stuart was here two days. I observed one piece of gossip which, if true, is curious and will make your blood boil. “So,” I hear the D. of W. says, “now C. . . . has got all he *can* get, I dare swear he will go against me.” Aye, and you richly deserve he should. It shows he knows people well. What more I may have to say on reading over your letter at leisure must wait till I am at Danesfield. I go at two o’clock, and probably shall stay till the middle of next week.

LETTER XCVIII.]

[The lines “Upon Growing Old” which Lady Louisa says she read to Miss Clinton are printed in Mrs. Clark’s privately printed book, *Gleanings from an Old Portfolio*. They were written “when near fifty.” The continuation at “past

seventy ” which she says she has just written are printed with the first set. They are too long for insertion here.

The lines “Within my trewe and carefull heart,” etc., are already printed in the previous volume of Lady Louisa’s Letters, p. 288.]

Danesfield, Friday [(1830) July?].

My dear Lou—Tho’ Parliament franks are over, L^d. Douglas (Under Secy. for Foreign Affairs) remains, and as I want to write to Lady Lothian under his cover, it will give her servants small trouble to step with this note to you. Indeed, indeed I cannot wonder at your dejection, and am deeply concerned for all the manifold causes of it. Oh, it puts me so much in mind of my own old days!—before all things became so alike (that is so indifferent) to me as they are now. I know I am spoiling you and encouraging exactly what I ought to combat, but I cannot help setting down some verses that I formerly copied out of an old book, and quoted to myself morning, noon, and night, because I thought them just made to express my fate and feelings. I am not sure whether they are Spencer’s, or whose, some one of that time. “Within my trewe and carefull heart there is,” etc. [see previous vol. p. 288]. I remember this quotation used to put Mrs. Weddell out of all patience.

By the bye, apropos of verses, you will be astonished, and I daresay glad (though you ought to be *amused*) to hear that I, *at my age*, have been writing some. Those on growing old which you made me read to you so lately have always been an unfinished fragment, and the other day, I know not why or wherefore, for I was neither in spirits nor had I been thinking of such things—they suddenly came into my head, and with them a continuation, longer (though short) than anything I

have written these fourteen years. I never know at first whether it is good or bad, my own or a plagiary, but, like the Archbishop of Granada, I am disposed to prize my superannuated sermon beyond its predecessors, and think "*il ne sent pas l'apoplexie.*" . . .

We do seem to be running about strangely at *heaa-quarters*, but to give *him* [William IV.] his due, there must be great good nature in the composition. He evidently looks round to see whom he can please and oblige. Sir Robert Gardiner is one of the aides-de-camp. When he had kissed hands and was bowing away, he called him back and said, "I am very glad I have been able to make you one of my A.D.C." Sir Robert had been told of it before, but thought it an idle report. On informing his master [Prince Leopold], he had known nothing of it, but took it as an attention to himself and was highly pleased. Sir Robert, as an artillery officer, had served in Sicily, then in Spain, thro' the whole war, was with Moore at Corunna, Graham at Barossa, and so forth—therefore a very proper person, independent of having been P^{ss}. Charlotte's servant.

Mary's little note, which I began with, made me hope your father was better than your letter describes him. However, I know it must take time to recruit strength, and if the medical people are content, sure we may be patient. I found A. M. [Lady Anna Maria Dawson] here, but she went off early Wednesday morning. Mrs. Scott herself not moving so soon as I thought she was to do, I shall stay on with her till Saturday the 31st, then proceed to Baginton. I do earnestly beg you will let me have a line next week to say how you are going on; never mind franks, I beseech you; it is only writing on quarto paper instead

of your little note-sheets. Mrs. S. and I are quite *tête-à-tête* and very comfortable.—Ever yrs. aff^{tely.}

L. S.

Don't blab my *folly*, pray.

LETTER XCIX.]

TO LADY MONTAGU.

[FRAGMENT.]

1830.

Since I began this I have been out, and with Mrs. Lockhart who came to town yesterday. I saw the poor little boy ; he was crawling on his hands and knees, but looking better than usual, delicate rather than unhealthy. She had just consulted a new physician at the earnest desire of the old one ; the former pronounces the lungs not *yet* injured, only in the utmost danger of being so ; in short, gives a *rather* more favourable opinion than she expected—though bad is the best, and woeful the prospect before her : to wait and see whether he can regain strength while summer lasts—and then, whether he can brook autumn and winter. The doctor said he should have recommended Brighton, if Brighton had not been already tried without the least good effect. Mr. L. has business calling him abroad, and she honestly owns she wishes he could go, for he cannot bear up at all, therefore adds to her discomfort. This is pretty much Sir Walter's account of him too. She believes she shall stay where she is in despair of any other place doing good, or at farthest remove a mile off to Hampstead. Poor soul ! It is as hard a trial as one can imagine . . .

LETTER C.]

[Gloucester Place],
Saturday [July 1830].

My dear Lou—You know, I daresay, that the Montagus were driven out of town again by some mischief in H. Place. What that house must have cost them first and last ! It strikes me like a man's marrying a beautiful, extravagant wife, whose debts are always coming out upon him ; for they have now discovered that it is remarkably ill-built. No affair of ours.

Now to what will interest you more. I wrote you word how well I was on Monday. I asked Dickenson expressly, "Well, now you do not want me to have Dr. Maton?" "No," answered he, "unless you yourself wish it." He took leave, saying he should come next day. Instead of this he called unexpectedly in the evening, and insisted (*apropos de botte*—for nothing new had occurred) that I should send for Maton. I was not such a fool as to doubt that it had been insisted upon with him, but I was a greater fool, for I yielded. Maton did what every doctor does and must do—approved of all done previously, but should only just make a very little change in the medicines, and so only just made me nearly as ill as ever for a couple of days: the cough returned, I had wretched nights, and an increased loathing of food. I must own I was extremely provoked, and I can assure you as *savage* to—as ever I have been to you. After this experiment, however, he allowed the little change to be withdrawn, and is now giving me *exactly the same medicines Dickenson did before*. But then, besides the pleasure of paying fees, I remain deprived of the

adviser in whom *I* feel confidence, for Dickenson now does not make a suggestion or say a word.

A second time, however, I am better. I took an hour's airing in the Regent's Park yesterday, and shall take another to-day. The freshness of the air did me evident good, so by the time you return to town I trust I shall be more produceable every way.

Louisa and Anna [Dawson] are gone to Worthing. Mrs. Williams followed them in two days, and Mrs. Davenport will on Monday. They stay over next week.

Adieu! I think you said a letter sent to Q. A. S. [Queen Anne St.] would find its way to you in a frank. I am sure this is not worth paying for.

LETTER CI.]

[Addressed] No. 27 Queen Anne Street, Cavendish Square.

Danesfield, Thursday,

[*July 30, 1830 (on stamp)*]

Do not quarrel with Mrs. Scott for taking me out of town, dear Lou, for I should have been killed, or kilt at the very least, if I had staid in during this hot weather, which I pass chiefly in inaction, enjoying nothing till sunset, when the flowers do give forth their sweetness most abundantly, especially a great plant, or rather tree, of the *Datura*—see Bishop Heber. We were peremptorily assured yesterday that his widow had married a Greek Prince at Paris. Our informer is no romancer, but a gossip, therefore I have some hopes, for the honour of the sex, that it is no truer than the story they trumped up about the poor woman two years ago. Is she at Paris? I was going to add “And what business has she there?” only I recollected having been there myself with as little last year.

Mrs. Scott's maid goes to town to-morrow, so I shall take the opportunity of sending this for the penny post and thanking you for your letter of Monday, for I will not use the precious Mr. Byham till I am at a greater distance. Let me hear from you at Baginton Hall, Coventry. . . . Remember to send me a route from Daventry to Cockenatch as soon as you have a fair prospect of being settled at the latter. As your father does not seem relaxed or oppressed by the heat, I would fain hope it is good for him and assists his recovery, though it might have done him harm if it had come sooner, while he still had fever upon him. To-day the glass falls and the clouds thicken like an approaching storm. . . . I go to Baginton (as I said before) the day after to-morrow. Mrs. Scott to town on Tuesday—but she is advised, on account of the difficulty of getting horses during the election season, not to begin her northern journey till the 16th or 17th. She stays in town, meanwhile, to see as much as she can of her sister, Lady Tancred, and will be chiefly taken up with her ; but I daresay glad to see you if you call, and should you find her any morning, put in your pocket, to read to her, *Choakey*, and Mrs. Stanley's character of Bishop Heber. I shall like to know what Mrs. Weddell says of Mr. Brougham being brought in by the Whigs of Yorkshire. Pray, ask her from me. A man without one single foot of land in any part of the country—and Lord Morpeth to stand with him—that is under his wing and protection. Does not she think *Intellect* has left off *marching* and commenced *a gallop a gallop*, as one says to the little children? Adieu. Write soon, and believe me, etc.

LETTER CII.]

TO LADY MONTAGU

[FRAGMENT]

[*Baginton* (?) *Aug.* 1830.]

. . . How oddly people cast up here and there after many a year's interval! I hear our old acquaintance, *Mrs. Hook*, is living at Leamington, and her son is a very clever man, and her daughter is married, and her grandchildren are pretty, etc., etc., etc. Do not you see her still with her fair locks, dressed after Lady Charlotte Campbell? Leamington seems to be a dwelling-place now for widows and women of small fortunes. *Mrs. Kemble* is another settled there. The last time I saw her was as *Maria* in the "School for Scandal." Miss *Hopkins*—antediluvian recollections— . . .

LETTER CIII.]

*Baginton Hall, near Coventry.**8th of August* [1830],

(does not go till the 9th.)

Dear Lou—You bestow superfluous care upon *Bourrienne*; if the leaves are not stained or torn, what signifies the outside of an unbound book? I am delighted that it gives Sir William some little amusement. If he ever can move from town, pray let him have no sort of scruple to take it with him. It grieves me that you do not as yet see daylight in that respect, and, alas! that he is so low. A degree of fretfulness always must attend convalescence after a long illness, independent of the many things he has to vex him. I check myself from wishing Sergeant *Wilde* success, for fear he should be *fool enough* to feel hurt at it, otherwise, if ever man deserved being fairly ousted, it is his Grace (of Newcastle). At any rate it seems near run,

like one horse's head stretching beyond another at a race, and this I must be glad of. . . .

"*Just what the first husband wished*"—is the established form, the God save the King in a proclamation or a brief. Poor John's widow brought forward his opinions and wishes *à tort et à travers* on so many occasions, that I always said if she married again she would affirm it was solely to please him; but I said it as one says in a close day—"Well, I believe there will be an earthquake." However she literally kept my word, indeed went farther, and declared her marrying again was a proof of her devotion to his memory, nay, the greatest in her power to give. I am afraid the Greek champion will only starve and desert his countess, not use a good old English cudgel to the purpose one would desire—but perhaps he may give her a toss into the Egean Sea.

Light talk all this, and, Heaven knows, at too serious a time. Mr. Morritt concludes a letter, giving me an account of the Yorkshire proceedings, with—"Should another French Revolution take place just now I am sure we are but ill prepared to stand the consequences of our near neighbourhood, and may feel the effects most seriously." This was before he could know it had taken place.¹ Nothing, undoubtedly, could so encourage the Radicals here. You talk of Lord Howden's flattery to K. W^m. Pray, does it exceed that of Mr. Brougham, Sir Francis Burdett, and so forth? Did you ever read anything that came up to the latter's quotation of St. Paul? I am surprised at what you say about the changing of the regiments, because I should have thought that a matter the D. of W. would not have left to H.M.'s pleasure, though they cannot prevent

¹ The revolution which drove out Charles X. began on 27th July.

his running about like a wild goose upon a common, and may not care whether he shows himself shaved or unshaved. Lord Alvanley was standing still in the street. "What are you doing there?" said somebody, "Only waiting to see the King's pocket picked." Charles the Second's friends picked his themselves, 'tis recorded, to put a stop to his excursions to odd places. As yet, however, I do not suppose it has done more than please John Bull, and strike him as the conduct of an honest sailor, such as he always cheers at the play-house. But presently he will begin to think it too much, and so the Radicals hope by their toadying panegyrics.

In this neighbourhood Mr. Lawley gave the Birmingham Union so smart a rebuff when they put questions to him as M.P. for Warwickshire that they were silenced and abashed.

Royalty has been hovering in these parts, the Dss. of Kent and Co. Some of the gentry paid their respects to her, our near neighbours the Chandos Leighs, who were afterwards here for two days, and to whom Sir J . . . C . . . (of whom you have heard) said that Princess Victoria was "versed in the theory of every science." I never knew he was a fool. Mr. Leigh laughed heartily, which is all people get for their pains when they talk thus. Mrs. Chandos Leigh, a clergyman's daughter,¹ is a very pretty pleasing woman, so perfectly natural and unaffected, that put her where you will she would seem in her proper place, never shy, but never forward or vulgar—something in the style of Aunt Kitty as to manners. Stoneleigh Abbey is a very fine old place with noble oaks hanging over the Avon, where tradition says Shakespeare wrote his "As you

¹ Margarett, daughter of the Rev. W. Willes. Her husband was created Lord Leigh of Stoneleigh in 1839.

like it," and the scenery suits his forest of Arden. We also had for two days a Cheshire couple whose *bonhommie* pleased me not a little. Colonel and Mrs. Parker (*née* Cholmondeley). She spoke of you as having particularly taken her fancy. Now we have Mrs. Kemble from Leamington.

To return to the melancholy French concern : seeing only the *Morning Chronicle* and *Times*, sure to make all black as possible, I felt alarmed for the Ambassade and wrote to L^y. S. She answers that her son's letters are not more consoling ; his only comfort being that his wife and children were away, gone on a tour to the Pyrenees several days before the business began—the horror of it exceeded the worst days of the Revolution ; he kept his house locked, that none of his people might go out, but the balls whistled through the trees of his garden. However, he ended with hoping the worst was over. If the D. of Orleans is really placed at the head it will be his interest to hinder bloodshed and excesses, and to conciliate the foreign minister, and *personally* L^d. S. and he are good friends. They made me go to Neuilly, and I was invited to dinner (luckily after I was off) but all this signifies little—I repeat, it is his *interest* which signifies much. He is not reckoned a man of much *political* courage. I daresay we know but a small part of the truth as yet, but on the face of it, it appears that the poor king made an attempt that would have been unwise, if ever so justifiable, without a certainty that the army would stand by him ; and I do not suppose that any possible event could have so encouraged the Radicals of this country. In short, I feel very gloomy. As you say, I suppose the Berrys will sing *Io Peans*. I must write to L^y. E. Macleod under Mr. Byham's cover, therefore shall slip in this letter, but

take the precaution of putting another cover to Sir William. Indeed, indeed, I shall be most glad when you can send me the route, and I am persuaded it would now do him real good to be in the country. Mr. Morritt says the Quakers, Radicals, and Dissenters of the West Riding of Yorkshire, settled to invite Brougham; the Whig *gentlemen* were to a man against it, but hesitated and quailed, and a Presbyterian parson said plainly, "Whatever *gentlemen* may do or may like, Mr. B. will be nominated and Mr. B. will be returned." He concluded with saying that the prospect is no pleasant one for the gentlemen whether Whigs or Tories.

I have gossipped without order as things came into my head. Adieu, and may this find you more comfortable, if it please God!

LETTER CIV.]

[For a curious piece of evidence that Louis Philippe was prepared beforehand to accept the throne, see Chateaubriand's interview with him as described in *Madame Récamier and her Friends* (Noel Williams), pages 265-268.

Our embassy to Lisbon was withdrawn owing to the revolution there. A special mission under Lord William Russell was sent in 1833.]

B. H. [*Baginton Hall*], Friday, 13th August [1830].

I begin a letter—but when it may be finished and sent I cannot tell—certainly not till I hear from you. One come from Mrs. — [name not given] says that Lady Ch^{tte}. [Lindsay] and her friends, though within hearing of the cannons, ever satisfied themselves all reports were exaggerations, and nothing was happening, so remained very well content while all intercourse

with Paris had ceased. This surpasses even my usual incredulity. Now they are at Paris, and seem to have been more terrified by a thunderstorm that brought out of their beds all the inmates of the Hotel de Breteuil than by the commotions that had lately taken place. Mrs. — adds that she is afraid L^d. S. [Stuart de Rothesay] will be recalled, but gives no reason—tell me whether there is any such rumours or any fault found with him? He has ever, upon system, kept well with all the parties, royalist or liberaux, and being personally intimate with the O.'s, cannot be obnoxious to *Philip the first*. Mark that affectation, as there have been six before. It did not occur to *us* that the Prince of Orange should be Will. the first. But is L^d. S. attacked for not sending intelligence of what was brewing? That is the only ground of censure I can think of. We did not recall our Am^{br}. on the first Revⁿ., nor till they murdered the king.

Tuesday, 17th.—Still no letter from you; it makes me very uncomfortable from an apprehension that your silence must be caused by depression, and continued, if not increased, anxiety. I have just heard from Beaulieu [Lord Montagu's]. Lady M. speaks as if you wrote so to them—but why not write to me at all? Sure, sure, you do not “grudge making me pay for a letter”? To punish you, I have a very great mind to make you pay for this, and not enclose it to Mr. Byham, for I believe it will be single. My letters to Ly. E. M. [Macleod] go under cover to him, but she writes to me unfranked, I assure you, having, I believe, no personal acquaintance with him. But to other things that may interest you. I am told that my presence here does good, and keeps up good-humour, therefore I shall have no scruple of staying out the month, a fortnight of

which is now elapsed, then if you are not at C. [Cockenhatch] I think I shall return home, when, should you still linger on in London, you will be glad to see me. *They* do not talk of moving till late in Sept^r, but I am jealously afraid of what, according to Mrs. P. [Preston], was the reason a maiden lady's footman gave for leaving her. She was a kind mistress to him, but visited her friends in the summer, and staid so long *that she wore out her welcome*. I remember, too, my old copy-book, "Familiarity breeds contempt," so longer than a month I do not care to stay. It is another thing at D. [Ditton], where neither you nor I can have any such feeling. Yet I perfectly believe our namesake here [Lady Louisa Bromley] is perfectly sincere in the welcome she gives me, and she is certainly a fascinating, attaching creature. By the bye, the appearance of downright *youth* must be strong indeed. It happened to us one day to hold some talk with two different sets of Irish harvestmen out of employment, and they naturally and uniformly called her *miss*, showing it did not enter into their heads that she could be a married woman. As for him, I can perceive of myself that I do well with him. Of all those whose houses I frequent, or have frequented as an inmate, Mr. Morritt is perhaps the only one whom I have made a friend, who likes *me* myself, my society, my conversation, but I do not believe there is one who would ever have said, "I wish I could get rid of that woman, she is mischievous, or meddling, or troublesome, or in my way." They would all allow I was an inoffensive piece of furniture, and otherwise think as little about me as I am apt to do about them. . . .

Wednesday.—Still no letter. Of course I grow more and more anxious, almost apprehensive that this will find you in a state of undoubted uneasiness, and

even that I am writing what you will scarcely have the heart to read. However in hopes of giving you some amusement I will go on. We made a visit of two days, Saturday and Sunday, to our next neighbours, Mr. and Mrs. C. L. [Chandos Leigh], young people, the lady very pretty and engaging, the most perfectly natural person I ever saw, with that sort of civility which flows from good-humour and good sense, not taught by rule. Stoneleigh Abbey is a very fine old place ; the house, built in the reign of Queen Anne (like this), is a noble mansion of that period, wainscoated with dark oak and full of family pictures, and what Horace Walpole called *aristocratic* furniture, but with every modern comfort and luxury added. They seem to live as a quiet country gentleman of old family should do. On Sunday the judges on the circuit were to dine with them—only one came, Justice Gaselee (the other being ill) ; the inmates besides ourselves were Mr. and Mrs. Dugdale (*née* Curzon). I am intimate with her sister and know her. Mr. and Mrs. Lucy, a noted name in this county, Lucy of Charlcote, the original Justice Shallow, giving the seven white luces in his coat. There they have remained ever since Shakespeare's days. He has had the sense to repair and re-edify his old curious house without destroying its character, or pulling it down and building a Cockney cit's-box in its stead. The weather was very unfavourable Saturday and Sunday ; on Monday we just stole a walk before we took our leave. Yesterday morning arrived Mr. Mandeville, the Secretary of legation to Lisbon—were there a Lisbon to go to. He was attaché at Paris in Lord Granville's time, though somewhat ancient for that situation. He seems a sensible man, and having opportunities of knowing the truth of what has been

going on there at present, one is very glad to pick his brains, especially as I find he prophesied some months ago that a convulsion would take place. In his opinion it must have been ready, cut, and dried, although the infatuated imprudence of the K. and ministry let the spark fall on the combustibles heaped up for the purpose. As he remarks, the D. of O.'s instantaneous assent, without consideration or hesitation, strongly proves that he was under no surprise, but acted in concert with those who had agreed upon their measures beforehand. This opinion is confirmed by what I was told at Paris, that he was not a man of much political enterprise or courage; if not, would not the unexpected occurrence have bewildered and terrified him? It stands to reason. As for the carnage, he says it was as dreadful as the papers describe it, but infinitely the most so for the soldiery, and it should be for *their* widows and children our wiseacres should subscribe relief. His accounts say that in one narrow street the troops were enticed and incited to enter by being insulted, abused, and pelted. Losing patience they attacked the mob, who fled before them till they reached the end of the street, where there was a *barricade*, then turned upon them with fury and repelled them to the other end, by that time *barricaded also*. Their assailants then disappearing, showered upon them paving-stones that had been previously torn up and carried up to the tops of the houses. A regiment of Lancers, thus caught in a trap, perished in a horrible manner. Another similarly surprised forebore to fire on condition they should not be molested, and were not—only left shut up without food or water eight-and-forty hours. All this sufficiently marks forethought and preparation. He also says that to his knowledge the *garde nationale* had always retained

their arms, and held themselves ready to start at a moment's notice ; many of them old soldiers, and all, to a certain degree, possessed of property. He holds the new ministers very able men, but very hostile *to us*, and in general to the peace of Europe. The new sovereign, on the contrary, likely to keep on good terms with other nations if they will let him have his own way. I cannot wish you joy of your cousin Adeane's success and the Manners being driven out. It appears to me a general push against the old interests everywhere—in fact, against the *aristocracy* ; and pray what is the aristocracy of *England*? Why, by no means the peers, but also, and still more, the *gentlemen*, the landed proprietors. *C'est notre métier d'être aristocrates*, yours as much as mine, and Mr. Adeane's as much as yours. He turns out L^d. something Manners [Charles], and next time, snatching his own arms out of his hands, his own arguments and professions, Mr Cobbet or Hunt will turn out *him*. The push is against him or any other private gentleman as much as against any Duke. We take the *Morning Chronicle*, the language of which is strong enough, not against the Court, but *primogeniture*, entails, a National Church, and the *squiralty* (a new word for the country gentlemen), to startle even Mrs. Weddell herself. Pray tell me something of her, and pray do not be long before you write, though only a few words—a bulletin—though I should be heartily glad to pay for a double letter. I have just seen the paper, and see the Lanarkshire election has terminated as our friends [the Montagus] would wish,¹ so I must write a line to wish them joy, and end this volume, which will not go from Coventry till to-morrow morning. Adieu.

¹ By the election of Charles Douglas, Lady Montagu's brother.

LETTER CV.]

TO LADY MONTAGU

[FRAGMENT.]

Baginton Hall, near Coventry,
12 August 1830.

. . . Poor Charles X., it sinks one's heart to think of his situation, and on every account I hate his seeking refuge here. The newspapers are so violent in stirring up our people, that I dread his being absolutely insulted, and doubt our Government's daring to show him personally any respect, let alone venturing to espouse his unpopular cause. I am afraid I cannot think him justified, as you do, by the example of his unfortunate brother. *He* succeeded to absolute power, at least sanctioned by prescriptive right, which a firmer character would have maintained or only given up conditionally. But Charles reigned on a different footing; he had sworn to the Charter, therefore was bound to observe it, good or bad. We know what *we* should say if William the 4th issued a proclamation declaring Mr. Brougham's and Mr. Hume's election void, and sent soldiers to shut up the *Morning Chronicle* office—although you and I might at the first moment wish he *could* do both. He certainly has just as good a *right* to it by the English Constitution as Charles X. had by the French—that is, neither had any. . . .

LETTER CVI.]

TO LADY MONTAGU

[FRAGMENT.]

[August] 1830.

. . . Lady Stuart de R. [Rothsay] was going on a tour to the Pyrenees, and by what L^y Ch^{te}. Lindsay wrote to me, must have set out above ten days before the first commencement of the bustle, the gauntlet

flung by the poor king. I cannot help feeling very sorry for him, yet fear he has been terribly imprudent and ill counselled in taking such bold measures without any probable chance of success. I wish he had had only so much wisdom as our Charles the 2nd showed in saying, "Brother, I am too old to go to my Travels again—you may if you chuse." And an attempt to destroy the freedom of the press was so idle, unless, like Buonaparte, he had been master of Europe, and could control the press in Holland and Germany too. And even he found ours a stumbling-block in his way. In short, it seems like infatuation. . . .

LETTER CVII.]

TO LADY MONTAGU

[FRAGMENT]

21 August 1830.

. . . I have at last heard from Lady Stuart, and she has from her daughter-in-law [Ly. Stuart de Rothsay], who knew not a word of what had happened till the second of August, and was so lucky as to have left Bordeaux early on the 30th of July, wondering why she found no letters there. A few hours after she was gone the news came, and the *préfet*, indiscreetly drawing his sword against the people, a great riot ensued. She wrote from Pau on the 8th—a beautiful country, everything quiet, and the inhabitants all kindness to her, but even there but one sentiment reigning—rejection of poor Charles X., alas! Lady Stuart, *mère*, has seen a gentleman come from Paris, who left her son very well, and that town as tranquil as if nothing had happened. He says the infatuation of Polignac was beyond belief—not a preparatory measure taken, not a precaution to ensure either success or safety; and all intention of doing what they did do (during the

obnoxious *ordonnances*) positively denied and disclaimed almost to the last—in short, really acting like madmen. I am very sorry for them notwithstanding. Poor people, but I doubt their staying here, though if they do they will merely be on the same footing they formerly were, for then we never acknowledged Louis XVIII. as king.

Mr. Mandeville seems to suppose it certain that the present French government gave Charles X. two millions of francs, and are to allow him four annually—about £160,000. On that income the family may certainly exist with comfort and dignity even in this country, if they can *forget*—but what is so hard to do? . . .

LETTER CVIII.]

[Addressed] No. 27 Queen Anne Street, Cavendish Square, London.

B. H. [*Baginton Hall*],
Saturday, 28th of August [1830].

Dearest Lou—I received the packet franked by Mr. Byham yesterday morning, and saw with extraordinary pleasure that you could now entertain reasonable hopes of being what I am sure one may call *released* from your London prison; yet I shall be very anxious to hear something more, because this day has been rainy, and, what is more, *thundery*—altogether unfavourable for an invalid's first sally, although I must say rather warm than cold. By the bye, both our ladies being *frileuse*, we have pretty constantly wood fires here, sometimes without much occasion; but still they do not overpower one, so it cannot be called dog-day weather. I find Mr. D. [Davenport] has now announced his design of coming here for a day or two

about the sixth, after visiting Henry, the sick son, at Leamington ; and then he wants them to go along with him to Derbyshire about the tenth. You see, therefore, I must shortly settle my plans to take myself out of their way, as *this day*, or at farthest *Monday*, sennight. Now, even if you do accomplish your removal, and it succeeds well, as we all could wish, it strikes me that you can hardly like to receive a visitor so soon, for your father must want you continually as a companion, and besides, it will be a *gêne* and a constraint to him. Had we not, therefore, better give up the scheme altogether ? I know well what you would *like*, and for that matter I should like it too, but we must both yield to the circumstances that fight against us. And if it please God we may look forward to a long spell of Ditton in the winter. Pray answer honestly, putting inclination out of the question, but as soon as you can, especially if this finds you at Cockenhatch, as the letters will be two days coming and two going, and at soonest I cannot have an answer to this (answered by return of post) till next Thursday. Direct straight hither ; no going round for a frank. It is what I shall now do to you, that you may be sure of getting this on Tuesday. I must own that were I in Sir W.'s place, I am very sure it would be quite annoying to me to have any inmate in the house, especially (with his civil, attentive habits) any lady. A man that he would be quite easy with, an *aide-de-camp*, if (like almost all men) he had any such appendage, might be useful, and take some duty off your hands. Now do not let him *say* he should be very glad and so forth, but be yourself certain of the fact.

I have never thanked you for yours of the 19th, for I think that crossed my long letter. I do not design to enter on the contents now, nor on those of this later

one, for if we meet shortly we need not write ; if not, I shall have time to enter into all matters (per fav^r. of the Byham) when I am in town. Should Sir Ch^s. Pole be well enough, I may possibly call there for two or three days to see the new member for Bedfordshire [William Stuart]. For all you say, Mr. Adeane's letter, bringing in the French example, and promising to support *reform of parliament*, makes me very sorry he has got in : the first is *fudge*, which a man of a truly manly spirit should disdain to give into ; the second in all its shapes mischievous, and calculated to overthrow everything. If Lord Charles [Manners] was a dull man who did nothing, *tant mieux*—there is an old sermon of Secker's upon the beneficial change it would make in the world if people did no harm to their neighbours, even supposing they did them no good, and I am sure this is peculiarly applicable to M.P.'s.

You know I was entirely neuter about the Cath. question, and now it has been carried cannot perceive that it has done us any harm or Ireland any good. But do not you see that the moment it was carried, and by a sort of popular clamour, the consequence followed, "What shall we try for next?" and it has spirited up other popular cries for a *reform* which would utterly change our constitution, for the abolition of slavery which would annihilate our W. I. Islands and make Jamaica another Haiti, and—for they are fast coming to that—for the overthrow of a National Church, in imitation of Mr. Adeane's heroic French. Did you read the accounts of their dragging the crucifix about the streets at Rheims? Remember these are not Protestants who think the image idolatrous, but Catholics (if anything) who ought to look upon such an act as the most atrocious wickedness. This is put

in the French papers as the triumph of reason and so forth. And Mr. Adeane rejoices in the glorious acts of the glorious nation. But in his heart, I daresay, probably he thinks like you and me, but he is too cowardly to own it, therefore "Lends the crowd his arm to shake the tree," with which he himself will be as sure to fall as the Duke of Rutland—remember that.

. . . I daresay you have heard of the triumphant Lanarkshire election, bonfires, etc. Adieu. I am finishing in the company-room.

LETTER CIX.]

[Gloucester Place],
Tuesday [Sept. (?) 1830].

Dear Lou—The roads were excellent, and I got to town by $\frac{1}{2}$ after 3. . . . L. has heard that someone extolling the Orleans' king to the Duc de Rovigo, Savary answered contemptuously, "*Eh! croyez vous que nous avons fait tout cela pour celui-là?*" The *Quarterly*, I see, stands stoutly to its former opinions, concluding with, *If all can go on thus, then it is quite wrong and miracles have not ceased.* There is a long article on Bp. Heber's life, but I think not a very good one—heavyish. In short, it cannot be said to move briskly at present, and some of the articles are hardly worth the pains. For example, a negro Testament in "*talkee talkee*" lingo, whether it should or should not be so translated. Mrs. Waddington is in town, and I am going to her this morning. Pray remember me with all kindness to Sir W^m, L^y. Louisa, and your sisters, assuring every one that their goodness to me has not been overlooked or unfelt. Be sure and tell them this, for it is true. I have not yet written to

Mrs. Weddell, as I must stay in town for various jobs, at least till the end of the week.

Lady Lothian writes that the Scotts [of Petersham] have been at Newbattle, and the Admiral afresh laid up with the gout, but he recovered quite, and they had set out on their journey home. Mrs. [Scott of] Danesfield had also been there. Adieu.

CHAPTER VII

OCTOBER—DECEMBER 1830

LETTER CX.]

[Charles the Tenth's ministers fled at the Revolution, and were caught and tried. The three charges against them were, the censorship of the press, the dissolution of the Chambers of Deputies, and alterations in the election laws. They were sentenced to imprisonment for life, but the amnesty of 1836 released them.

The title of Hugh Rose's book was *Discourses on the State of the Protestant Religion in Germany: A series of Sermons delivered by the Rev. Hugh James Rose at Cambridge as Select Preacher in 1825*. Dr. Pusey, strange to say, took up the defence of the Germans, as Professor of Hebrew at Oxford in 1828. Rose replied in an enlarged edition of his book in 1829. Pusey made a further rejoinder in 1830 (see Dean Burgon's series of *Twelve Good Men*, p. 71).]

Ghislhurst, Friday, 28th of October [1830].

Dear Lou—I have been here since Monday, and shall stay till Monday next, finding my company rather beneficial than otherwise, and Mrs. Weddell undoubtedly better than she was, not only this time twelvemonth, but last spring. The first day she seemed in great pain, and left me before nine o'clock, but every other has passed pretty well, including yesterday, when we were twelve at dinner, and Tuesday, when we had two Miss Townshends and two Miss Stones. Last night she lay

down as soon as the company went away, yet still talked on with as strong a voice as possible, and I may add as strong a mind. That last is a great comfort, I fear rather a selfish one, for I am not sure the individual would be half so much disturbed by failure of mind as by pain of body, or the perpetual itching which annoys Mrs. W. ; the friend who stands by is shocked at confusion and forgetfulness, and does not feel the bodily suffering. However, I cannot help being thankful every day that there are no traces of the two former. She is just as clear and collected as she was forty years ago. The best of her two attendants, Clara, assures me she thinks her better than she has been for some time, adding, too, that she takes less medicine, which I know would please Mr. Dickenson. Yesterday we had Townshends, Stones, and Mr. and Mrs. Drummond (she, Lord Lilford's sister), and the *ci-devant* Chief-Justice and Lady, besides some spare men. Lord Wynford, like Mrs. W. herself, is a proof how the mind can defy the body—the most entire cripple I ever beheld, getting along, you can hardly see how, on a pair of crutches, yet, when once seated, lively as a man of five-and-twenty. He told us he had followed the D. of W. to the House of Lords, who was received by the mob with hissing, hooting, and groans. Then they accosted *him*. “My Lord, I hope you will vote for Reform?”—“If you will give me a new pair of legs I will vote for whatever you please.” They love a joke, so laughed and let him pass. He longs to go over and hear the French trials. By the bye, he says he was at Paris, when a young man, for the express purpose of studying the French, that is, the civil law, and since, he has examined the Code Napoleon with great attention, as also the Charter ; and in none of these is there

one word that can bring the offences of the ex-ministers under the head of treason. They were responsible, certainly, as they are with us, and deserve punishment if guilty, but not that of death, awarded to treason, which there, as here, is incurred only by a specified crime. Do you see what a good lawyer I am? For is not this exactly what I told you? He seems, notwithstanding, quite confident they *will* be put to death, either by a new law, like Lord Strafford and Sir John Fenwick, or by wresting the old one, "in short," said he, "murdered by judicial murder, the worst kind of murder possible."

I am sorry Charles X. is once more niched at Holyrood House, for that seems like taking up his rest here for good and all. As to *Madame Berry* [Duchesse de Berri], I heard she was in Manchester Square, and I warrant she will run about to all the balls and parties she can get into, which, to say the least, is conduct of the most undignified nature. The Macleods and Lady Gardiner were here on Tuesday, and I went over to them the next day. Alas! there is a great change in the General—more I think in looking old and decrepid than in looking ill; the same as to his spirits, not low as if depressed, but taking little notice of anything, like a very *very* old man. Nor does Lady Emily look well; but I have not seen either this good while, and the change may have been too gradual to strike their own family, for Caroline [Gardiner] seemed very cheerful. Her two fine little girls were there; the eldest as tall as if twelve years old, though not more than eight, if so much. I saw a trait of human nature. The first thing I spied was a beautiful child of Mrs. Cuppage's; when I stopped to accost it, it looked at me earnestly, and, not liking an old woman's face, said "Go vay!"

We all laughed and repeated it in her own expressive tone. Do you know the little monkey, though but two years old, evidently perceived she had *succeeded* (as it is called in the world), so she said "*go vay*" again the very first opportunity to somebody she did not at all want to be rid of—just the way of a professed wit. Mrs. Weddell makes me read Capt. Hall's travels in America; she is charmed with the reflections on a thoroughly democratic government, pointing out its many evils and the superior excellence of our own constitution—if people will but let the latter alone. I agree with her in liking them, and would think it worth your while to read them, and all he says of the people, their habits and manners. But oh that travellers would take the advice Swift gives to clergymen, and forbear aiming at *wit*, because, in his words, "it is about a thousand to one that you have not any." You must pass over inns and breakfasts and dinners, and you will heartily wish for your own sake, as well as his, that he had left his little child safe at home. There is both a flippancy and a wordiness in his style, except upon those serious matters, and also a repetition that I am sorry for, because it counteracts the good his book might otherwise do. For I believe it tells important truths. He mentions having heard a celebrated Unitarian preacher (probably Dr. Channing), and describes his tenets, which, he says, are spreading fast, and exactly accord with Hugh Rose's German Rationalists, independence of God as well as man, and denying expressly the doctrine of the atonement, therefore of Christianity—of course suiting best an intire democracy. Hugh Rose's second book is here, but much too fending and proving against Mr. Pusey for any of *us* to understand. I got your Friday's letter on Saturday, but not till after

mine was sealed. I hope by this time A. K. [Stanley] has got her [son] Owen at Alderley, and is as happy with him as you can desire. Time for no more as the sun shines (although the wind blows), and I must go out. Remember me to all the family. I return to town Monday, and then my going to Petersham will depend on Car's convenience. I am afraid the Adm. has got the gout again. From Petersham I shall proceed to Melbourne [Sir R. Gardiner's], if the coast should be clear—I mean of Royalty [Prince Leopold]—for it would annoy me grievously to be asked to dine at Claremont. Ly. G. is to let me know. Now adieu. L. S.

I ought not to omit how much Mrs. W. talks of you.

LETTER CXI.]

[Lady Milton, mentioned at the end of this letter, was Mary, fourth daughter of Thomas, first Lord Dundas, wife of Charles, Viscount Milton, afterwards fifth Earl Fitzwilliam. She died on November 1st, 1830.

"Mrs. W." is evidently Mrs. Weddell, whose niece by marriage, Mrs. John Ramsden, was a sister of Lady Milton. Mrs. Ramsden died in 1887, aged ninety-seven.

In Brewer's Bibliography, attached to his *Handbook*, Scott's *Demonology and Witchcraft* is put down as published in 1831. The two works advertised must have been *Castle Dangerous* and *Count Robert of Paris*.]

[FRAGMENT. Last sheet of a letter.]

[No date. Nov. ? 1830] [Gloucester Place.]

Mr. B. [Burgoyne] by no means attacks the national schools in themselves, but brings these facts to prove that if you teach nothing but reading and writing alone, you turn a pest loose on society—just of a piece with the

ladies who went about vaccinating the poor with their own fair hands : an operation *now* discovered to require the greatest skill and accuracy ; so the best half of their patients died of the smallpox a few years afterwards. Mr. B. says a damsel he calls “ the famous Maria Keely,” condemned to be hanged, pardoned, and at present under sentence of transportation for another offence, was a *teacher* in one of the schools. The pamphlet, which I should like to get, is entitled *Defects in the Public Charity Schools*, a 2nd Edition.

Oh, I read Sir W. S.’s *Demonology* while in town, and was much interested indeed by it, and I see in the advertisements tacked to the *Quarterly* two works of his promised. I wish, like you, that some strong, firm pen could be drawn against the Radicals, but every one seems paralysed. I have had a letter from him [Oct. 31st], and he writes in perfect dejection at our prospects, trusts to the Duke solely, yet observes that even he has sacrificed to the altar of Humbug. He would be the person to write if his opinions had not always been so notoriously opposite to the prevailing ones. It must be a new person or a convert. Mr. Burke’s book would not have had the effect it really had forty years ago if he had not been a noted Whig, tho’ I must say there is nothing in it inconsistent with his former doctrines when most violent. Even in his speech on that bill of retrenchment he brought in, he deprecates any diminution of the splendour of the Court, and expressly says it ought to be surrounded by the highest of the community—very different language from the modern.

Stocks I perceive are rising again, but fires going on and coming nearer town. How evidently that shows they must be the work of a gang or set not of the country people. I cannot help thinking that the city

dinner was really put off from the ministers having some private information of danger which they could not unfold. Peel, indeed, gave a hint of it, but everything happens unluckily, for *therefore*, not being at liberty to speak out, they appear to tell a lame story. Do not you admire Brougham's impudence in having thought the town perfectly quiet and the mob harmless on Tuesday night?

Well, I must have done. I should be glad if you burned this—the *first leaf* [destroyed] at least.

I wrote to Mrs. W. [Weddell] on L^y. Milton's death, which I feared would be a thunderbolt to her. I never was so shocked for people I did not know.

LETTER CXII.]

[The Duke of Wellington's Administration was replaced by Lord Grey's during this month.]

G. Pl. [Gloucester Place]

Friday eveg., 5th of November [1830].

Well, I am very glad that somebody [Sir W. Clinton] has stirred his stumps and gone to court at last. L^y Stuart, who was here this morning, heard from her grandson that he was particularly well received, the ——— seeming to speak to him very kindly, and *he had an audience*, which the boy, not knowing the reason, thought a great matter, and she too. I explained that. Charles also told her that His . . . asked Freddy *whose son he was*—like one of his blunderations! However, if he was civil, Sir W. of course was pleased. Lady S. is better than I expected to see her. I returned from Chiselhurst on Monday. Mrs. Weddell was only so so that morning, yet desired to see me before I went, and in half an hour that I sate with

her, talked with as much spirit and vivacity as ever I knew her, and in a strain at once affecting and comfortable. "I have been thinking," said she, "how many pleasures I have had in this life, and how exquisitely I have enjoyed even the least—flowers now, what delight it has been to me to look at flowers! Landscapes too, and all the beauties of nature, how they have enraptured me!" Thence she went on to the fine arts, and at last to the friends she had loved, to the superior abilities of Mrs. Hoare, the sound sense of her sister, the humour and cleverness of poor Palgrave, and many many more, concluding with submission to her present pains as no more than she deserved, and an humble hope of pardon hereafter. I cannot convey all this to you with the beautiful energy, the simplicity, with which it was spoken. I think I was more struck with the force of her mind this time than ever before. God grant it may not be the last we shall spend together! It even went as far as wit sometimes; for example about some instances of folly in parents: "Look you, it is a sixth sense, which of course you and I cannot have, and in those who have it, I think it usually eats up all the other five." This was a little pointed at poor dear . . . , whose grief for his only boy was at first pitiable and very allowable, but now it goes on, and this child, who never was above half alive, most unpromising in all eyes but his own, and the physicians said likely to have grown up wanting in understanding, is a loss never to be recovered—a loss too to the country and the nation, for he cannot forget he *was* an eager party man, though now truly he has no longer any motive for exertion; the boy who made it worth his while to struggle as a patriot is gone. She cannot blind herself to the nonsense of all this, partial as she is;

she says outright, " People provoke me ; they say, ' Ah ! Mrs. . . . has less feeling,' because she supports it better and does not talk such stuff. I say she has more sense."

Here is your note come in. Oh dear, how vexatious ! I have just filled up and signed my list, because I leave town to-morrow morning. No erasures or alterations are allowed, so I cannot vote for Mary Last, and I am really very sorry for it. I expected a *letter* from you by this time. You may in future inclose to *Honble. Tho^s. Knox, Barham House, Elstree, Edgeware*. I have put off going to Petersham till next month, for . . . is there, the Miss Berrys hard by, as much on a visit to Car as if in the house, and the Adm. still annoyed with gout flying about him. So she has her hands compleatly full, *d'autant plus*, as between ourselves, . . . requires exclusive attention, and has taken it into her head to dislike the Bs., I am sure she does not know why, except that they require it too. I wrote to you from Chiselhurst on Friday, inclosing to Mr. Byham. I tell you because that post office has played me some tricks. The report of the day is that the D. of W. is going out, and Lord Grey, etc., coming in, and that these latter are now frightened out of their wits at having hampered themselves with Parliamentary Reform, being pledged to bring it forward, feeling it pernicious, and not knowing in what shape to present it. There is for you ! It is a charming thing to plague one's antagonists just like children throwing squibs, but nobody likes the squib to be in their own pocket. How abominable a thing is party ! I have not the least doubt that the heads of the Whigs view such a reform with abhorrence in their hearts, and have only joined the cry in pure mischief, not dreaming it could ever come to anything. They know now that they have pledged

themselves to pull out the corner stone of the building, and when they have done it, more reform, more, more, more ! will ring in their ears ten times louder, till all is levelled, and themselves crushed down in the ruin. But I still hope the Duke will weather the storm. I hear the — has declared, to *please the Œconomists*, he will not finish the new palace, and all the workmen are suddenly dismissed, and they in great measure form the mob now rioting and attacking the police, because they are starving. I am so glad Peel had the spirit to tell Mr. Hume to his face that he chose nobody should spend the public money but himself, on his wanting a number of needless papers to be printed at a monstrous expense. I called on my niece, Mrs. D., Mrs. . . . 's friend. So said she, "Edward D. is going to be married, can you tell me to whom ?" "Why, so and so, a very pretty girl of two and twenty." "Hey, and a very good for nothing one, I suppose, or she would not marry him." I do not say so, for I allow various motives for marrying, and elevation is not an unreasonable one ; but with thirty years' disparity of age and surely remarkable ugliness of person on one side, the danger of her *becoming* good for nothing is not small. "*I marry*," said Lord Dudley, "no thank you, there are are too many G—— A——s in the world." However, Mrs. Cholmondeley is *bonâ fide* in love with a man forty years older than herself, and Lady Anne Coke the same. These men, though, *were* very handsome once on a time. By the way, the two eldest Townshends came from Norfolk on Saturday ; they told me Mr. Coke had done for himself. His own friends and party hung their heads and could only say, "Oh, poor man ! it is not to be minded, he is quite gone by : does not know what he does ; don't let us talk of him," and so forth.

Good night, for I am tired ; this shall go to Q. A. Street in the morn^g.

LETTER CXIII.]

[FRAGMENT.]

Barham House, 11th Novr. [1830].

Your letter of Monday came this morning ; that of the 6th I received on Tuesday, but one naturally notices the last comer first. It is very hard on A. K. [Mrs. Edward Stanley] not to have her boy to herself all this while. I hope when he does arrive he will not be pinched in point of time, and will be all she can wish him. I never wish any fellow-creature to become wicked, but in truth — richly *deserves* his young bride should improve herself and her morals at Paris, where he is so wisely going to take her. . . . The new married pair were to be drawn home by *his* radical mob for two miles. Think of the poor bride ! . . . I found here A. M. [Lady Anna Maria Dawson] (gone this morning) ; Mr. and Mrs. James K. [Knox], she a niece of Sir H. Taylor's (they went away Monday) ; Anne K. [Knox], a cousin ; and a Mrs. Nugent, first cousin of the Dss. of W., and *née* Packenham, an acquaintance they made at Ramsgate, a thin, elderly woman, who has more attraction for me than her countrywomen usually have, for she is quiet, well-bred, and somehow in her manner and way of speaking brings back Mrs. Preston ; then she has occasionally looks of Mrs. Hoare. Some of these (all Irish) have heard that O'Connell, before he came over, went to his own Dublin club, and every man there so decidedly turned his back upon him, that after going round the room he slunk away, spoken to by not one. You saw, I suppose, Mr.

Chalmers's letter, giving him the lie direct. If I were not quite grieved for that poor Fitzwilliam family, I should say O'Connell serves them right for their encouragement of him two years ago ; Lord F. going to dinner where O'Connell presided, etc., etc. It does good, however, that he should attack people so notorious for benevolence and kindness to the lower orders. Lord F.'s turning adrift his tenantry is of a piece with the Duke of W. being too *cowardly* to face the mob.

I have heard nothing of the Chancellor, but am sorry to hear it, because it is a sign that he thinks the Whigs will come in ; believe it I can readily, for I take him to be a *Rat* in the true meaning of the phrase, ready to forsake a falling house and secure an interest in any new one *quelconque*. Oh, what infinite mischief did Canning do in the short space of his reign ! Giving us such a Chancellor was one, putting down the yeomanry, etc., etc., etc. Things so easily done, so hard to undo again ! The four Yorkshire members, too—*his* doing when not minister—that sample of what more thorough Reform would produce throughout the kingdom, which, as Yorkshire people of all parties agree, has destroyed the peace of the country for ever, and opened the door to every kind of mischief.

Friday.—I look forward to this day sennight with dread I own, for it seems generally thought that on the fate of Brougham's motion for Reform depends the Duke's continuance in office, and, like you exactly, though I have no intire dependence on his principles or liking for him, I see not what is to become of us if he goes out. Should Lord Grey, etc., come in, mark my words, they would not remain half a year, just long enough to throw everything into confusion by doing a small part of what they have bound themselves to,

and a double outcry would rise against them for not doing the whole. So it has been whenever any long-formed opposition has come into power, because they have always raised expectations that it was impossible for them as ministers to fulfil. They resemble people who have changed partners at whist, what they did oppose, they *must, nolens volens*, support and defend, and incur odium accordingly. Well do I remember the passing of Mr. Burke's bill when the Rockingham Admⁿ. came in, 1782, the retrenchment of expenditure. One of the things abrogated was the Scotch Lords of Police, six, who had a thousand a year each for doing nothing, undoubtedly, but it was always given to the poorer nobility. Within the very first fortnight afterwards, £6000 a year was divided between Colonel Barré and Mr. Dunning, to one fairly in a *pension* of £3000, to the other in making up the salary of a place (Duchy of Lancaster) to that amount. Mrs. Weddell always rides off on pretence they were Lord Shelburne's people. So they were, but it was Lord Rockingham who did it, who paid that price for Lord Shelburne's support. This perhaps was flagrant, for they need not have done it; but there are things every ministry *must* do, they *must* lay or keep on taxes, and there was a certain shop tax which the Whigs never heard the last of. So it was with *the talents* after Mr. Pitt's death. So with Lord Lansdowne after Lord Liverpool's, and so it would be again; but *now* change of physicians would be tenfold more hazardous to the patients. I look upon Lord Grey and Mr. Brougham as equivalent to Mr. St. John Long, who I see has got into another scrape. They take here the literary *Gazette*, and I am much struck with a pamphlet of Mr. Montagu Burgoyne's. I honour him for boldly standing forward

against the education mania, as it has for twenty years past actuated us all with regard to the lower orders. It is not his *opinion* he gives, but staring *facts*. I will transcribe: "The public has been much deceived by being told that education prevents crime. I have no doubt that when habits of industry are taught and employment found, this blessed effect will ensue; but when they are neglected, I very much fear that delinquency will increase with what is vulgarly called the march of intellect. To ascertain the facts, I have visited almost every place of refuge or punishment, and I submit my report to the public. I begin with the boys; the case of the girls is still more grievous and deplorable." Then follows the list. In the House of Correction at Clerkenwell, 88 youths who had been educated at national schools, 48 at other charity schools (136 in all); in the new prison, Clerkenwell, 28; in the Refuge for the Destitute, 30. The schoolmaster in Newgate examined his accounts, and found that of 686 males within six years nearly two-thirds (*i.e.* 428) had come from national or other schools. He proceeds: "In the large places of confinement—at Milbank, Brixton, etc.—it was the same. All the governors and superintendents of these places agree with me that education and instruction given to the children of the poor *without* habits of labour and industry are the contrary to a blessing both to them and their country, so say my correspondents in country towns where large national schools *without industry* are established." I have heard it said, "but you cannot find them employment." True, but then you can let alone teaching them to read *Cobbett's Register*. The subject comes home at present because that very parish school you want to get Miss Last into, which has lasted fourscore

years, is falling to decay from people withdrawing their subscriptions, to give the more to the reading and writing day-schools. "Oh, there you know you can send as many children as you please" to read and write; the old school maintains clothes, teaches, and apprentices, of course but a certain number, but qualifies *them* for trades or services. If people could only be induced to have some fear of *doing mischief*, while, as Mrs. Weddell says, so restlessly eager to *do something*!

LETTER CXIV.]

[The origin of the expression "Choke-pear" was an instrument used by Dutch robbers to gag their victims (see Brewer's *Dictionary of Phrase and Fable*).]

B.H. [*Barham House*], Friday, Nov. 19th 1830.

I begin, not knowing when I shall *send*, perhaps not for some days yet, and perhaps to Mr. Byham then. Does not your head turn at all that has happened? Not with joy, I am sure, in spite of all you have to complain of. Yet if the Whigs would now rally round the Constitution, steadily resist the Radicals, put down the mob with a strong hand, economise gradually and considerately, treat their sovereign civilly, and introduce the changes they have unfortunately tied themselves down to make as cautiously as the magnitude of the subject demands (I mean with regard to parliamentary representation), I myself should wish them a long and happy reign. But in the various short inroads of theirs that I have witnessed they have regularly done the very reverse of all this, ruined themselves by their own rashness, enraged others by insolence, and gratuitously affronted the king, whom it was their game to conciliate; besides, what was rather their misfortune than their

fault, necessarily bringing with them a herd of hungry cattle to feed on the meadow they had promised to pare and burn. "What would you have?" said Mr. Fox on one occasion. "I wish to serve people, but we are three in a bed already." "I have been seventeen years in opposition"—wrote Lord St. Vincent to a friend of my own on another—"so you may judge of the numbers I have to provide for; but if your young man can pluck honour from the pale-faced moon, I will try to notice him." Above all, there was the memorable speech of Lord Rockingham before either. "Such a one shall have such a place." My lord, that has always been considered a place for life, and held as such by Mr. ——. "No matter, I shall turn him out." Really, my lord, I believe there is no precedent for it. "Then it's time there should be one made." Lord Grey, you see, improves upon his prototype by instantly dismissing the whole household, even those nearest to the king's person, the bedchamber, whom Lord Rockingham forbore to meddle with. In his time, however, there was no Mr. Hume to get up and ask why the king should have any household or lords of the bedchamber. Louis Philippe does without them and so does President Jackson. And I daresay your aunt, Lady Maria, says the same. To which the proper reply would be another unanswerable question, "Why should you have any maids? The Chandler's wife has none, as good a citizen as yourself and much more industrious and useful. Have you not legs and arms? Cannot you light your fire and sweep your room as she does? And could not you in a week's time learn to cook your dinner after her example? What do you want half a dozen *lazy drones* about you for?" Don't you think this would be as much a choak-pear as Dr. Johnson's

proposing to Mrs. Macaulay in the midst of her eloquence upon natural equality to let her footman sit down to dinner with them? And it would be playing in their own key, which I dearly love. For there is a certain sort of sweeping, generalising censure on whole classes, professions, sexes, as easy as it is senseless and (*pour trancher le mot*) vulgar. All men are this, all women that. The bishops—dear! A pack of old fools who think of nothing but gormondising. Well, will you come to particulars. What is the character of Archbishop Howley? “I am sure I don’t know.” Of Bishop Kaye [of Lincoln]? “I never heard of him.” Of Van Mildert, Bishop of Durham. “Lord, why do you ask me? I know nothing about any of them.” “Then how we talk of the laws, with such a set of absolute old women sleeping on a bench as the Judges—such consummate blockheads as they all are.” “I am sorry to hear it; how came you to fall into acquaintance with so many of them?” “I, bless me, I never was acquainted with one in my life.” And those who talk thus would go on without discovering that what they said was fit for a farce. The “pampered menials” and “the lazy parson” and the “needy placemen” and the “saucy fine ladies” and the “silly beauties,” and every other species of lumping and slumping come to the same thing, and should be left exclusively to the orators and listeners at Mr. Hunt’s Rotunda as their proper language. By the bye, I am amused with Mr. Hunt (clever fellow as he is!) for hooking Mr. St. John Long into his service, the scandalous aristocratical protection, and by that means the shameful escape of that worthy. If a poor man he would have been transported, but being rich, no—the rich may kill the poor at their pleasure. The beauty of which is that the

prosecution and the bustle about it are altogether aristocratical, for there are plenty of low quacks who kill scores of poor people with impunity; nobody prosecutes a mountebank at a fair because Hob or Jenny took his powders and died; but Mr. Long dealing with people of the higher sort and killing a couple of ladies, all are open-mouthed against him. *Apropos* of him, poor Vere H. [Hobart] is in sad affliction; her aunt Isabella [Maclean?], his chief cure and most vehement advocate, died the other day. I don't say he killed her, but the complete cure that the poor woman boasted of and touted so was all nonsense. Even while she was telling you of it, she would say, *parenthese*, "Oh, just a little cough I always have, but it does not signify," and that cough, in fact a decided consumption, carried her slowly to the grave. I believe she was an excellent person, and Vere much beholden to her for good principles early instilled, worth all the accomplishments in the world. Vere's steady attachment to her, weathering the attractions of Paris and London, I ever thought the gem of her own character. I am sorry, therefore, for this second and worse scrape of St. John Long's, because all that will be said of it must grate upon Vere's feelings, knowing poor Miss M.'s zeal in his cause. She must hate the subject. At present I suppose politics will drive him out of people's thoughts.

Any bonfires near you? None precisely *lit* here, but threatening letters dropped at Stanmore, Edgeware, etc. One in particular to a Mr. Day, who spends vast riches in doing good, but who has had a farm burnt in Surrey notwithstanding—Day and Martin's blacking, it is *that* Day, but his profits are enormous. On his daughter's birthday he gave her a little token of £5000 to do

what she pleased with. She pleased to build and endow a set of almshouses for poor women, which are not yet quite finished. By this you may judge how far the family deserve a popular attack or vengeance. God help some of us if they are its victims !

In a grand *rummage* one thinks (as I fear one should in an earthquake) of some individual most. I certainly look towards Paris, but I am also a good deal concerned about the chief favourite at D. [Ditton]. I fear there can be no chance for him,¹ and though I have no notion these folks will stand, yet apprehend they will throw everything into such confusion that it [is] vain to look far beyond them in such times as these. I fear our hour is come. Tell me of your father, etc.

As I have written on and on this desultory letter, it shall [go], and *viâ* Byham for fear he should be out (on the Rockingham plan) in a week more. Has Aunt Kitty got her Owen ?

LETTER CXV.]

Monday [Barham House, 22 Novr. 1830].

I by no means intended so quick a return of fire, but Mr. K. (Knox), who is going to town for some days, has by mistake dated his frank 22 instead of 25 as I desired. I shall have the less leisure to prose.

You have been, like me, I perceive, so gross a goose as to suppose Mr. Brougham's assertion that he could "by no possibility" be concerned in the change of administration, did really make it impossible he should take an office the very next day—next month would have been all fair and in the wonted order of things ;

¹ Lord Dunglas, Under Secretary F.O. He was replaced by Sir George Shee, Bart., on Nov. 26. Lord D. married Lord Montagu's eldest daughter in 1832.

but four and twenty hours (perhaps less)! It *is* a new thing under the sun, in Solomon's teeth. A good one, however, as it pares his teeth and claws. If this ministry should be of short duration he will remain astrand like Lord Erskine of yore, equally insignificant. If otherwise, there is little fear but that he will do the business of Chancellor well, and resist the mischief no longer his interest to promote. Yet it has been all along the grand error of the Whig party, when *out*, to act as if they never could be *in*, to do what the French express by the phrase, "*couper l'herbe sous le pied d'un tel*" to their own selves, break up the road along which they must travel. And therefore they have always come in under a heavy weight of embarrassments of their own forming, pledged to this and that, which to do would destroy their existence, to leave undone ruin their character for sincerity and consistency. Your coachman gives your horses four feeds of corn every day. "Monstrous profusion," cry a set of people who have no hopes of mounting his box. "Why three feeds? Why one? If horses fed in the fields as nature meant they should, what would they want with corn?" At last the clamourers conquer; one of them gets the coachman's place, another the postilion's, and how are they possibly to drive the horses unless they feed them as their predecessors did? Accordingly they do, *because they must*, so then a double cry is very naturally raised against them. Government in this country can subsist only by means of a certain degree of parliamentary influence and a reasonable share of patronage. Opposition labours to take away both, and when it becomes government in its turn, finds it cannot go on a single day without either. Let me instance one place—the Dutchy (*sic*) of Lancaster—fifty years ago the subject

of declaimers upon œconomy, one of the things which the opposers of Lord North strove hardest to abolish. They came in themselves in 1782 ; it was then held by Lord Clarendon's father. Did they abolish it? They *doubled* the salary and gave it *for life* to the patriotic lawyer, Mr. Dunning (whom you read of in the *Diversions of Purley*), creating him Lord Ashburton. I remember a stanza of some verses, I do not know whose, current at the time :—

How useless was Lancaster's Dutchy
When Clarendon's saddle 'twas girt on !
How light and how easy it sits
On the little fat lord of Ashburton !

You now in your time have seen the same process over again—the dutchy one of the crying abuses to be reformed, and the easy chair for Lord Holland to sit down in. I am sorry he has taken that station of repose though, as *he* would be an efficient person if he had health for business. Think of the indolent and utterly inexperienced Lord Melbourne as a successor to the laborious activity of Peel at this tremendous moment when you are looking out of your window for the bonfires ! That choice seems to me the worst of all. In public life there are a few master spirits capable of instantly seizing on a subject new to them. It was said, what should the D. of Wellington know of Treasury business, finance, etc.? He set his mind to it, mastered it, and all agree that his clearness and dispatch were unequalled. Lord Erskine knew nothing of Chancery law, yet it was said that by applying to it, and taking the best advice, he generally decided right. Probably it will be the same with Brougham—so Mr. Fox—so Mr. Pitt. Bar these rare examples, and next you have men like Peel or the late Lord Liverpool, who by dint

of patient industry acquire a deep knowledge of the subject they study, lay a solid foundation of habit and experience. But your common men of parts, supposed able while yet untried, with neither *superior* abilities nor yet practice to guide them, put them in a difficult situation, and they break down as you see Lord Lansdowne did, and probably Lord Melbourne will ; Lord Althorpe, too, with the very rudiments to learn ; but I suppose Lord Grey will keep that staff in his own hand. I hear his son, Lord Howick,¹ is to succeed poor Dunglas. There is what you will grieve over as well as myself. I have heard from none of *them* [the Montagus, his cousins] since the blowing-up, and almost dread to hear, for I think it will be a downright *knock on the head*, especially if the surmises about L. were well founded ; . . . then I feel so sorry for his poor mother. As for our own concern, I have not the least hope of Charles [Lord Stuart de Rothsay] being spared. It is true he has no personal enemy now, as he had in Canning, but remember Mr. Fox's old cogent argument, "We are three in a bed." And it might be added, "We have promised to make the bed three feet narrower." Louis Philippe, if his demonstrations are to be trusted, will dislike a change extremely. And you think *that*, and the having all the threads of an intricate maze in your hands, will signify ? Ignoramus ! No ! Even look back to Mr. Fox himself, another-guess sort of genius to any of these. When he came in foreign secretary in 1782, there was tough work before him, a peace to be made with America and most of Europe. So, as Tom Grenville, then almost a boy, had lately attached himself to him, and was a favourite and clever, he forthwith pitched upon him to go as

¹ He became Under-Secretary for "War and Colonies."

an agent to Paris, and cope in negotiation with *Dr. Franklin*. Franklin, much amused, said, "Twenty-two to eighty-two! We are well matched, truly."

No fires hereabouts as yet, but threatening letters flitting about menacing, not barns, but *houses*. The Lord Lieut. [Lord Verulam] has had one. . . .

I agree with you about the New Testament demoniacs. Nor do I think Sir W. differs from you, tho' he states both sides of the question. There was a famous Dr. Farmer, I believe, in George 2nd's days, who got the name of *kill-devil* from writing a very learned treatise to prove they were simply lunatic or epileptic; yet, like you, I think our Saviour's own testimony conclusive. Mr. M. B. [Montagu Burgoyne] proposes exactly what you do, and has, he says, tried it in a school for 80 children at Potten, where half, or third part, of their time is given to reading and writing, the rest to hedging, ditching, gardening, tailoring, and cobbling for boys; household work, washing, and cooking for girls. Potten, I presume, is his nephew's village, you have heard by what tenure. "I, John of Gaunt, do give and do grant to John of Burgoyne, and the heyre of his loyne, Sutton and Potten, till the world shall be rotten." Such were title-deeds of old. Arithmetical questions for poor boys and girls—oh-h-h-h! If you knew as much of my precious nephew-in-law P. as I do, you would be still more edified than you are with *his* being the atchiever of such a victory. I am looking over your letter to see what requires answering. *Je reconnais bien* L. in A. K.'s account of her; it partly comes from not having been early accustomed to self-control. She knows not how to put on a company face and talk civilly if her mind is taken up with anything. Yet it is not always a sign of melancholy. I

recollect having at times thought it was, and my sister C., who had a sort of shrewd penetration, though she did not gaze steadily enough to get to the bottom of matters, would tell me, "Oh no, not a bit unhappy; it is only that she has just now got some little scheme in her head that absorbs all her attention. She is merely thinking of something else, and so not minding what passes." Yet I own A. K.'s account makes me rather anxious, for now, her situation being changed, she cannot easily scheme. It might be, "Shall I change my governess? or my maid? or how can I get that boy sent to school?" and it might, on the other hand, be vexation. I doubt public affairs will not sweeten the W. temper, for *he* had changed to the government side, like Le Chevalier Tardif de Courtrac, just in time to partake their fall. And as *she* was still against them in her heart, I would not be in the poor man's place for something. Adieu, adieu.

A. M. [Lady A. M. Dawson] has been all this while in G. Place, and I believe comes back to us Thursday.

LETTER CXVI.]

[Lord Cowley had been Minister at Vienna since 1823. He was replaced in May 1831 by Sir Frederick Lamb (Lord Beauvale), brother of Lord Melbourne. Lord Stuart de Rothesay was replaced by Lord Granville on 8th December 1830. Sir Charles Pole had died on 6th September. Lady Pole was a Miss Goddard, niece of Henry Hope of Amsterdam.]

B. [Barham] House, Monday, 29th of Novr. [1830].

You owe me two letters, the second sent this day was se'nnight, and you are silent still. I begin to fear some mischief, and recollect you ended your last with something about rheumatic toothache; and I am well

aware that what is passing will not delight or enliven your father, perhaps not Ly. L. either, now it is really come to the push. Poor Dunglas is out [Under Secretary, Foreign Office], I find, a matter of course ; our friends take it more lightly than I expected. The ladies here, Mrs. S. [Stuart], Mrs. K. [Knox], and Miss Anne K. (a cousin), went to town last Friday morning, and brought me back a dozen contradictory stories. Lady Granville had accepted joy on the Paris embassy. Her daughters, now grown up, had prevailed with their father to refuse it, liking Devonshire House and its balls and breakfasts better. This ministry was likely to stand firm and last *sine die* ; nobody now alive would see an end of it ; it would not hold together three months ; people would be on their knees to the D. of W. [Wellington] to come in again. But what sounded to me most reasonable came from Lady Salisbury, whose lord is not of Lord Grey's party, but intimate with his family. "We have no fear," quoth she, "of Lord Cowley's being displaced, for Lord Grey says he means not to recall our ministers abroad, because their pensions would add to the public burthens, and he wishes to meddle as little as possible with continental affairs." This appears reasonable, and the œconomy that of an honest man. "But (she added) I believe such situations could not easily be filled ; people have so little dependence on the stability of this admⁿ. that they do not like to incur the expense of first undertaking an embassy they might possibly be called away from before they were well settled." Add to this that Lord S. [Stuart] himself has not as yet heard one word from hence tending to his removal. I had made no doubt of it, supposing there would be a general sweep to gratify ravenous expectants ; but if not, I know not

why he should be the single exception. Canning was his rancorous enemy and Lord Granville's bosom friend. How rancorous you may suppose from Lady Clanricarde's saying now, that "Provided Lord Stuart is but turned out, she cares for nothing else." But the present ministers are very indifferent to what she cares for, some of them his personal friends, and none, I believe, Lord Granville's, so it would only be to gratify the D. of Devonshire, who wants to have his sister once more ambassadress. At any rate, I imagine they will leave him to do the hard work, encounter any bustles or riots the trials may occasion. Philippe has lately shown *the white feather* too plainly. He attempted having something like a gentlemanlike meeting at the Palais Royal—a large party *en uniforme*, and it looked decorous and splendid; but next day he did what was, in fact, falling on his marrow bones to ask pardon; he published that *en uniforme* was put on the cards by a mistake of the aide-de-camps, and anybody might come *en frac* for the future. *Sans culottes* once again. It is evident that this very *very* little bit of ceremony gave his hard masters umbrage, and he durst not uphold it. The death of the king of Naples gave a fair pretext for having no more parties, but the offence was not to pass without apology. Surely the frontless audacity of Brougham is enough to discredit any party. Can anything be plainer than that when he disclaimed all connection with the new people, he had not got his expected terms from them, and meant to oppose them stoutly; that he had said, "Make your option, chancellor or enemy"; and they durst not leave such an enemy loose in the H. of C. And the impudence of saying he never in his life dreamed of being Chancellor!!! It disgraces the country at large to have such a fellow

raised to such a post, as much as it did Yorkshire to have such a representative—puts *character* so utterly out of the question. However, again I say the removal upstairs pares his claws and lessens his powers to do mischief.

Tuesday.—Mr. K. is gone to town for the house, and William [Stuart] too, who was here yesterday, and whose frank will cover this. So Lady Pole, being alone with the deaf girl, has had a letter from *Swing* to say her farm will be burnt to-night. One of the children is come to visit its cousins, and its maid brought the news, not made more agreeable by a fire which was seen last night from Edgeware. There is a large farm, threshing machine, etc., for it was poor Sir Charles [Pole's] principal amusement. Yet hereabouts no distress exists, nor are there people out of work. Mr. Chalk, the clergyman, tells us he has heard a buzz foretelling the like fate to this place *among the boys*, the young gents of the national school. A large one has for some time been established at Elstree, to which everybody subscribes with great zeal, and his report of it exactly confirms Mr. M. Burgoyne's opinion. The boys, at twelve or fourteen, leave it utterly unfit for labour, and, what is worse, *above* it, want clerks' places, and meanwhile run rioting, swearing, and fighting about the parish, a little crew ripe to be trained to any mischief. A bonfire here they would think excellent fun.

Wednesday.—Aldenham (Lady Pole's) is safe as yet, but all the people sate up the whole night. Can any people sit up every night? And lo! by the newspaper account of what passed in the H. of L. the ministers only "hope the disturbances are transitory," and confess they have hit upon no method of quelling them or dis-

covering their instigators. The Chancellor, indeed, has given a little distant hint that he has a mind to appoint justices of the peace of his own choice at his pleasure ; and it delights me to see how soon a few words from Lord Eldon, informing him of the difficulties attending his office, made him eat up and explain away that intention. It is so very easy to find fault, and he has been so used to it all his life, that he already feels the awkwardness of a position where faults are to be avoided. I am the worst needlewoman in the world, but give me the plain work of a whole school to examine, and I warrant I could discover every wrong stitch as well as if I were the best ; and as long as you do not give me your shifts to make, you will admire my skill in the business. You are mistaken as to his lordship's having *always* raved about the abolition of negro slavery. I read in the paper lately several extracts from a pamphlet formerly published by one Henry Brougham, pointing out most forcibly and truly the mischievous results of such an attempt—nay, would you believe it ? even expressing illiberal doubts of the natural capacity of the African race. I wonder the West Indian Committee do not get that pamphlet, reprint it, and distribute it far and wide. The truth is that he came in for Yorkshire on the shoulders of the Quakers, Methodists, and other dissenters, with whom this is a favourite point. Mr. K. [Knox] left about the other day one of the H. of C. papers with the notices of business for such a day—an immense number of petitions to abolish slavery. I had the curiosity to count them, and there were forty-four or five from Methodist, Anabaptist, etc. chapels ; twenty-six from parishes or towns at large—no sect specified ; and whoever would take the pains, would probably find the same majority by counting them every

day in the session. But the gross absurdity of petitions from this or that place ! Do not you think you could yourself get a petition from Barkway or Barley to any purpose under heaven ? And within a fortnight, by a little change of expressions, get them to petition the opposite way without knowing it themselves ? Simply because they would in neither case know what they were doing. I grant that to prevail upon any one in Barkway or Barley to consider an actual present negro as their fellow-creature might be far beyond your skill or my lord chancellor's either. I do own I derive a sort of comfort from his thorough, entire want of principle, his absolute contempt for it, and little shame at detection, so strongly proved by this transaction of taking office. He knows what would be mischievous and what would not, and now it is no longer his interest to injure his country, he will find a loophole to creep out of it. Did Mr. Wilberforce become Minister or Chancellor, *he* would abolish slavery at once, regardless of consequences, no matter for our losing Jamaica or the planters their lives, because he is honest and sincere, and would think himself doing a duty enjoined by God. But the Chancellor, who is impelled by no such motives, will perhaps pause before he sinks the ship, now become his own prize. I dare swear he is quite equal to making the answer Wilkes did to *feu milord* [Sheffield], your grandfather, when he asked him why he so hated my father. "Hate him? No such thing. I had no dislike to him as a man, and I thought him a good minister, but it was my game to attack and abuse him." Trust me, could Q. Caroline come to life again, and it would please the present king and promote the ends of the present ministry to make her infamy evident, her *ci-devant* A. G. would lament his former delusion and

do his best to expose her, without blushing for the matter.

How desperately political I must be not to have thanked you yet for your letter, which you may, however, perceive came to me this morning. I was really relieved to find nothing had been the matter without doors or within. *Elmy* wrote word of the mischievous work at Mr. Hare's. I am grieved for it indeed, especially now I see to what extent it has gone. One would have thought them in such a retired, quiet nook, so removed from danger! As for your supposing the rioters must have had the advantages of education, probably they have, like the Elstree boys, and I wish we may not be enjoying the benefits of *their* education in the present state of things. I have gone sometimes to a National School, and must confess that the glib recital of *texts*, which its method produced, did not appear to me in the least connected with the real inculcation of religious feeling or principle. They may have St. Paul by heart in that manner, and not be a bit the less guided by Cobbett's *Register*. The Lancastrian quackery was borrowed by a higher school, the Charter-house, and it sent two or three clever youths to college with such credit that everybody triumphed in the change. But what everybody said and wrote was annulled to me by the own words of a good, honest, idle schoolboy, "Oh, I like it of all things, for you see the monitor is just as impatient to get to play as you are yourself, so he does not care how you do your task, and you have it all over in a minute." Let the Ed. and Qu. Reviewers write their hearts out, they can bring no argument against this stubborn fact. If a soldier told you fairly he liked the mode of discipline pursued in his regiment because it let him drink, maraud, and

plunder as much as he pleased, how ought the rest of the community to like it?

Soldiers and regiments—what a mess they seem to have made of the Ordnance? at least if I may believe what A. M. [Lady Anna Maria Dawson] (who is still in town *chez moi*) writes about it. She swallows all news whole, but I think she seems to have had this from *Choakey's* mistress, who can discriminate, that Sir W. G. actually went to the levee to kiss hands as M. Gen. [Master-General], but finding the salary cut down from 4000 to 2000, not more than he has already in a *permanent* office, he made his bow to the post instead of the king, turned about and went home again. *Whose fault* is it, though? Some time ago the D. of Gordon, when talked of for it, said he certainly would not take it without a seat in the Cabinet, for he would degrade neither the regiment nor himself. But giving it to Lord Beresford, the first step downwards since there was an Ordnance, broke the ice, and now it is in fact come to, "Why should there be any M. G. at all?" Still, its very name was so above Sir W.'s pretensions that if all this be true, I think (his shrewdness considered) it marks his having no great dependence on the ministry lasting long.¹

The *Cacoethes Scribendi* is marvellously strong upon me, but I will not check it—only would I could depend on you burning this heap of stuff when digested! It is a regular bargain between Ly. Gardiner and me. . . . And does the long-pined-for Owen [Stanley] answer at last? Gratify his mother's heart to the utmost? Pray God he may! I can easily imagine her being far too full of him to think much about her neighbours or anything short of her poor sister Maria. I recollect that

¹ Sir James Kempt was appointed on 30th November.

I never fed your spite by telling you that the doughty financial champion who atchieved *the* victory had been offered a lord of the treasury's place, which he refused with disdain, and I presume is now at your service to go into opposition. Next to there being *no* writers on the better side, it provokes me there should be such a pert, scurrilous, virulent one as Croker! He has set up a new evening paper, the *Albion*, against the *Courier*, which *rattled* away from the falling house quick as lightning. It does not seem to me very clever. Neither in this nor the *Morning Post* have I seen a word of what Mary heard in town on Friday from Countess de Salis, *née* Foster (Irish), who had the account from the Dss. of Wellington—that the Duke sallied with a body of gentlemen and *a civil force*, and took seventy prisoners among the Hampshire rioters who were coming to attack Strathfieldsay. He despises newspaper praise and blame, I am told, so perhaps would not allow it to be inserted, or perhaps Countess de Salis made some confusion. When I was a girl Lady Lothian (Lady Emily M.'s [Macleod's] mother) used to say, "Lord! my dear, never repeat any public news after *ladies'* reports; they think it no matter whether the events happened in the East Indies or the West, t'other day or last year. They tell you we have had a victory (in America), and then, oh dear no, they rather believe it was a defeat, but something or other has happened they are sure." Many and many a time have I been led to recall this to mind.

Finished with daylight. No further alarms to-day.

LETTER CXVII.]

[*Barham House*], *Wednesday, 1st of December* [1830.]

A monstrous fat letter but just sealed, yet I find I left out something, and, let another go when it will, I shall note it down now, for fear of forgetting altogether. It is what you say of — *c'est chasser de race*—the family bent to hold cheap whatever their own peculiar click chances to dislike. That indiscriminating contempt, when sincere, is mortal to a man in public life. The heads never despise each other ; it is often extremely convenient to them that others should, but they prompt the oracle, they do not accept it. Not so the *Subs*, who do not feel that such contempt is sometimes absolutely ludicrous. There was a good, worthy, loyal, respectable emigrant, a Duc de Lorges, who in talking over matters with Lord Moira brought out, “*Cet imbecile de Buonaparte—ne va 't il pas s'imaginer.*” Lord Moira choaked a laugh as well as he could. And so my radical Irish niece, Lady . . . , says, “For the Duke of Wellington, everybody knows he is a fool” ; but the present Chancellor knows no such thing, though he would chuckle applause at her saying it, and form an estimate of her *own wisdom* accordingly. I am well used to all this among *our friends*. I remember the elder brother made a short excursion to France after the peace of Amiens. He was then in the height of the militia mania, and full of tactics, his regiment the crack regiment of the whole corps, by dint, I am afraid, of continual flogging as well as drilling. If you had heard the contempt with which he spoke of the French guards whom he saw Napoleon review. “Why, we should laugh at such manœuvring ; not at all what *I* call fine troops, I do assure you,” etc. ; and the

ladies swallowed it without any recollection of Major Sturgeon.¹ Yet observe *he* had not only sense but qualities to make a superior man, only he wanted shuffling about with his equals of a contrary way of thinking. . . .

Well, I believe I shall be cured of writing news as well as of arguing and prognosticating. Not a word of truth in Lady Pole's having had a threatening letter—all a mare's nest. A letter came to William as well as to Mr. K. [Knox], as justices, in order to provide for the safety of some mills that were menaced at Abbot's Langley. The servants laid their heads together and concluded it came from Swing, so sate up all night, and John told Betty, and Betty told Jenny, and the French *Bonne* Charlotte brought the happy compound hither. Are we not a parcel of geese. We hear (this comes from London) that a body of rioters attacked the Duke of Beaufort at his hunting box in Oxfordshire, and one aimed a heavy bludgeon at him; that Lord Worcester jumped over a fence and collared the man, and his companions fled in dismay; that this man has made discoveries, etc. etc. etc.—only, query—is it true, true, true?

Do not you think that the fact of the king's declining the renewed invitation of the city a positive proof there was real danger before, and would be so now? For if it had been only that the unpopular ministers were alarmed for their own safety, how eager would these people have been to make him go, and go with him in triumph the very first week after they had driven out the others? And how quickly they let it die away upon winter and long nights, as if those were new circumstances. By the way, I see the Chancellor of

¹ The fishmonger volunteer in Foote's *Mayor of Garratt*.

Mrs. Weddell's choice, Mr. Pepys [Chancellor 1836, as Lord Cottenham], has kissed hands as Sol. Gen. to the Queen. Good Lord! what disgrace a certain poor husband will be in if turned out after having been *turned in*! But it may be a mistake, for her M.'s *ci-devant* Attorney, Mr. Horne (a violent radical) is Sol. Gen. to the King, and it may be his place that Mr. Pepys has got. Poor W. was so awkward and untoward in his new position that I presume he will rejoice to get back to his old friends, if they will have him; but a late *deserter* is never forgiven, a downright rat always welcome. Well, I think I shall dispatch this to-morrow, as no post goes from Edgeware to town Saturday. There is no penny post from Elstree, but Mr. K. [Knox] goes over to Barnet or Watford for a meeting of magistrates about these disturbances, and so perhaps my letter may travel north. If not, it's lying a night will not signify, so Adieu.

LETTER CXVIII.]

[A short note had been sent by Lady Louisa announcing Mr. Knox's resignation of his seat in Parliament.]

B. H. [Barham House], Saturday, 11th of Decr. [1830].

I hope the note I sent you on Wednesday will not hinder your writing, for I would much rather pay for a fat letter than not get it or have it curtailed. The news that note contained burst on me like a thunderbolt Tuesday morn^g, but was not so sudden to the parties concerned, having been in agitation since the change of affairs became known at Paris. . . . You may judge of the extreme vexation this has caused to poor Mary, but I will not dwell upon it, or upon Charles's

recall. *That* I at least expected. . . . Well, well, no more of it.

I am sadly afraid you have been fretting on your side—the curious changes and counterchanges about the Ordnance. I did, I own, feel a sort of forlorn hope (though I said so to nobody) that they might (since they had resolved it should no longer be a political place) think of Sir Will^m, especially as some of themselves brought forward his usage in the H. of C before the dissolution; and if they had given it him, I felt I would have forgiven them a great deal; but no. I hope it did not come into your head, likewise his. I must say, however, he is to blame in not putting in his claims for himself, sounding in Lord Hill's ears, if not in others, the promise made him in the late king's name.

The army is to be augmented by 7000 men, but with no addition of officers. Donald Cameron, who is here at this moment, has got his recruiting orders for Derby. Now had the Duke of W. proposed this measure six weeks ago, what a clamour these very people, Greys and Althorpes, would have raised against it! Mrs. Scott (of D.) was at Harrowgate some years ago, where everybody dines at a *table d'hôte*, and nobody can choose their next neighbour. Hers chanced to be the Mayor of Newcastle, a very loyal person, who, in his zeal against the opposition, brought out, "Madam, if ever those fellows were to get in, you would see they'd be *diabolically* the reverse of all they pretend now." It was a slipslop for *diametrically*, but perhaps both words may stand. The raising troops and the æconomical grant of law-pensions will bear them out. I cannot go on much farther. At first I had a fever of excitement (as they call it) upon me, and wrote volumes; now I am

low and have not the heart to be fluent. I have fixed to go on Friday to Adm^l. Scott's, till the day before (or perhaps after) Xmas ; then I do not wish to be more than a week in town, where I hope you will meet me for us to go to Ditton together. The Courtowns I find will go away this week which we are now beginning. As everything here will keep cold, it's going round does not signify, so I shall inclose to Lord M. [Montagu]. Have you heard of the enormous sums spent at Liverpool? where the election is quite free, quite open. Reform of parliament would put an end to this, you know ; if the right of suffrage were generally given to a lower class than it is at present, *they* would never be tempted by money. Supposing such an unlikely thing as that they should, voting by ballot would give them the convenience of taking it on both sides and electing the highest bidder, all one. Adieu.

LETTER CXIX.]

[The word "visses" is an allusion to some wit's division of visits into three classes, vis, visit, and visitation.]

[Addressed] Royston, Herts.

Petersham, Monday, Dec. 20 [1830].

Dear Lou—I came on Friday, and Ch^s. D. [Douglas] making one of his flying *visses* here, I secured a frank, as he was going no farther than Ditton for the next two days. Your letter of the 13th reached me at Barham on the 15th, and you may suppose I read with concern enough of all your alarms. By the bye, on Wednesday night Mr. Byng's farm stacks were burned, M.P. for the county and the most of an independent gentleman in it ; of a steady Whig family too ; but that you will have occasion every day to see go for worse than

nothing, *e.g.* Mr. Stanley turned out by Hunt, Hunt in person!! And the Whigs have been abetting and bringing forward these people. I certainly do not wonder at your reluctance to leave home, under the apprehension of mischief happening there; but "time and the hour." You wrote a week ago. I have one to stay here and another must elapse before I shall be ready to go to Ditton; that will make three, and I cannot but hope that things will go smoother and subside ere three weeks are over. At any rate do not rashly *resolve* against Ditton. The Courtowns I find are gone to Scotland on the Duke's [of Buccleuch's] earnest invitation.

They have got some good (H. B.) caricatures here—good, I mean well drawn, not grub. The Judgement of Paris one, Lord Grey holding out the wig to Brougham, Leach and Lyndhurst, the first shrinking back in the modest attitude of the Venus of Medicis. Another, Delilah cutting off Sampson's locks, and Lord Grey waiting to clap on the wig. It strikes me that Sampson will very shortly find his strength utterly gone. I should have expected of his abilities that he would feel the necessity of changing his tone and, like Harry the fifth when king, "flowing henceforth in formal majesty," but as he does not, it is plain that the head is too light for the situation. The ignorance and rashness displayed in affirming that to be legal which there was an express act of parliament against, one known even to the Duke of Wellington, who was not bound to be exact in such matters, amount to an exposure, a disgrace. If this happens three or four times, with such *overlookers* as Lord Eldon, Lord Tenterden, Lord Wynford to take him down, he will be brought to shame, and his acting the Jack Pudding

avail him little in that place, the hospital of incurables. I begin to believe that shere vanity has driven him into it, that the being Chancellor, nay being a lord, was a temptation which overpowered even his interest and his ambition, and therefore that just now he is fairly intoxicated by the delight of such an elevation, and careless of what he does and says. In the quizzing of Lord Stanhope he utterly forgot where he was and what he was become; the peals of laughter around ought to have recalled him to recollection and made him ashamed. But what is all this to me? I am afraid by expressions of Lady S.'s [Stuart] that her son's removal has been done in the most affronting and disagreeable manner, in short he is sacrificed to the *manes* of Canning. Henry stays on; the attachés, like officers, are regularly appointed *here*, and do not lose their commissions any more than subalterns on the appointment of a new colonel; but he laments not only the comfort and good humour, but losing the initiation into business, for his cousin took pains with him, which does not sound as if he had been negligent of the public affairs. Adieu. I am in no writing humour and must end.

LETTER CXX.]

[A previous note, dated Dec. 28th, described a guest who had stayed longer than was convenient.]

[*Gloucester Place*], *Thursday eveg.*

[*Dec. 1830, or early in 1831.*]

Dear Lou—No book or parcel came with your note to-day, but when I send this to Q. A. Street in the morning perhaps it may be forthcoming. However, do not flatter yourself with any result on my part. Alas for me here, and (I fear hereafter), I am prisoner in the Castle of Indolence, where you know

Ten thousand great ideas fill the mind,
But with the clouds they flee and leave no trace behind.

The times, too, are depressing, and more and more alarming.

I was last night at Mrs. Lockhart's, very well amused. She played on the harp, and two daughters of the Knight of Kerry sung to the pianoforte. I sate next an old gentleman with whom I joined a little in conversation, and who should this be but Murray the bookseller. Mr. Morritt and his niece Anne were there, but Mrs. L.'s account of her father grieved me sadly. She talks of going down to him, and as I am sure she hears a softened report, I much fear he is in a declining state. L^y. Stuart is much the same.

There was a report yesterday very prevalent that the French had stopped payment of their dividends, but Lord Stuart says it is not true.

Pray tell L^y. Louisa that I have heard to-night of three private families in two of which the maids, in the third the footmen, had informed the master and mistress that they would not take any directions from the house-keeper or butler. They knew their business perfectly well, and chose to be independent of any control, otherwise must leave their places. I am sure she will be pleased to hear of this instance of the March of Intellect and genuine spirit of freedom, for understand that in each case they came forward like true citizens all in a body.

Lady Londonderry's coachman, it is said, refused to drive her out the other day, but he, pitiful fellow, did it because he would go on no longer without any wages, and asked payment of at least ten pounds—not at all from a sense of the rights of man.

Past twelve, so good-bye !

CHAPTER VIII

MARCH—DECEMBER 1831

LETTER CXXI.]

[The Miss Townshends mentioned in this letter were four daughters of the first Lord Bayning. They died unmarried. The title expired with the death of their second brother, the third Baron.

Lady Albinia Cumberland was Lady Stuart's niece, daughter of her sister, Lady Buckinghamshire. Her marriage with Richard Cumberland, the author, was much disapproved of by her family.

Lady Almeria Carpenter was the eldest daughter of the first Carpenter, Earl of Tyrconnel. She was a lady of the bed-chamber to the Duchess of Gloucester.

If the speech Sir Walter Scott made was the one described by Lockhart as his last appearance in public, Lockhart's opinion does not bear out what is said here (see Lockhart's *Life*, vol. x. page 46).]

[*Gloucester Place*],

Wednesday [March 1831 (?)]

Observe that I got the frank on *Monday*, so my letter must have credit as a volunteer, notwithstanding my having received yours yesterday. Mrs. Knox was in town yesterday to go to shops, call at her brother's, Lady Stuart's, etc., ending with a dentist's, where her poor little girl had three great teeth drawn. I carried them to these places, and while I was waiting for them

at the last, began to think I had got into Newgate among a set of convicts awaiting sentence, there were such pale melancholy faces sitting in expectation of a fearful summons to Mr. Cartwright's presence. Mary was in excellent spirits.

If it were not for the serious vexation it probably caused to you, I could almost laugh at the new bailiff's trooping off the day after he came. But (alas!) the mournful truth is that *good* servants will not offer themselves where they understand there has been a habit of continual change. I once had a footman—we rather—not particularly excellent, but sober, honest, and clean. The lady he had served before told us that he was young when she took him, and on her saying, "Well, then, I shall write for your character," he *made a leg* and replied, "Very well, madam, I'll step down and inquire yours." They are better bred than to tell us this, but we may be sure it is what they all do; indeed, they must be wanting in common sense if they did it not. And as I would not take a servant who I found had lived in half a dozen places within the last three years, so they—I need not say the rest. It may not be one's fault, but it is one's grievous misfortune when it happens. I am heartily glad you are coming. I shall call dutifully on the young ladies to-day or to-morrow, and shall have plenty of evenings for you.

Mrs. Lockhart told me that her husband, calling on Lord Sidmouth, heard from him that Lady Sidmouth had lately met at dinner (he did not say where) one Colonel Jones whom you have heard of, who said to her something sneering about Lord Sid.'s conduct towards him, and then declared the only way to do any good in this country would be to *erect a gallows at one end of Regent Street and a guillotine at the other*. With

the clearance these could make we might have some chance of going on well, pretty evidently pointing out that the clearance would include Lord Sidmouth in the first place. I pricked up my ears at Lady Sid.'s name, you must know, because I had heard Mrs. Hutchinson talk of her as her intimate acquaintance, and Lady Sheffield had happened to tell me that Lady Charlotte one day met the said *Colonel Jones* at dinner at *Colonel Hutchinson's*!!!! and said he was a vulgar man, but quieter and more moderate than she expected. I was with Ly. Sheffield Sunday evening, and I own I had a malicious pleasure in carrying her my story. She was delighted with it, and vowed she would roast Lady Charlotte well for Col. Jones's moderation. She knew she had lately met Lady Sidmouth at the H.'s, therefore felt quite sure it must have passed there, but not a word of this bright conversation had Ly. Ch^{tte}. repeated. "And is Col. Jones," said I, "looked upon as fit company for other gentlemen?" "Why, really," answered she, "*I* should have thought *not*, but Col. Hutchinson, who is something of a radical himself, seems to me to have but few acquaintances, and those very odd people." She and Lady Charlotte were going together to Sh^d. Place to-day for the holidays. When they return the Miss Townshends (Bayning) are to pay her a week's visit in Portland Place. I met Miss Emily the other day. She said Mrs. Weddell was pretty well, and now longing to be in town. Yet come she is not.

To go on with the chapter of Col. Jones. I have learned from Ly. Stuart the truth of the affair between her nephew Cumberland and him. In one of *Radical's* letters to the *Times*, Lady Albinia Cumberland was set down as having a pension for her *former services* to

certain of *the Princes*—in Italics. Richard Cumberland wrote to Jones, as the known author, to demand a contradiction and apology for this scandalous attack on his mother's character, or else *satisfaction*. Jones refused both. Richard C. posted him as a coward, and then some others of the family taking it up, *Radical* avowed he had been misinformed and was sorry. And what do you think was meant? Why, the old story (too old for *you* ever to have heard) of the late Duke of Gloucester and Lady *Almeria Carpenter*, who had no more to do with Ly. A. Cumberland than with Ly. L. Clinton, and, like several other people whose pensions *Radical* complains of, has been dead and buried many years. But it is all one to poor Ly. Albinia, whom two-thirds of the kingdom will believe to have been some Prince's mistress in her youth, instead of the careworn wife, widow, and mother we have known her from first to last.

Admiral and Mrs. Scott were in town (at Captain Bowles's) all last week for the drawing-room, and she weathered everything without any headache.

Lady Stuart is greatly better.

Sir W. Scott has been well enough to attend a Reform meeting and make a speech, which Sir R. Peel says is the best the question has yet produced.

A visitor, and the carriage ready too. So good-bye!

LETTER CXXII.]

G. P. [*Gloucester Place*],
Friday, 18th of March [1831].

I hope you have got into no foolish fuss about my silence, which has had no better or worse cause than laziness and other things to do. The books did come along with your letter, but I have not opened them yet.

As for what I did "after I got rid of my incumbrance." I think I staid at home 3 evenings running. Last night I was at L^y. Stuart's ; she thinks both herself and Vere better.

I would have you to know I have been at two parties this week—one last night at L^y. Charlotte Lindsay's, by no means large, and no lions, for which I scolded her. I had reckoned upon seeing the Edinburgh Reviewers at least, that is, the Chancellor and Lord Advocate (Francis Jeffrey). Mrs. Scott [Danesfield] had a rather larger *at home* on Monday. Mrs. Weddell is not come, nor can one get any tidings of her at the house door, where they only say they expect her every day, as they have said for a fortnight past. For news, all I hear is that both parties are *quite sure* the bill will be carried—and *rejected*. So the Dow^r. Lady Warwick told me, who was good authority, half her connections being on one side and half on the other. Lord Beresford said to a person I know that he really believed Lord Grey never had an expectation of carrying it, nor would have proposed it if he had, but that the intention of the present people is to go out with all the popularity possible, and throw all the odium on those who succeed them, be they who they may ; in plainer words, make the place as hot as they can for the next comers. One must give grains of allowance to all this, but truly they do seem to go on with a degree of intemperance which does bespeak no sobriety in their plans. Mr. Tancred has published a pamphlet that seems to me far more consistent ; he would have the counties as well as boroughs done away with, and M.P.'s returned by districts, all who do not actually *receive alms* voting by ballot. The only part of his reasoning that seems disingenuous (if *not* mad or foolish) is that he says this is the sole way

of preserving the gentry, the church, and the funds. One would think him too sensible a man to suppose it possible for any of the three to exist a week under such an order of things. But bating that, his plan is one thing, our present constitution another. The bill is a *betweenity* that overthrows the latter, without establishing the former. Mr. Morritt says that by increasing the county members and subtracting from those who vote for them all the manufacturers, who would be confined to the towns, the aristocracy would be strengthened. If so, the democracy would soon find that out and rise against it. But as it would vest the *whole* authority and power of the nation in *one* estate, the House of Commons, what occasion would there be for the other two? Of course they would be abolished in effect, and soon after in name.

I saw *grandmama* [Lady Sheffield]; went to her one evening with Mrs. Scott. She has not horses yet, being advised to keep chiefly at home till the spring is further advanced, but to all appearance she was pretty well. I have offered her my company to-night or to-morrow. Lady Gardiner is in town, and I have been two evenings with her. She had an alarm about her mother [Lady Emily Macleod] ten days ago, but it passed off, and she is all the better for the discipline it required. L^y. G.'s eldest boy came home with the whooping cough, which confines her much at home. She has sent her little girls to her father's in the park (Richmond). I have not had any communication with Mrs. Knox lately. I ought to be writing to her instead of *you*, do you see? L. S. [Stuart] de R. went off *per* steam-packet from the Tower stairs on Tuesday morning—in a whirlwind I am sure. I hope the wind and rain we had for a full week, from last Friday, will be a full receipt for the Equinox

that is yet to come. You, I presume, had your full quota of it, but if there be tolerably fair weather within doors, no matter, unless the house were literally blown down. Pray bring me Hugh Rose's publication.¹ I am not in the way of seeing it otherwise. I hope and trust you are girding yourselves for your removal. If Sir Will^m. has these bilious attacks, it is only the more necessary. The Montagus came yesterday; I shall call there to-day. Car [Mrs. Scott] is to be in town (at the Bowles's) next week, and go to the drawing-room. By all I hear of Sir Walter Scott, he is in a declining state that at least threatens premature old age. Mrs. Lockhart seems resolved to go down to him with her children a month hence, altho' her husband cannot stir till July.

I heard the history of that article on Reform in the *Quarterly Review*. It was offered to Murray as a pamphlet, he will not say by whom. Much struck with it, he begged to publish it in the *Q. R.* in order to spread it more widely, and for that purpose got up directly the number that should but have come out in April. It has had a great run, and he says he has sold a vast number of copies. The Gardiners told me this. By the bye I went to the L.'s [Lockharts] one evening, when they had a "few friends"; none of the few known to me except Mr. Morritt. I got into talk with him and a plain, sensible old gentleman with a grey head, and who should it be but Murray in person! A sort of lion in my eyes, though none in those of the men.

Adieu with my usual abruptness. No, I must tell

¹ Probably *Notices of the Mosaic Law*, by the Rev. Hugh James Rose, see Burgon's *Lives of Twelve Good Men*, page 77, note 3.

you two stories. A clergyman at Iver had sent down to him anonymously a hundred of the letters in the *Times*, signed Radical (Colonel Jones), to distribute in his parish. He put them in the fire. Mr. Morritt says thousands of Cobbett's and Carlisle's worst squibs, chiefly Carlisle's, most blasphemous and blackguard productions, were to be found quite up in hedge ale-houses in the moors and wild dells near Rokeby far and wide. They make use of the people employed by the Methodists to disseminate their tracts, so if the pedlar is called in question, he opens his pack full of pious works, while he has a private hoard of the others which he distributes to the miners, etc. Now in earnest adieu.

L. S.

LETTER CXXIII.]

[Lord Lothian, the seventh Marquess, was the stepson of Lady Lothian mentioned. He married Lady Cecil Talbot 19th July 1831. Lady Harriet Kerr married Sir John Stuart Forbes, Bart., of Pitsligo in 1834.]

[*Gloucester Place*], Tuesday [1831 (*before July*)].

Dear Lou—It is foolish to write when you are away for so few days. However, to content you, I saw Mrs. W. [Weddell] on Saturday morning, and went to her with my nieces Sunday evening. Am to dine there to-morrow. She looks quite ghastly when seen by daylight, and does not rise from her couch, yet the mind and spirit are there just the same. I saw L^y. Lothian yesterday. She and they all are in the height of joy at a long-wished-for event, Lord L.'s marrying just the person of all others they could have chosen, Lord Talbot's daughter ; but, alas ! there is a drawback. L^y. Harriet (Kerr) fell ill of the chicken-pox a few days ago, had

it violently from head to foot ; so had I some five and forty years ago, and I comforted them by telling them so. This will not do though, it is *decidedly the small-pox*. It has turned, and I trust she is safe, but you know pretty well all the *ins and outs and hows and abouts* there *will* be among their relations. As they did at first call it the chicken-pox *bonâ fide*, they mean to say as little of it as they can, so do not you name the other. You may conceive how very provoking that they cannot at this moment associate with Ly. Cecil Talbot. I go to them to-night. "You are not afraid," said Ly. Lothian. Who *was* afraid in the days of inoculation ? I told her I, and all the rest of her mother's acquaintance, had frequented the house when she and all her brothers and sisters were under inoculation, and it entered into nobody's head to dream of catching the small-pox. People who had young children themselves sometimes avoided the house where it prevailed. I was asking my contemporary, Cross, whether she ever heard of any such fear. "Lord, Madam," answered she, "I am sure I nursed all Lady Leslie's children in it, and her sisters were backwards and forwards in the nursery." Addio.

LETTER CXXIV.]

[This letter evidently refers to the death of Mrs. Weddell, which took place on 12th July 1831. The allusion to her former position means the time before her husband's death, when she was mistress of Newby in Yorkshire. The Rev. Francis Wollaston was Rector of Chiselhurst. He died in 1815. His wife was a Miss Hyde, his mother Miss Mary Fauquier. His son was Archdeacon of Essex and Jacksonian Professor at Cambridge.

Miss Berry's book was probably *A Comparative View of Social Life in England and France* 1823-31.]

[Gloucester Place],
Thursday [1831, after July 12].

Dear Lou—I return Miss Berry's book, which I cannot take with me. Mr. D. has been here, quite ill himself, poor man, and being both fluttered and fussed I did not ask him what I wanted to know—where *she* was to be deposited. Do find out for me and let me know when you write. Of course no hurry. Somehow I should like it to be at Chiselhurst, where lie Mrs. Hoare, Miss Hoare, Mrs. Benson, Miss Mary Townshend, the Wollastons, so many of the society who met there when living. But that was long a strange and foreign country to her, and as much a *fall* from her former situation (for everything goes by comparison) as Holyrood-house to Charles X.

Well, God bless you! Amen.

LETTER CXXV.]

Danesfield, Wednesday, 3rd of August [1831].

You have been silent, *par discretion*, I daresay, since you received my last letter, which yours of the 25th crossed by going first to Ditton. I was very much obliged to you for giving me an account of your father's recovery. Ly. Montagu insists that all the langour, etc., you impute to himself and his own malady belong to a convalescent from *la grippe*, as it is the fashion to call it, and that you have not, from beginning to end, mentioned one symptom which has not been *theirs*. I stand neuter in the controversy, knowing nothing of the matter on one side, and being no doctor on the other; but I am heartily glad he is better. You have heard by this time of our visit to Ditton. We spent a very pleasant day there on Friday, adventuring at a

great hazard, for it began growling thunder soon after breakfast, tho' there was sunshine, and we were in a thousand minds whether to go or give the matter up. At last we set out. It thundered on the whole day, sometimes coming near and looking black, yet I saw no lightning, and it never came to the downpour of rain we might have expected. This, as the newspaper tells us, was a dreadful storm in London. The day before, Thursday, there was one very near us, at Henley, but here only the same distant growling for two hours, with a violent shower, however, at last. Lord M. looks a great deal the better for his refreshment, and all the rest seem well. . . . The latter (Lady Montagu) talked of carrying Lucy up to the London Bridge raree show. Did any of your people go to it? In your place I should have thought it worth while, but I know you will tell me you are too old for sights and such follies.

I heard from Petersham yesterday, and between ourselves I do not at all like what is said of Harty K. [Kerr]—"dreadfully weak, a constant pain in her back, ordered to lie on a couch." I hope I shall never (*drunk or sober*) utter a wish passing in my mind, viz. that all those I care for, born within these last thirty years, had been inoculated like their fathers and mothers, and like us older people still. I believe, verily, a friend of ours must have had a hand in the last paper published by the college on this subject a week ago, in which Sir Henry Halford and Co. assure us for your comfort that the instances of moderated small-pox occurring after vaccination are not more numerous than those of *chicken-pox* after inoculation. Now, who ever supposed inoculation, or natural small-pox either, to be any preservative against the chicken-pox? Or who ever cared whether it was or not? Since when did the

chicken-pox at its worst signify three pins? I have a right to ask that last question, since nobody ever had it more violently than myself, and very ill I was for three days. But to return to the K. family. I shall be very anxious till L^y. L. is gone to the west and this poor thing picks up again. I had a letter from Anna Maria [Dawson], too, yesterday. She is well at last, tho' she says it was long before she could shake off the remains of the aforesaid *grippe*. She had been at Baginton a week when she wrote—wants me to come. I own I am in no particular hurry. Mrs. S. [Scott] and I have been quite alone these ten days, and are not at all tired of one another, nor of a wicked book we have been reading (*TOM JONES* if you won't tell). Neither of us had read it for a great while, and, oh, what good writing it is! No modern *stuff* can possibly do after it. But I am in great fear it will have taught me to swear, for there is no giving effect to it without uttering Squire Western's words outright. We are in hopes [the Scotts of] Petersham will come to us, but know not exactly when. L^d. and L^y. J., my nearer of *kin*, but not of *kind*, come next Saturday, but I hope only for a couple of days, for he cannot be spared from his Reform Bill. Thank heaven! I have not heard one word of politics since I came, nor have I thought about them. We have a dinner of dullish neighbours to-day—no great matter for once, especially as a haunch of venison wants to be eaten. And so ends my eventful history. . . .

You see how villanously I scrawl, leaving out words, blotting, etc., etc.—all *narvous* signals; and the pen, as if *narvous* too, is most abominable.¹ When I come to Cockenhatch I shall *spunge* (in the old phrase) upon

¹ The writing is excellent, as usual.

poor Lady Louisa for a better, as I have something to write out for Lady Montagu. Adieu for the present.

LETTER CXXVI.]

[Lord Braybrooke is well known for his edition of Pepys's *Diary*.]

TO LADY MONTAGU

[FRAGMENT.]

[*Cockenbatch* (?) *August 1831* (?)]

You see I have marvellously little to say by my talking of books. Our monotonous life affords little else, though we have gone rather more out of bounds lately than usual—even made an expedition of eleven miles one morning to see Audley End, a great house, though only the fragment of an enormous one built by an Earl of Suffolk in James the first's reign. It was very interesting to me, the more from having just seen so many Gothic, or, as they term it, *Elizabethan* mansions in Staffordshire.

Whether it is prejudice or not, I cannot help thinking there is a dignity about the really ancient building that the copy cannot arrive at. It is not half so overloaded with ornament, and I observe the ceilings are mostly plain, while those of the new old rooms have heavy carvings which you expect to fall on your head. The owners, Lord and Lady Braybroke, were absent, but by the arrangement and the furniture, and a large library being evidently their chief sitting-room, I should take them to be comfortable people, who live rationally and pleasantly. She, I think, was a Cornwallis.

I believe I told you that Louisa Bromley had boldly accepted Mrs. or Lady Hall's invitation to Monmouthshire for the Welch meeting with a hard name [Eisteddfod?] at Abergavenny. Sir Charles Morgan, the great

squire of South Wales (like Sir Watkin of North) was the president, but his house being distant and Llanover near, there they chiefly assembled. I had a letter from Louisa yesterday. Mr. B. would not go. She and Caroline got there the second day to dinner, and they have been highly amused with the new and gay scene. Louis Philippe sent over five bas-Breton gentlemen, two of them, she says, most agreeable men, and they brought an ode the French poet la Martine had composed for the occasion. Three waggons full of bards, that is harpers, attended them into the town. The rest of the week was to be taken up with dinners and balls, and to-day she intended to set out on her return, much the better for the *fillip*. I am glad I spirited her to the undertaking, as it has answered so well. And now adieu, with love to Lucy and all beside.—Yours ever,

L. S.

LETTER CXXVII.]

*Danesfield, Gt. Marlow,
Sunday afternoon [Aug^t. 1831].*

Dear Lou—Your letter came this morning (with a good account of Lord M. from Lucy [Montagu]), and I return fire thus quickly because some visitors leave us to-morrow who can take this to the penny post. Mr. and Mrs. Philip Bouverie, he an M.P., Lord Radnor's brother, she an A'Court, L^d. Heytesbury's sister; both pleasant people, especially the wife. I am disturbed at what you say of your father, and cannot bear the thoughts of your returning to such sleepless nights as nearly knocked you up last year. Yet having much faith in Dickenson, I would hope it has been a touch of influenza, although otherwise shaped from what it was in your sisters. He told me, indeed, that it varied in

its attacks according to the constitutional malady in the patient ; for example took a rheumatic form in himself ; not certainly that this makes it a bit more a thing to be neglected or lightly regarded for Sir William. And therefore I beg you will please to write very soon again, as I shall be extremely anxious to hear how he goes on. Whiteness of tongue Dickenson always appeared to me disposed to lay a particular stress upon, so I cannot think he would be inattentive to it.

Monday.—Mr. and Mrs. Bouverie are gone ; the former went early, therefore I gave him the trouble of franking instead of carrying this. I knew what your feelings would be at what I confided to you in my last ; and yet I combated mine, for “*il faut être juste*” as poor Charles X. used to say. What we are to people of their sort are our servants to us, and do we think we owe them attachment and gratitude in return for theirs ? Mr. Wilmot Horton would have been generally laughed at if when considering whether he should accept or refuse the gov^t. of Ceylon he had let the condition and welfare of even very old and faithful servants weigh a straw in the balance. You would as soon have expected him to consider what was to become of his horses. So let us look at home before we censure too bitterly. What I say here I said to Caroline, and she owned the truth of it. “Oh, but servants are such low-minded wretches ; they have no gratitude ; they feel for nothing but themselves, consider only their own paltry interests.” And to be sure princes have no right to say the same thing of much the greater part of those who surround *them*, fatten on their favours and eat their bread ! That human beings are all alike is, I fear, a much more just assertion than that either princes or footmen are so. Do we not hear Beau Brummell

almost admired for having insulted the prince who admitted him—the son of the errand boy of my father's secretary's clerks—into his intimate society? And did not that prince before he died most good-naturedly make him Consul at Calais? “But real worth, real attachment, ought to be acknowledged and prized.” So they ought. And in a private family do you never see an artful, flattering knave worm fidelity and honesty out of an indolent, careless master's favour and service?

Well, I cannot say a great deal more, having other letters to write and Mrs. S. being impatient for our book, which (don't tell) is, saving your presence, *Tom Jones*, for her Marlow bookseller will not send her *Maxwell*, which we were to (read). Truly though I liked it, I am afraid it will hardly do, if it come *after Tom Jones*, where every word tells and my famous talent for skipping can have no employment. One might skip a whole *chapter* occasionally, I grant.

Mr. and Mrs. B. [Bouverie], who were at the breakfast, gave us a full account of it. An invitation followed me to Melbourne [Sir R. Gardiner] with Thomas. It would have been no amusement to me, and I presume it was a *triste* one to L^y. M. [Montagu]. To tell you the truth, my lately departed friend [Mrs. Weddell] filled all my thoughts, especially since I arrived here, for at Melbourne I was occupied with their cares and anxiety; but I will not enter on the subject.

I quite agree with you about the new sovereign, whom I have set down for a weak man, easily led away, ever since his visit to Brandenburg House in 1820; and practice as you say he can have none. As for the bright sunshine upon his reception, that is Lord Macartney's favourite vulgarism, *all my eye*—just like

the prodigious fine character all a woman's friends and relations hear of the man to whom she is going to be married; everybody brings a tribute of praise, and before the twelvemonth ends, perhaps the note changes to "Aye, I always thought very ill of him." Adieu, dear Lou, and may this find you in better spirits.

P.S.—I have a notion the Lieu^t. of the Tower is in the gift of government, not of the D. of W. ; and indeed the Constableness itself never was a military office, nay, was resigned by Lord Cornwallis when the Whigs came in in 1782 expressly because it was not one, tho' *they* voted it one afterwards for a *job* of their own, that the then Duke of Richmond's brother might not vacate his seat, which was held as impudent a thing as any that they cram down people's throats at present. Lord Cornwallis's father, who was not in the army, had held the office all his life. And people who take it are sworn before the Lord Chamberlain of the Household, as keepers of the K.'s *Palace*, not as commanders of a garrison. You know *you* wanted to make the Constable of Windsor Castle a military post because Lord Harrington chanced to be an officer, though the two brothers, the Duke of Montagu and Lord Cardigan, who succeeded each other in it before him, were about as military as their niece¹ the housekeeper there—not so much so as their nephew and grandson at Ditton [Lord Montagu], for *he was* a Lieut.-Col. of militia. Oh, how I have been prosing.

LETTER CXXVIII.]

[Hugh Scott of Harden claimed the barony of Polwarth through his mother, Lady Diana Scott, daughter of the last Earl of Marchmont. He obtained the Peerage in 1835. By

¹ Miss Augusta Brudenell, daughter of their brother Robert.

the old rule the eldest son of a Scotch Peer could not represent a Scotch county or borough. This arose from the fact that before the Union the Peers and Commoners of the old Scotch Parliament sat in one house. As this objection did not apply to the English Parliament, the restriction was removed in 1832.

Lady Sherborne's mother was a daughter of the first Viscount Curzon, and aunt of the first Earl Howe. Her eldest sister, Lady Bromley, was the wife of Sir George Bromley, Bart., of East Stoke, Notts].

[Addressed] Barkway, Royston.

Danesfeld, Sunday, August 14th 1831.

We have the apparition of a franker in Lord Sherborne. He and his lady came yesterday, and leave us to-morrow, so I have, as you see, secured a cover to put off the necessity of enclosing to Mr. Byham and awakening the vigilant jealousy of Mess^{rs}. Hume and Hunt. This last week our *tête-à-tête* has ceased. I daresay you know what flying visitors we received on Saturday the 6th. Just after dinner-bell arrived Lord and Lady —— and a little boy; they staid till Tuesday morning. On Monday came Lord and Lady —— (who live 9 miles off) and a great boy, to stay till Thursday. On Tuesday, after the J——s were gone, came Lady Davy, who left us yesterday before the arrival of the Sherbornes. Lady Sherborne, *née* Mary Legge, was the last Lord Stowell's daughter, and is niece to my old friends Lady Bromley and Miss Curzon. I was thinking to myself of our four separate inmates (the ladies), and of that rare animal, now almost fit for a menagerie, whylome yclept a *woman of fashion*. Comparisons are odious, and so are names. The four and twenty letters of the alphabet will do as well as Delia and Celia. To begin with *A*, she not only is not

the identical thing, but never heard of it, and would not comprehend what was meant by the phrase, rather suppose it something formal and antediluvian ; in short, *there* it is as much out of the question as a mathematical problem would be with me. *B* comes next. She has heard of the thing, and thinks enough about it, from the consciousness of being far descended and highly allied ; but then she thinks of what is *bon ou mauvais ton* likewise, has a little hankering after the former, and shrinks extremely from the latter. All this takes away from the genuine ease required.

Then *C*. *C* knows the world and is well bred, having good nature and I think sense, but the manners are affected and consequently artificial, with the gesticulation of a foreigner. She wishes to be the character and has a notion of it, but will never arrive at it. Lastly *D* (or Lady Sherborne) is the very thing itself without ever having thought more about it than about which hand she should lift or which foot set foremost, easy, genteel, civil, unassuming, quiet, just fitting into her proper place because there she has found herself, wondering at nobody, despising nobody, taking everything naturally as it comes. One's very housemaid would say, "Aye, now that's a real lady" ; but the person of high pretensions and self-conceit on one side, and the familiar *aisy* (like *A*) on the other, would perhaps never find out she was in the room. Now don't go and read this aloud, for all I name no names. It is merely what I can give in return for your description of London Bridge.

Monday.—The Sherbornes arose with the lark and went away before breakfast. We hope for *Car* (Scott) on Wednesday, we are uncertain whether with or without the Admiral, who may possibly be gone to

meet the Bowles's at Portsmouth ; and on Thursday Mr. and Mrs. Scott of Harden have offered a visit. She says that being detained by law business (I suppose his claim of the Scotch barony of Polwarth) they have at last resolved to pack off Lizzy and Anne to Scotland under the convoy of one of the brothers, Maria remaining at Brighton till they can go themselves. If they get the peerage it will turn Henry out of Parliament as an eldest son, but perhaps in the new order of things he may have no great chance of coming in at any rate. The *Reformed* H. of C. will probably have about twenty *Whig* gentlemen in it the first time, and no gentlemen at all the second. But I have quite done with politics. I know Mrs. S. is on the Whig (*soi-disant* Whig) side, and she knows I am on the other, but she does not love the subject, and now my last winter's fever is burned out, I am extremely willing to forget all about it, and as she takes the *Times*, I seldom look at anything but who is dead or married.

What delightful weather ! I cannot but hope it will by this time have done you all a great deal of good. The finale of our daily thunder and thick, heavy air was a smart storm on Sunday the 7th ; then it rained pretty hard on Tuesday eve^g, and ever since it has been clear, bright, and beauteous, blessed for the harvest, and I think with some little tinge of autumnal freshness that revives one. I have in my own mind fixed to go to *Baginton Hall, Coventry*, on the 23rd, Wednesday sennight, and shall probably offer myself to you before the very end of September. Louisa says they are going to the sea in the course of that month. If the W^m. Stuarts are still in Bedfordshire when I leave Baginton, I must offer myself to them for a few days, not more. But we must not expect such another October as we

had last year ; the summer has been too fine, and one cannot eat one's cake and have one's cake.

I observe I have said nothing specific of another person designated above by the letter *C*.¹ I never came to close quarters with her before, but now, of course, we are to visit henceforward—without quite swearing eternal friendship, as poor Mrs. Preston said she (*C*) did with Cat. Fan. [Fanshawe] at their first interview. However, we by no means did the reverse. Indeed, on the whole she left a good taste in my mouth. She was extremely entertaining ; her little affectations are of the kind that entertain without disgusting or provoking one. And I observed that, talking of everybody and everything, with pretty shrewd observations on characters too, she never once said anything bitter or ill-natured, nor on the other hand uttered any fulsome encomiums. Then she has tact enough to keep quite clear of giving the least offence, does not canvass your friends before your face or press upon you in any awkward corner where you cannot get off handsomely. By the bye, she was talking of that odd thing called *tact* one day, and saying that it did not always depend on understanding, for she knew two superior sort of women who were utterly without it. “I wonder,” said I, “whether I can guess one of those you mean?” “Ah!” said she, “I was going first to name Miss *Edgeworth*, but I know you were thinking of a letter higher in the alphabet where certainly the same thing might be said.” To be sure my thoughts had rested on Miss B.—by the way, though, of far civiller and quieter habits than the latter, and by no means guilty of the former's sins of *pushing*. Want of *tact* is at the bottom of your misunderstandings among the F——s.

¹ Evidently Lady Davy.

Where there *is* tact, people understand you without ever having seen you before. Where there is *not* they may live with you all their lives in vain. Alas! I think of that poor Mrs. Gerard so early snatched away. With her broad Scotch and little habitude of the world, if any chance had brought her to London and set her down in the middle of the whole *gang of exclusives*, she would have spelled and read them all in a week's time. It is *in* people and not an acquired talent.

Car (Scott) wrote me word that Harty Kerr was considerably better and stronger before she left town. They went last Wednesday. Well, I must have done. Write to me while I remain here, for I want to know how *Ly* Louisa does. Do not you think I stand in great want of her pens at present? I have got into a sad habit of scrawling. Adieu.

LETTER CXXIX.]

[Lady Louisa's amusement at the idea that the Duke of Hamilton's interest had returned Charles Douglas for Lanarkshire was of course due to the rivalry of the two families during the celebrated law-suit, "The Douglas Cause."]

Baginton Hall, Coventry, Thursday, Augt. 25 [1831].
(*Not to go till to-morrow.*)

And so thanks for yours of the 16th, which I deferred answering till I should be here. Mine of the 15th, franked by Lord Sherborne, would cross it. They went away on that Monday, the Admiral and Car came on the following Wednesday, and Mr. and Mrs. Scott of Harden the next day—Thursday. The two latter went off on Sunday after church; the two former I left yesterday at Danesfield, where I hope they will stay a week or ten days longer, as Lady S. [Stuart] and Vere

[Hobart] are to be there next Monday. I had a very cool, pleasant journey in the open carriage, which I did not shut up till rain came on late in the day. Nobody here at present but A. M. [Dawson], who seems to have at last recovered the influenza. It was droll to have three Mrs. Scotts at once. The Chief's lady, however, will presently take another name, for he has established his claim to the barony of Polwarth, and seems to expect the Chancellor will let it be finished this week. I never call it foolish in people to take *their right*, otherwise the title will cost them more than its worth, as it vacates Henry's seat in parliament, where the eldest son of a Scotch peer cannot represent a Scotch county or borough. His mother says he will stick quietly till they hit the blot and turn him out. If he were on the Whig side now, I warrant they would find some pretext to try and keep him in, but that not being the case the Articles of the Union will prevail. As all this affair detained them in town, and the girls sickened for country air, they at last packed them off to Scotland under the convoy of their younger brothers, and they have lodged Maria in the quarters Lady Harriet Kerr so lately quitted in St. John's Wood Road until they can go themselves. Poor Mr. S. was more sleepy than ever to our eyes, but I suppose not more than his wont, as she did not seem uneasy about it. . . .

By the bye, again there was something worth noting in Radical's letter to the *Times* the other day. In a list of the M.P.'s returned by the corrupt influence of "*borough-mongering peers*" there appeared "the Hon^{ble}. Charles D. [Douglas], M.P. for Lanarkshire through the interest of the *Duke of Hamilton*." This exceeds Radical's pensions to the dead ladies of quality.

Friday.—I had a letter not long ago from Lady

Lothian from Exeter, not yet arrived at her place of abode [Dittesham, Lord H. Kerr's living]. Lady Harriet in a fast-improving state, though wanting much to be quite right. Lord Henry [Kerr] overjoyed at their coming. Her expression about the bride [Lady Lothian] is that they understand each other so well she can hardly believe she has not been always her own child.

We drove over the other day to Cookham, Mrs. Scott having a constant flower and plant intercourse with Mr. Whately. Mrs. Wh. (*née* Pepys) asked a great deal about the Fans. [Fanshawes]. I am very sorry for those poor women, and more sorry rather than less because it is their own fault, as that must always press on their minds; and if the fault of one more than another, then that one is the most to be pitied. Your Hodnet story is delightful. Long may the old man yet live who makes such a use of his increase of fortune!

Ly. S. [Stuart] insists upon it that Miss H. [Hobart] is *quite well*, and therefore need not go abroad. This was the answer to an argument of mine that her being so much better was a reason *for* it, as people were usually carried to a warm climate when *quite ill*, there to die. So there is no more to be said on that head. The Ks. [Knoxes], etc., are by this time at Lausanne, and proceed to Italy in October.

I can tell you of no new books. Ly. Ch^{tte}. Bury told Car that at present the booksellers will not even treat for one, and before I left town Mr. Morritt heard the same from the Lockharts. *Wedded Life in the Upper Ranks* is said to be really written by Ly. Isabella St. John, a daughter of the Duke of Grafton's, but somehow I think the lords and ladies contrive to be just as vulgar and flippant as the Grubs whose province they invade. Yet that circumstance makes one anxious to see it. I hope

you have not suffered in any way by the thunderstorm, which I see was very dangerous at Royston, and I trust none of your uncle's people or Aunt Kitty's were in that fated steam vessel. What a dreadful catastrophe!

I find these people are likely to be moving about the middle of September. Anna talks of going away the week after next. If so I may be with you earlier than I thought—before the end of the month, even if I go to Tensford [William Stuart's] on my way, for I should not stay more than a week there. Meanwhile, let me hear from you straight by the post, for I am quite sick of saving twopences by roundabout ways, and I should also send this straight if it wanted a speedy and positive answer. But for that it is too desultory. Adieu.

LETTER CXXX.]

[Addressed Barkway, Royston, Herts.]

*Baginton Hall, Coventry,
Monday, 5th of September [1831].*

I shall obey you in writing *straight* without any attempt to save you the postage, but observe that from a peculiar awkwardness in the post here, or rather in their way of sending to it, this letter will not reach Coventry itself till to-morrow.

Yours of August 23rd inclosed to Lord M. [Montagu] arrived on the 30th, as I believe it might have done from Geneva. However, Mary said you had told her there was no hurry. Now I write on matters of fact, and desire an answer *straight* likewise. Mr. B. [Bromley] and Louisa set out next week on a tour, first going to Milton Abbey, and I shall leave them on the 12th, this day sennight, for Tensford Hall, Wm. Stuart's, if its owners can receive me.

After a few days' stay there I mean to present myself at Cockenhatch, perhaps on the Friday or Saturday. Write me word whether this will suit all parties on your side of the question. I have not yet had an answer from Temsford, but suppose I shall to-morrow, and as they said they were to be there till the end of this month, I have little doubt it will be yes. If not, my duty is done all the same. Anna seems determined to settle herself at Leamington during her sister's absence, though soon after her return I presume Mr. B. and she will go into Cheshire. Be so good, then, to write by return of post ; if you do, your letter will come to me on Saturday. Should I hear that they cannot receive me at Temsford I may come to you still earlier. In that case I will write again directly, even if I send my man to Coventry on purpose. You got my letter at last, did not you ? For Lady Emily Macleod answered one I wrote her inclosed in the same cover to Mr. Byham, but I was gone before yours came to forbid any roundabout ways. It does not strike me that we had at Danesfield such very bad weather as you describe, certainly not so much rain. The harvest all got in both there and here ten days ago. And on the whole I think it has been very enjoyable since. Thursday last, indeed, it rained the whole day. Friday we had a thunderstorm, Saturday and yesterday very fine but cold, to-day fine but rather *cross*, as Mr. Barr called it. This is a delightful, light, dry soil, with the prettiest lanes imaginable to walk or drive in, and fine turf everywhere. They have got a pony-chaise with a stout but quiet horse, which their groom drives, and it just holds three more. I wish you had such a conveyance. They abound in Leamington.

For all subjects of discussion I stay till we meet, and

will not waste pen, ink, and paper ; but as you do read the *Times*, I hope you observe how its tones are lowered. It seems turning quietly about, except in what concerns the Lord High C., whence I suspect that he and his colleagues are not so much one as they were. Our friends, the Scotts (of Harden), will be very angry with him, for he seems to have postponed their peerage cause *sine die*, without pronouncing against them ; so they must have the pleasure of keeping all their lawyers in pay till he shall please to bring it on again—as provoking a trick as anybody can be served, and just what he used to be open-mouthed against Lord Eldon for.

In Mary's envelope of your letter she mentioned having had a later one from you, and your saying that you had been uneasy about Lady Louisa. Was her illness anything of the *Cholera* kind ? For so I find we are foolishly to call those bilious attacks so constant and frequent here after a hot summer, as if we were jealous of the pestilence raging abroad, and wanted to boast of some share of it. Pray tell me about Lady Louisa's complaint whatever it was. You asked me about books a little while ago. They have here *Philip Augustus*, by the author of *Richelieu and Darnley*, and recommend it highly. I have looked over Mr. Grattan's *Jacqueline of Holland*, and am not much pleased. *Stories of American Life*—not at all. Basil Hall's sketches of naval matters (I forget the exact title) very good, but more for young sailors than for *us*. In the *Edinburgh Review* for August a very curious article on the miracles and prophecy of the *Rueites*¹ in Scotland. I should like to see Campbell's *Metropolitan Magazine* for September for a reason I will tell you. And now

¹ Row heresy. Probably referring to the article on "Miracles" in the *Edinburgh Review* for June 1831.

farewell. We had Lady Eastnor here for two days last week—a most pleasing person. They live at Leamington. Her lord was absent in Herefordshire. Of all beside when we meet, please Heaven.

P.S.—I wish you could persuade A. K. to take Cambridgeshire in her way *to*, not *from*, Sheen. You know I cannot stay after October.

LETTER CXXXI.]

Tempsford Hall, Tuesday, 13th Sept. [1831].

You shall pay for one more scrap, though a mere scrap, to tell you that I hope to be with you on Saturday next, the 17th. It is but about 28 miles, I think, but whether I set out early or not must depend on circumstances. I had a charming travelling day yesterday, and got here soon after five. Many thanks for your letter of the 8th. I declare I cannot tell what answer to give about old plays. *The Clandestine Marriage, the Heiress, the School for Scandal*, etc., neither new, nor (comparatively) old. I don't know where they are to be found, though I suppose in some collection or other. My ink is so bad I cannot write in any comfort. And as for any discussion of anything I defer it till—*vivâ voce*. Oh, I hope Sir W^m. will bring you the delightful new H. B. print of the going to the *Half-crown*-ation. W. and A. in a hack-chariot, No. 1831, the two royal dukes C. and S. together in a cab, the Chr. on the Hackney coach box, the peeresses holding up their garments in the mud like the Scotch washerwomen in a river, etc. etc. etc. Nothing better has yet come out. Adieu till we meet.

LETTER CXXXII.]

[Charles Douglas succeeded his brother as third Baron Douglas in 1844, and lived till 1848 without recovering the power of distinct speech.]

G. P. [*Gloucester Place*], *Wednesday* [Oct. 13, 1831
(see Lockhart's *Life*, vol. x. p. 115)].

I was out, unluckily, when Sir W^m. called and (I suppose) left your letter. I am always sorry to miss seeing him. With regard to C. D. [Charles Douglas], by all I can gather he goes on improving, and certainly in Lord M.'s [Montagu's] opinion has never lost his *mind*. . . . Car [Lady Scott] was in town one day, and came to me from B. Square. She said she found her sister [Lady Montagu] better than she expected. . . . She had given her a technical description of the malady, its causes and its effects, just as the medical men had given it her, of which Car did not understand a word. No more perhaps did she herself in reality, but she thinks she does, and undoubtedly such discussions have a charm for her that can even suspend her agitation on the subject they relate to. It is like a story that Ramsay the painter once told my mother of himself. He lost a child, an infant on whom he doated. As he sat weeping by the bed where it had expired, it struck him that he should like to have its picture. He got materials and began to paint it, and while thoroughly occupied thus, felt no more concern than if the subject had been an indifferent one. All his grief was gone. When he laid down the pencil it returned. I verily can believe it is just so with our friend; the little details of illness and the conversation of the different doctors keep her mind amused to a certain degree and it does not utterly sink. Were it not for this I should say that it would be better

for a man's friends to lose him at once than to see him live in the condition of poor Mr. Wharton or the late Lady Carhampton, both of whom survived the stroke several years. . . . Mrs. Lockhart said to me emphatically, "Oh, his recovery is not to be desired unless intire." I saw what was passing in her mind. However, I do trust her father's is not impaired, and I perceive an improvement since he came to town. He has twice called on me in a morning, and when we are *tête-à-tête* there is hardly any thickness in his utterance. As long as he leads a quiet life and abstains from working (*i.e.* writing) or from doing anything to fatigue himself, he gains ground. But I tremble for what he is going to do to-night—to attend the state christening at Montagu House. He was so pleased with the Duke's coming himself to urge it, and indeed *they* were so pleased all, that they have not opposed it, as the Duke promised that he should not be obliged to go to the levee in consequence. I was in Sussex Place last night. That impudent Croker kept all the conversation to himself, but Sir Walter was chiefly engaged with a quiet, pleasing young man, Lord Mahon, and Croker harangued to Mr. L. [Lockhart] and Dr. Holland, who had called to see Miss Scott. She, poor thing, is very unwell and will not go to the christening, so Mrs. L. takes her place. Mr. L. told us, when the other men were gone, that he was once present when the Duke of W. happened to speak of the battle of Talavera, on which Croker said in a loud voice, "My lord Duke, you know you and I always differed in our ideas of that campaign." This would be held *trop fort* in a novel or a play, but is conclusive as to the character of the genius; yet give the devil his due, he has made a great figure in the H. of C. this session, and I suspect is the

author of an excellent ballad, which I will bring you when I come. I daresay you know by this time that I had a visit from Aunt K. [Mrs. Edward Stanley] last Saturday; our confab was very comfortable and we both rejoiced in the prospect of meeting at C. [Cockenhatch?]. How just what you say of the different way in which the same things strike one when they regard oneself or one's neighbour. . . . Alas! this is human nature. In all your other reflections and feelings I fully concur. Pray burn this letter, for, as you see, it is super-confidential, or ultra.¹ I shall not send it till I have been in H. P. [Hamilton Place, Lord Montagu's]. I suppose Sir W^m. gave you an account of the endeavour to *get up a row* on Monday. I saw two or three thousand souls—or bodies, perhaps few souls—pour under my windows that morning, but quietly enough; this was Joseph Hume's mob, and, the M.'s say, a failure. Your cousin's windows have suffered, for they were patched with white paper yesterday. Still I think the total repose of the town all last week, and the emptiness of even Palace Yard, a sure proof that the people did not really care much about the matter, though, to be sure, they would assemble when invited by hand-bills and placards. So they would to deprecate the removal or erection of a turnpike. . . .

I must not omit saying that I called on L^d. and L^y. Bute Monday. He told me he was very sorry he could not comply with my Ladyship's requests, being engaged to another person, who, however, he thought not likely to succeed, *Dr. Lonsdale* being the *dangerous man*. He did not name his friend.

All going on well to-day. When his brother, George Douglas, came in earlier than usual, he said, "Oh" as if

¹ The confidential parts have been omitted.

pleased, and certainly knows every (one), even Dr^s. Hume and Babington from each other, though as he never saw either till ill, this must be from hearing what passes. When asked whether he knew Lincoln, whom he has always known, he smiled at the question.

Mary will write to you to-morrow.

LETTER CXXXIII.]

[This letter refers to the christening of the present Duke of Buccleuch. King William had offered to be godfather and stand in person. At the last moment the ministers, *for political reasons* (the reform riots had just taken place) counter-ordered the royal carriages and escort, without informing the King. His indignation was great, but he had to yield.

Miss Clinton seemed to think that the christening ought to have been deferred, because Charles Douglas (afterwards third Lord Douglas) had just had a paralytic stroke, the connection with him being that his sister, Lady Montagu, was the wife of the Duke's uncle and guardian.

Lord Melbourne was the Home Secretary.]

Wednesday [1831].

My dear Lou—I would not write till I could fix my day. I thought of Friday, but I find Saturday will be more convenient for *the household*. So that day expect me if you do not hear to the contrary. . . . You are quite wrong about the D. of B. [Buccleuch] from your not knowing established customs. Had it been Lord M. [Montagu] himself, he could not, unless there had been *positive danger*, have desired to put it off. The K. and Q. are not to be treated like other people, even in these unceremonious days. I cannot tell what we *may* come to. What *they* have fixed they are not to be requested to alter, without an absolute necessity, much less for a *sentimental* reason concerning a person who is

no relation. Had he loved C. D. ever so much it was not a thing possible to be done, and the *danger* was certainly over in a week's time. He *may* have another stroke and I *may* have one, but that is nothing to the purpose. If Lord M. had not thought thus, he and the girls would not have gone; and as for their being hurt about it, you may be sure it never came into their heads, because he knew as well as I that the Duke had no choice. By your saying the R. people were inconsiderate, I see you have not been told the *beauty* of the story. Poor souls! they were only ignorant. H. M. came to town on Wednesday, charging those about him to be very punctual at the dinner hour—six, nobody having taken the trouble to inform *him* that he would not—*should* not—go. The Duke, hearing that Lord Melbourne had told others so on Tuesday, went to the levee, and there had it confirmed—at four o'clock—by H. M. himself. “The excitement of the people was too great.” “Then at what time will your M. be pleased?” “Oh—why—perhaps—when—when you come back from Scotland.” In short, it was probably a second volume of Lord Howe's being turned out just after he had been told under the K.'s hand he was welcome to vote as he pleased. Lord S. [Stuart] de R. says, “Oh, pooh! depend upon it, it was because of the Duke's *vote*.” Liberty for ever—a *free* parliament—where every man may follow his conscience uninfluenced!

I would rather not stay till Sir Walter actually goes, which will be soon, for the ship is coming round to Portsmouth, whence it sails, and I am not for taking any leave, as it is a melancholy business at best. They talk of his staying abroad long if it agrees with him. Alas! the chances are against his return. I think I shall set out after breakfast on Saturday. Adieu.

LETTER CXXXIV.]

[Lady Stuart's grandson became General Charles Stuart of Hoburne. Mr. Delafield was a Count John Delafield, who married in 1828 Lady Cecil Pery, daughter of the first Earl of Limerick.]

Friday eveg. (Dec. 1831, Gloucester Place).

I shall begin with matters of fact before I enter on the subject of your letter. It cleared up before I got to Wade's mill, and I had at least a hope that your coachman would not be wet to the skin in returning, as I fear he must have been in coming. The next day I dined with Lady Stuart, her son and grandson. The former shouts victory over the new bill, which begins with giving up precisely the point of Gen. Gascoigne's motion, upon which they dissolved the parliament. Accordingly the Radicals are furious. I hope you like the Bristol address; it is not only so good in itself, but is well worded—far better, I think, than the flowery periods of Professor Wilson's speech, if a prejudice, imbibed from the prose and verse of *Blackwood's Magazine*, has not perverted my better judgment. I wrote to Mrs. Lockhart Tuesday morning. She answered that she had that moment got a letter from Anne, dated Malta, Nov. 26, all well, her father *decidedly* better in health, and so fond of the sea and the ship he hardly liked to land. Anne likewise well, but the poor major had paid for the rest and been miserably sick. Mrs. L. added that her poor boy was given over, though he might yet last some time. Mercifully he did not. Having horses, I called yesterday. She was with him, therefore could not be disturbed, and I now find he died in the afternoon. I trust they will consider it a release. Then I dined in

Hamilton Place. Lady M. [Montagu] had gone to Ditton on Monday, in spite of the rain, and, she says, thunder and lightning. Now *these* I did not see and hear, if there were such things on your side of London, but the wind was outrageous at night. Between ourselves Ly. M. is most evidently dispirited and disheartened, feels less sanguine than she was when I left town at the three weeks' end, and even *speaks* less confidently, though more so than she feels. The pain arose from a seton at the back of the neck. Their trying this sounds like casting about for what they shall try. I find there is no defect of utterance; what he brings out he pronounces perfectly well, but I doubt he fails in remembering the words he wants to use—just poor Mr. Wharton and my mother's cousin, Lady Frances Erskine, neither of whom ever regained the power of speech. I am afraid Ly. M. begins to be very doubtful whether he will, though she still seems confident he has the full power of his understanding and perfect memory of facts. But, in short, she is very low; and then little vexatious things intervene. The nurse has had a fall and has herself gone to an hospital. . . . The manservant had sate up three nights running, and there was nobody to supply her place. For this night attendance is still more requisite than when he was altogether helpless, and this at the end of eleven long weeks. . . .

Night.—I have been at Ly. Charlotte Lindsay's; not much of a party—Berrys, Ly. Duff Gordon, Mr. Mercer, Lord Sheffield, one of the Frankland Lewis's, and late, Mr. Carlton and Mr. Delafield, who I find has been lately at Rokeby, and seems *enfant de la maison* there, so made acquaintance readily with me. He says Anne Morritt has rather alarmed them with having several successive fainting fits. I knew I had heard this Mr.

Delafield's name somewhere, and now I have discovered he married one of the Limerick ladies, old friends of the Dawsons. I took him for a foreigner when he first came in. Lady Gordon told me Fanny Ashton was in town, Miss A. in Herefordshire. Lady G. has a *ton tranchant* which I never like, and I liked it less when she pronounced *Robert of Paris* "not readable," and less still from a lurking apprehension that it *is* inferior to its predecessors, Mr. L. was evidently so much against its coming out. I have sent for it, so shall see with my own eyes. And now, as I know you will be impatient to hear from me, this shall go as it is, and I will defer a great deal which I have to say in answer to yours till my next. I am not going to Petersham *this* year; the next, if we all live to see New Year's Day, I perhaps may. Say all that should be said for me to Sir W^m. and L^y. Louisa.

LETTER CXXXV.]

[Gloucester Place],
Monday [24 Dec. 1831].

I put bye your letter to be answered at leisure, as I told you I should, for I pondered much over it, and went back to the visions of my own youth. . . . Happy would it have been for you and me (both "of imagination all compact") if we had betrayed our secret musings and castles in the air betimes to some friend who could at once *understand* them and *gently* dispel the illusions. Perhaps it was not in nature they should be unveiled to a parent. . . . I did seek actual solitude to the best of my power, and was exactly what Burton describes in his "Nought so sweet as Melancholy."

I have been interrupted by the M.'s [Montagus] with your note. I shall go and dine with them to-

morrow, and in the morning make out a visit to the Fans. [Fanshawes]. It is very odd that you grumble at my *not* writing and yet have not the grace to say expressly that you received my letter on Sunday. Tho' I *presume* you did, because you answer it in what follows. . . . I am very sorry you and *Pa* have contrived to catch colds. I am afraid Mr. Dickenson is not well either, for I sent him the character three days ago, and have heard nothing from him yet. Now I return to your former note, which *does* want an answer. But Mr. Dickenson in person walked in after I said that. *Don't tell*, but he is slyly amused ; the air-bath, it seems, did not succeed ; it scorched the blankets, as somehow I surmised it might, whereupon a letter has been sent him open for him to peruse and transmit to the man, Jones I think the name is. Now, in your private ear, he could by no means read this letter. However, as he observed, that was not his affair ; he had transmitted it as directed, and the man must make it out as he could, which you know is a likely matter ! Mum, though I do not know whether *vous autres* are as sore about this as my *belle sœur*, who gets downright angry and affronted when dire necessity brings to light that nobody can read her notes and letters. D. told me his real opinion of the cholera, which, he believed, was hardly ever cured unless almost instant bleeding could be had recourse to. He had not the least faith in medicine, and did not encourage me to lay in stocks of laudanum, calomel, etc. ; it would not be of the least use. He suspects that the recoveries set down are from real diarrhœa or such other complaints, and thinks that where actual cholera has attacked it has almost always been fatal. How to treat it no one is agreed, but the symptoms are described alike by all, and they exactly

resemble those of the marsh fever he has seen in hot countries. He says the term cholera is absurd. The dangerous distemper so called with us is, as the name imports, an overflowing of bile. The Indian cholera precisely the reverse, a total absence of bile. But he thinks the accounts from Sunderland, etc., not at all to be depended upon.

Tuesday.—This has been sadly disjointed. I return to the theme of castle-building, one that should be painful and mortifying to me, for to that pernicious habit, that secret *vice* of the mind (for such, in fact, it is) almost all the errors of my life have been owing. . . . Mischief enough it has undoubtedly done you. The particular bias it took of idolising an individual I think I can a little trace to indiscriminate censure, . . . which made you look upon those you found exempt from it as persons elevated above the standard of humanity—persons who could have no fault. The censure and the admiration had one origin—the want of practical knowledge of the world, which alone teaches one the *shades* of character; that people who have no capacity for learning, no taste, no marked superiority of understanding may nevertheless be very far from *fools*, and that others may have a great deal in them faulty and blameable without being *villains* and *scoundrels*—nay, that those who in some respects claim ever so much admiration are just as likely to have foibles and defects as any of their despised neighbours. Very young people almost always suppose that everything must be either quite black or snowy white. . . . I must copy a passage from a novel: “To centre all our hopes and joys, fears and anxieties in any human object so as to make the happiness of our lives depend wholly or chiefly upon that, to raise our affections to the utmost

height, to fix all this in a fairy world of our own—this is surely to put oneself in a state of mind very unsuitable to the order of Providence and the nature of this world. It is unquestionably as *sinful* as imprudent.” Most certainly true; but rather applauding yourself for it as a virtue than dreaming of struggling with it, you, I daresay, never once dreamed it could be viewed in such a light. I own I did not till taught by time, disappointment, and experience. Observe that in the book whence I quote it, the passage relates to *love*, usually so called, but where is the difference whether your idol be man or woman? The *idolatry* is the sin. Madame de Genlis very justly says even of the purest of our affections, “*aimer ses enfans AVEC PASSION*” is to love them wrong; that the word puts duty, justice, every right principle out of the question, and accordingly some instinct in nature almost always prevents a *passionate* love from being returned. . . .

Finished by candle-light at 6 o'clock.

[LETTER CXXXVI.]

[Sir Henry Hotham married Lady Frances Rous, daughter of the first Earl of Stradbroke. Sir Henry died at Malta in 1833 while in command of the Mediterranean Fleet. Mrs. Bathurst was a Miss Hanky, wife of the Lieutenant-Governor, Colonel Seymour Bathurst, father of the sixth Earl.]

Gloucester Place, Christmas Day [1831].

My heart smote me after I had sent my last letter to you, for I recollected it might wound you, and to be sure it becomes no one so little as me to say anything that can be taken for harsh *sur ce chapitre là* . . .

I saw Mrs. Lockhart yesterday. I let her quite alone till I could suppose the poor boy's funeral over,

then wrote to say I should call, and begged she would see me or not, as she liked best. She is quietly low and dejected—no better could be expected. She had just got large dispatches from Malta, which she showed me. Her sister seemed still uneasy about her father ; he was extremely well and happy at sea, but a shade worse since they landed, owing to trespassing the bounds prescribed by the physicians—that is drinking wine—not to excess, but, like other men, a glass or two of champagne. However, the letter, which was written journal-wise, ended more cheerfully than it began. They were in strict quarantine, but it was to end in ten days, their lodging a superb palazzo, not over-comfortable, but with access to a large library belonging of yore to the knights. As for his own letter it gave me great comfort, as the handwriting, instead of being illegible, was quite as good as it has been for these seven or eight years past. In October he wrote me a note or two that I absolutely could not decypher. It is his way to put no stops, and he has the honour of resembling myself in leaving out words, but not in looking over the page ; yet even in this respect there were no more mistakes than he would have made in better days. Sir Henry Hotham and wife, one of Lord Bathurst's sons and wife, and a Mr. Stodhart, a good Arabian scholar, son to the former Editor of the *Times* (before it grew wicked, of course long ago) are the chief persons named. I have forgot, or perhaps I never knew, who the said wives were. But Anne Scott says the whole island crowd to offer them civilities, the climate delightful, too hot for her, but they tell her it has been an uncommon season. Seeing nothing like a tree, she wonders where the grapes and oranges grow. Major Scott wants them to go to Naples directly ; they would both rather stay

there till the *Barham* can take them, as Captain Pigot wishes to do, the end of January. So I hope they will, tho' the son must of course return to his duty, and the Bristol business fusses him, as you may suppose. But Mrs. L. is uncomfortable about her other brother. He was ordered home to the Foreign Office, where he is still a clerk, and they have no longer friends in the garrison. Having been very ill, he sent the physician's certificate and got farther leave till February. Now March is just the very worst month for an invalid to come from Italy to England. On hearing this I bethought me of the good-natured Mrs. Bowles, and offered to write to her about it. Mrs L. gladly accepted this, and on leaving her I went to visit Fanny Ashton—the other is gone to Herefordshire. For once in my life I had a piece of luck, a great knock at the door before I could well sit down, and who should enter but Mrs. Bowles in person! The moment she heard the state of the case she entered into it in that hearty way that takes from one all regret for having ventured to ask a favour, and promised she would do all she could to get Charles Scott further leave, understanding perfectly how hard it would be on his father and sister that he should just go away when they arrived, over and above the injury to his own health: so there it rests. Lord Palmerston is a kind brother, I believe, though not courteous as a minister; therefore she may prevail. If he is obdurate there can be no help for it. Anne Scott seems disposed to frighten herself about the cholera like Mrs. Tynte, not for her own safety but that of the Lockharts here, tho' she did not know anything of its being at Sunderland when she wrote. Sir Walter writes that the ship was not allowed to touch at Gibraltar, nor at Algiers, the plague being at Tunis, but

Algiers looked as if it had recovered both French and English bombardment, and he heard there was a new Dey starting up to rule it. He believed the French would rejoice to have it off their hands. Alas! alas! I have got *Count Robert*, over which I could cry. It is not even *like* himself—none of those touches, those scenes, those characters that even in *St. Ronan's Well* remind one of *Waverley*. *Castle Dangerous* is far better, but still not on a level with the worst of the others. I am not disappointed, because I saw it in Mrs. L.'s face, and heard it in Mr. L.'s short words, three months ago. I was sure it vexed them to the soul that they could not prevent the publication. One can no longer say, "but indifferent for *him*, it would be good for anybody else." It is *positive* not *comparative*, that's the unwelcome truth.

An abomination—fog to-day. I coughed all the way from church as one does in a smoaky room, and it was *actual* smoke getting down my throat. I am half afraid of going to dine in Hamilton Place [Lord Montagu's], tho' Lady Stuart, who is now at Wimpole, has left me very kindly the use of her horses and coachman. She got the others off her hands.

Monday morn'g.—The fog was so intense the coachman durst not take out the horses, and indeed I durst not have used the carriage, but I did go in a chair, and that was rather frightful. The gas-lights looked like farthing candles, and at night I should have thought the house on fire from the smoke if I had not known what it was. Ly. M. did not come home to dinner, partly from the fog, partly from Mr. D. [Douglas] being a shade less well than usual—nothing to signify much. Adieu in haste to send off this to Q. A. Street.

LETTER CXXXVII.]

[Sophia Townshend, the elder sister of Mrs. Cholmondeley mentioned, married, as second wife, in 1833, Colonel Hon^{ble}. Peregrine Cust. The "good-natured Bull" was their uncle, Colonel Hon^{ble}. Sir Horatio Townshend, K.C.H., Lieut.-Governor of the Round Tower, Windsor.]

[*Gloucester Place*],

[30 Dec. 1831]. Begun Friday night.

First to acknowledge your long little letter. Next to say that the good-natured Mrs. Bowlès called on me Wednesday. She had spoken to her brother, and he had promised to interfere, which agreeable news I was very glad to carry to Sussex Place that evening. It seemed a great relief to Mrs. Lockhart's mind, for she said she thought Charles Scott's life might really be in peril if he came home to encounter our March winds. I am afraid he is an unhealthy being at his best. She is very dejected, and her husband yet more so; when he first came into the room he looked pale as ashes, and scarcely able to speak. I fear, too, that pretty boy still remaining has but a delicate frame by some things she chanced to say. And I think evil haunts them. I dined at H. [Hamilton] Place yesterday. Lady Montagu called on them in the morning, and while there heard a bustle and a scream; the little girl [Mrs. Hope Scott afterwards] had fallen downstairs, and was found with her arm doubled under her crying most dreadfully. They sent for the first assistance at hand, which seemed little better than a shop-boy, but their own doctor came before L^y. M. left the house. On sending this morning I learned that the child had broken its arm below the elbow but was doing well. Mr. L. [Lockhart] has sent me *Memoires de M^{me}. la duchesse*

d' Abrantes, a very entertaining book indeed, and I am galloping through it to return it when I go to Petersham on Tuesday. It contains a thousand particulars of Buonaparte and all his family, and is visibly her own, not a bookseller's. One national *stamp* strikes one strongly. An Englishwoman, unless a fool or a milliner, when writing of great events and remarkable people, would never dream of describing minutely her own dress and that of other ladies at such and such a ball. Madame Junot never was a milliner and evidently is no fool, but she gives you these details with the greatest complacency; and then comes the 13th Vendemiaire or the 18th Brumaire, or Novi, or Marengo. I protest I have no recollection of my own dress or any other person's on the memorable king's birthday 1780, and I believe the [Gordon] riots that followed it put feathers and flowers out of every head so adorned on that day, which was more than the guillotine itself could do with a Frenchwoman.

I am not disturbed but comforted by your indulgence to *Robert of Paris*, which I have not looked at again. Yet I disagree with you, for I think the faults are not *his* faults. I see hardly a vestige of *Him* in the whole. Anna Comnena sickens me. Oh dear! she might be Lord such a one's in the keepsake, a relation of Mrs. Allington's. Do not *repeat* what I am going to say, for fear it should be caught up as a *bon-mot*, which would pain me very seriously. But do you remember our going together to see the *Crusaders*, and thinking nobody acted well excepting the great Dog? I do protest the only person interesting to me in this is the Monkey—the Oran-outang. I shall receive ten blessed Annuals if I live till Monday morning. Between ourselves, Mr. Lockhart very bluntly and fairly told me

that my niece—unknown—figured in one with the greatest nonsense he ever saw in his life, by his account a *réchauffé* of Moore and Byron. They have been fatal people. It is just as in acting, Mrs. Siddons, the finest of all actresses, founded a very bad school, and her brother, John Kemble, a worse. Their copyists were intolerable. Lord Byron, the most original poet of our day, has done the same thing. Now the school of Garrick and that of Pope made tolerable actors and good versifiers, never disgusting or unnatural.

Saturday.—The Monts. [Montagus] told me a match which I was not to breathe to the winds. And so L^d. William Fitzroy, who loves a bit of news like an old maid in a country town, came to me with it to-day open-mouthed. The widow of Mr. George Cholmondely and the widower Lord Romney. Now I am provoked that it is not her sister, upon Miss Murray's principle that no woman should have two husbands till every woman has had one. *She* has a pretty little girl to interest her; the sister lives all forlorn with the poor good-natured *Bull*.

Sunday.—Now I may wish you a happy new year, and a more favourable change of circumstances than I dare hope for. Yet who knows what a day may bring forth? It would be very wholesome for us were we oftener to call to mind how we have at different times made ourselves miserable by anticipating evils that never happened, while, from their not happening, the fears we brooded over faded away from our memory, which our disappointments are sure never to do. This retrospection would be particularly useful to those who talk of "Clinton luck" and so forth. As for the secrets of the prison house, I knew some of them pretty well before I knew the prisoners. . . . When a horse shows

an aptitude to *shy*, a good rider strives to bring him up to every extraordinary object, instead of taking pains to avoid and keep out of its way. . . . *Au reste*, what one does not fear, thinks one need not fear, is ever most dangerous.

I am going to dine in H. Place [Hamilton Place, Lord Montagu's] unless again befogged. At church, about twelve, I could not read the words in my book, but it cleared in some degree afterwards.

CHAPTER IX

JANUARY—AUGUST 1832

LETTER CXXXVIII.]

[This letter refers to the death of Lady Sheffield, third wife of the first Earl, and sister of Lady Charlotte Lindsay. She died on the day this letter was written. The first Lady Sheffield was Miss Clinton's grandmother.]

[*Gloucester Place*],

Wednesday Eveng., 18th of Jany. [1832].

My dear Lou—I must write a line, for I know how many painful recollections will now crowd upon you and how much old affection will return. I know no particulars, for I have been quite shut up since I returned last Thursday from Petersham; only on Saturday Fanny Ashton, calling, told me of the illness, and said Dr. Warren (whom they had seen) had been called in, and had better hopes than Holland. Since, I have employed Mary (Thomas's wife) to get information from the house, and it has never seemed promising, yet I hardly expected this termination. I shall write to-morrow to Miss Berry for news of poor Lady Charlotte [Lindsay]; it would be a useless form to trouble her herself.

I am in the usual course of a bad cold and cough, for which there is no remedy but solitude and silence, so I see hardly anybody but Mr. Dickenson. Pray do

not fuss yourself about me, altho' my head is too stupid for writing.

Anna Maria, who was here yesterday, told me her sister [Lady L. Bromley] had been at Alderley and was quite charmed with the whole Stanley family, from L^y. Maria down to the daughter-in-law.

Adieu, and believe I enter into all your feelings, besides regretting one who was ever kind to me.

Dickenson says your father has a cold, and he hopes to make him take care of it.

Once more adieu.

I got your letter which Mary M. [Montagu] brought me.

LETTER CXXXIX.]

[*Gloucester Place*], *Friday evening* [Jan. 1832].

I have got yours of yesterday. Your feelings are just what I expected they would be [on Lady Sheffield's death]. . . . This has been such another odious fog as we had on Christmas Day, and I have seen nobody but Dickenson, who told me he had with great difficulty prevailed on your father to stay within doors. If he will but do that, D. thinks his cold of no importance. For me, I am in no way tempted to transgress. Talking increases my cough, and the fewer people I see the better. I wrote to Miss Berry yesterday, and shall inclose you her answer, the best of which is that poor L^y. Ch^{tte}. [Lindsay] cries freely—all one has for it in such a case. I shall send my maid to-morrow to see hers if possible, but as they do not know each other, there may be no free communication.

I take this opportunity of returning you A. 'K.'s

fragments. I do believe it has been of material service. . . . As for A. K.'s French passage, you will be surprised at the impression it makes on my mind—as neither more nor less than *commonplace*. Perhaps she has not, but I have read so many descriptions of concentrated feelings, boiling passion under *un froid extérieur*, dark and gloomy minds, that this strikes me as only what I have seen fifty times before. In short, one is now (in a different sense) like Macbeth, “We have supped full of horrors,” etc. The school of *Sentiment* overwrote itself till it became mawkish and nauseating; and this school is doing the same thing, till dark thoughts and turbulent passions will at last make one cry Fee-fo-fum!

By her further description I should pronounce it *unwholesome* reading. The smallest grain of *amour physique* poisons the whole, renders it literally and positively *beastly*, for it is describing the sensations of a brute animal. And here lies the difference between even *bad* English books and the French ones, which everyone reads without blushing. Mrs. Bellamy and Mrs. Baddeley, two women of the town, whom I remember as actresses, wrote their Memoirs. They painted their first false step either as the effect of seduction, they were victims to the arts employed to ruin them, or else they had been led away by their *affections*; they had conceived a violent passion for such and such a man, whom they took pains to paint as formed to captivate the *heart*. Madame Roland, one of the heroines of the French Revolution, a *virtuous* woman, so far as chastity goes, writes her Memoirs and tells you what were her *sensations towards the other sex in general* (without any particular object) at 14 or 15 years old!!! And young ladies were taught to read and admire this who

would not have been allowed to open *Tom Jones*, where Fielding certainly does describe *l'amour physique* between Tom and Molly Seagrim, but I daresay would as soon have given Sophia an inclination to commit murder as hinted that she ever had Madame Roland's *sensations*, or even that Tom had them towards her. *Their* passion he studied to refine and ennoble. The French philosophy labours to brutalise and degrade whatever it handles, rakes into the dirt for vile motives. And even supposing it hits right, I should say, as of my dinner, let me eat in peace, do not force me into the kitchen or the slaughter-house to see the nastiness which you say attends the best cookery. The butter looks fresh and good, do not insist upon telling me that perhaps the dairymaid rolled it with dirty hands.

Oh, I do agree with A. K. the tribe of magazines etc. etc. etc., are most unwholesome dissipation indeed, and pernicious to young minds, because they think they are gaining knowledge by thus skimming every subject. And I do own I should think Charley better employed in reading the *Arabian Tales* than the *United Service Journal*. He would rise from one not the least unfitted for Coxe's *Life of Marlborough*, which the other will make him confident he knows quite enough of already.

The Montagus call now and then just to look at me ; their uncle always better—better, but I suspect no material change. L^y. M. has had a cold. Mrs. Scott has a very bad one, and is nearly confined herself. Anna Maria, having no carriage, can seldom come to me, but seems well and well content.

Like you, I can hardly believe all is at an end in Portland Place. It seems like a dream. But now good-night. I have written enough.

LETTER CXL.]

Gloucester Place, Tuesday night
[1832] [*end of Janry. ?*]

Dear Lou—I went in a chair to Lady Charlotte [Lindsay] this morning. As you may suppose, our meeting was agitating enough, and even after the first emotions had subsided I felt the tremulous, convulsive motion of her cold hand. However, it is all *as well as* it may and can be, not locked-up, speechless sorrow. She told me all the particulars and talked wholly of her sister. This, however, everybody can more easily do at first than after a little time has elapsed. It appears as if there had been something diseased about the heart, though the illness began with a violent cold and increased into an inflammation of the lungs; but this had been overcome, and still she grew worse, not better. She said nothing, but *L^y. Charlotte* believes she felt from the beginning that she should not recover.

I must tell you that *L^y. Charlotte* said, with evident feeling, quite from her very heart, that she had had a most affectionate letter from you—uttered it as if hardly anything had so touched and gratified her, so it was not thrown away. Now you will want tidings of me. The cold is going off quietly. As it disperses one naturally grows lower, and the film over one's faculties wearing away, one *feels*, which during its oppression one really does not do, so I was much more overcome to-day than I should have been last week, and by the cough increasing afterwards, that showed itself to be nervous. I hope to go to her again, but in an evening, and to Mrs. Scott likewise, who is still confined with a cold, in short, anywhere within *chair* distance.

Mrs. Lockhart was here yesterday, fussed at not

hearing more of her father, who arrived at Naples in December, but remained on board the *Barham* in strict quarantine, so that her brother Charles could only row round the ship and look at them from a boat. This quarantine was only to last seven days though, and is no reason why she should not have heard again and again. People tell her letters are very uncertain now, and often fairly burned to save the trouble of fumigation. This may be the case with our letters, as we have the cholera, but why with theirs, as they have it not?

Mr. Dickenson, very rheumatic and ill himself, called this morning. He says your father is now quite well and off his hands.

No more at present, dear Lou. Adieu.

The Montagus tell you about themselves.

LETTER CXLI.]

[*Gloucester Place, before Feb. 7th, 1832,*
Friday night.]

Dear Lou—It has just come into my head that I have not written to you a great while, for tho' I have pretty well shaken off the remains of cold, I am low and stupid and, in vulgar phrase, have not a word to throw to a dog. To-day I spurred myself up to take a walk for the first time, to Anna [Ly. Anna Maria Dawson], whom I found very comfortably lodged, and to Lady Anne Scott, with whom I had a long conference. The wedding [Lord Marsham and Lady Margaret Scott] is to be on Tuesday, the 7th. She returns to Hastings the next day. The Buccleuchs come up for it, but leave their child behind, so go back again directly. C. D. [Douglas] has improved greatly since the seizure that alarmed them, yet still it seems far from even what is styled convalescence, very far from recovery. . . .

Ly. Anne [Scott] looks extremely well herself, better than she has long done, but I am sorry to say she does not give so good an account of Vere H. as I could wish. They consult the same person, and he has lately seemed rather uncomfortable about her, is of opinion too that she ought not to spend another winter in England—but where to go? Mary [Mrs. Thomas Knox, now Lady Northland] writes from Nice that she has found there a daughter of Sir John Malcolm's, who has been all over the world and vows that Nice is the most variable climate that she ever saw. The physician himself says, "*Nous avons 4 heures de bon temps et 20 de mauvais.*" However, it does not seem to disagree with Lord Northland. I think we sent Sir Wm. back to you in very good plight. Poor Lady Charlotte [Lindsay] seemed gratified by his having accompanied her nephew to S. P. (Sheffield Place). I was with her on Monday night. She is now composed and resuming her usual habits by degrees, but very thankful for any mark of attention.

So you see what a plunge the government have got into by the Belgic question. As for the Secy. at War's (Sir Henry Parnell) dismissal, it goes upon that, and the dear, stupid *Morning Post* is loud in his praise, upright, able, honest, and so forth, but I hear the truth is that he would not bring in the army estimates without such theoretical reforms and reductions as even the Whigs thought too dangerous to venture upon at this time, when the troops seem all we have to trust to. It certainly is wonderful that a set of men generally looked up to as clever should have proved so totally inefficient in everything they have attempted; every one weighed in the balance and found utterly wanting. Had they been beaten the other night they must have gone out.

And now you have Hobhouse for Secy. at War. What if Mr. Wm. Cobbett should be chosen for Westminster in his stead! But alas! what will happen in Ireland? Miss Brodrick, who called here two days ago, told me she knew the unfortunate clergyman (Mr. Whitty) whom they have so savagely murdered, and he was one of the best, most charitable, and most benevolent of men, exemplary in his profession and excellent in every sense of the word. He had a wife and children. I am not 'i' the vein' for writing; it will not do, so I may as well conclude. This is only to put you in mind of me. . . . Good-night, dear Lou. . . .

LETTER CXLII.]

[Mr. Ridley mentioned here was the Rev. Henry Ridley, Rector of Hambledon, Bucks. His wife was a Miss Farrer. His brother, Nicholas William Ridley Colborne, was created Lord Colborne in 1839.

The Lady Lyndhurst mentioned was Lord Lyndhurst's first wife, a Miss Brunsten, widow of Lieutenant-Colonel Charles Thomas, 1st Foot Guards, killed at Waterloo. She died January 1834.]

Gloucester Place, Wednesday, 8th of Feby. [1832].

Dear Lou—Our letters crossed last week, and perfectly of a feather they were, yours of Thursday betraying just the sort of lowness and inaptitude for writing that had hung heavily upon mine. I was then half stupefied with staying at home by myself. But I dine frequently *tête-à-tête* with Mrs. Scott. She is not yet well and very far from in spirits, having had a great and unexpected shock in the death of a friend, Mr. Ridley, a clergyman in her neighbourhood, who really came nearer to the character of an apostle than any man in modern times, toiling day and night to improve his

parishioners, yet without enthusiasm, friendly, cheerful, indulgent, even gay in society. He had long been her chief adviser and supporter. His wife leaned a little to Methodism, yet on the whole it was the very happiest family ever known. He was not quite well, did duty in church on the Sunday, and died (of a typhus fever) on the Friday. She told me even her servants were all in tears, and as for the poor, I suppose his children themselves will hardly lament him so long. He was brother to Sir Matthew [Ridley] and Ridley Colborne—about fifty years old. Besides this grief, I find she has a vexation, with no consoling circumstance. . . . Alas, that the natural evils of life are not enough, the loss of such people as this excellent Mr. Ridley, poor Lady Sheffield, so soon carried off, etc., but the gratuitous folly and wickedness of man must add to our portion of gall! Mrs. Scott was telling me of two other friends of hers whom I know, a most worthy old couple, driven nearly to despair by the gambling of their eldest son, now no longer a young man. They have paid his debts over and over again, and always the malady breaks out afresh, though what he *sends* is taken away from their other children, and they have two well-conducted sons with wives and families, but all must go to save the gamester from a jail. However, *qu'est ce que ça nous fait?* It has been always thus since I remember the world, and always will be while I stay in it.

Lady Emily Pelham [sister of the second wife of Lord Sheffield] has had a long and dangerous illness, but has recovered it and is still at Brighton. While ill herself she lost her cook, an old and favourite servant who died rather suddenly, and her manservant was very ill. Miss Brodrick told me she wished to go to Stanmer [Lord Chichester's] when well enough and to

Mrs. Thomas's, but the Dowry Lady Chichester was anxious that she should rather come to town to her own house at once.

Did I tell you that Miss Brodrick was well acquainted with that Mr. Whitty, the Irish clergyman lately murdered? She describes him as almost another Mr. Ridley, the most pious, mild, charitable, and benevolent of men, remarkable for his kindness to the poor.

You see Lord Grey now thinks it expedient to stand up for the Irish Protestant Church and to wonder why Government was supposed unfavourable to it!!! Pray did he not say something himself in the H. of L. last year to the tune of "he did not see any harm it would do if there were a Catholic establishment instead of a Protestant"? I forget the phrase, but it was what admitted that construction. And do you call to mind your *bigotted* father's reasoning. "Are you prepared to give up that point? To let the Irish Church be overthrown and the Catholic priesthood set in its place?" "Oh no, no, then to be sure we must draw the sword." "If it must be drawn, better draw it now at once." "Oh no, but you are quite mistaken; the moment the Catholics have obtained emancipation all will be quiet; they desire nothing more. Why, Dr. Doyle himself and the other heads of the Catholics protest in the strongest manner that they have not the least idea of disturbing the Protestant clergy in their temporal possessions. Do not you hear them say they abhor the thought?" I should have applied this a little while ago to the Reform Bill, but I must own the Radicals are much honester than Dr. Doyle, and tell us very explicitly what they will do if they carry it. I have just got a letter from L. [Lady Louisa Bromley]; they leave Capesthorpe the 20th for

Baginton, but no time fixed for coming to town. She seems to me taking a great fancy for your cousins [Stanleys], the two elder ones, I presume, and wants them to come to her to Capesthorpe while the rest go to Wales, which she says the Rector and Co. likewise do to marry William S. [Stanley of Penrhôs to Miss Williams]. She has Miss Charlotte Dods with her, and is much the happier for "*this chearful Quiz's company*," which she thinks you will be amused to hear. . . .

I am writing in a hope that seems not likely to be realised, viz. that the Mont. [Montagu] girls may come and take it to be franked. They have left me off, never called all last week; but as their wedding [Lady Margaret Scott's] was to be yesterday, I supposed them fully engaged, and fancied I should perhaps see them to-day. . . .

Your story of the poor woman is very affecting. But oh! what a place London is, or rather what is one's own laziness and ignorance. I have just discovered that I have been giving money several years to an abominable crew of Irish vagabonds, every now and then suspecting they were what they are, but not taking the trouble to ascertain it, till the woman, who represented herself as a gentlewoman, importuned me in a manner so unlike one, that I was tired out and set an inquiry on foot, which I ought to have done long ago. This leaves me no room for complaint, nor yet for doubting the next tale of distress, for I might have learned the truth sooner, and I neglected the means. I dined with Mrs. Williams yesterday to meet L^y. Charlotte [Lindsay]. Nobody else but Anna [Dawson]. Miss Berry came in the evening and Mr. Greville Howard. . . . Well, good-bye. I dine with Mrs. Scott to-day, and if nobody comes to frank this,

shall leave it in Q. A. Street to go to-morrow with your dispatches.

Fare you well.

Oh, I must give you a story Mrs. Williams [*née* Davenport] told us. Lord and Lady Lyndhurst dined somewhere with Sydney Smith, after having heard him preach at St. Paul's. She said something (complimentary, I presume) about his sermon. "Upon my word, madam," returned he, "you are absolutely a Thomas Aquinas" [called "The Angelic Doctor"]. Now she had been Mrs. Thomas, and not rightly hearing the addition, perhaps never having heard it before, she hummed and looked foolish; and Lord Lyndhurst at the other end of the table asked, "Eh, what, what does he call her?" "I say," quoth Sydney again in his loud, vulgar manner, "Lady Lyndhurst is Mrs. Thomas Aquinas." It was evident that both husband and wife, being no school divines, fixed upon Mrs. Thomas only, and could not conceive why the ghost of poor Colonel Thomas was to be thus raised on a sudden to eclipse her present title. It must have been an admirable scene.

LETTER CXLIII.]

[Mrs. Bouverie mentioned here was a daughter of the Hon. James Arundell. Her husband was the second son of the first Earl of Radnor. He died in 1835, aged eighty-two.

In Lockhart's *Life of Scott* there seems to be no mention of the absence of news of Sir Walter while he was at Naples, and in Mr. Douglas's edition of the *Journal* it is stated that Sir Walter wrote frequently (vol. ii. p. 472). Sir William Gell's account of that time is printed in Lockhart's *Life*.

The "character" of Mrs. Weddell alluded to in this letter still exists in print, but is too long for insertion. It evidently

was written by Lady Louisa, and was intended for a magazine. It states that she died on 12th July 1831, aged eighty-two, at her house in Upper Brook Street. It enlarged especially on her "unbounded benevolence and kindness, overflowing towards all her fellow-creatures."]

[*Gloucester Place*],
Thursday, Feby. 23rd [1832].

Dear Lou—I blush that your letter should have lain unnoticed for a whole week. A most amazing cloud of laziness, nay worse, of idleness, one of the seven deadly sins, has hung over me for some time past. What have I been about? Let's see. Wednesday at Mrs. Lockhart's. Thursday at Ly. Stuart's. Friday Ly. Charlotte Lindsay dined with me. Saturday was alone. Sunday dined and eve^g with Ly. Montagu *tête-à-tête* (my Lord and all the girls had gone to Ditton for a week the Monday before). Monday at Ly. Stuart's. Tuesday had the Charity Committee here in the morning, so begged a dinner of Mrs. Scott for the house to be put in order. Yesterday, likewise, I dined with her, and we both days read *St. Ronan's Well*, with wonder at the really fine things to be found in what was so run down at its first coming out. To-day I have visited Lady M. at Charles D.'s [Douglas] lodgings, and meant to go to Ly. Stuart in the evening, but there is a fog that says "stay at home." In returning from Grosvenor Place it really was almost dangerous, tho' what should have been broad daylight; the sun in the middle of the heavens a round ball without rays, the colour of a new halfpenny. Yesterday the same, and at night fearful. Strange weather for the time of year. If to-morrow, the birthday, is as bad, the carriages will run foul of each other at St. James's. Lord M. and Lucy returned on Tuesday to go to it. He was at yesterday's levee,

presented addresses against reform, etc. The other girls have staid at Ditton, where he and she return Saturday. As for Charles, she has been much better satisfied about him. . . . She now expresses a wish he could get out, which, if there were weather for it, I do not doubt might be beneficial; and I find Bath is talked of. My mother's cousin, Lady Frances Erskine (mother of the man to whom the Earldom of Mar was restored), had a stroke when I was a child, and after it lived at Bath till within a year or two of her death. She spoke just in that imperfect manner, her intellect unimpaired, but language lost. She once of her own accord attempted learning a foreign one, thinking she might remember the new words, but it did not succeed. I suppose she could not have been as old as he when first attacked by the malady. Mr. Wharton is another instance. I own I have ceased to hope for restoration. However, I see L^y. M. has by degrees, one may say, *forgot* that object, and makes one to herself of the little daily variations which keep alive interest and expectation—a blessed part of our nature. It is as people watch an infirm or sickly child, till they forget that it ought to be other than it is. I remember an old General Johnstone and his wife at Bath. He the sternest, roughest, surliest of old soldiers; she a clever woman. They had an idiot daughter of one and twenty. Our apothecary, who was theirs, used to tell us that, tho' beautiful in form, she had remained exactly with the degree of sense you might suppose in a child of a year old, and the parents, both doatingly fond of her, would play with her for hours, rattling a watch-chain or a bunch of keys as you do to a baby, while she lay on the floor catching at the toy, and they just as pleased as if she had been *but* a baby, and a forward one of her

age. Nay, the father in his will left a fortune to her disposal, appointing no trustees to secure it. This shows what habit can do for us : otherwise perhaps in some cases we could not go on at all. A sad thing has happened in the next street. Mrs. Bart^w. Bouverie, who was poor Miss Smith's particular friend, thro' *her* very intimate with Mrs. Scott, and thro' *her* an acquaintance of mine, set her sleeve on fire ten days ago while sealing a letter. The servants did not hear her cries at first, but came, it was thought, in time to prevent fatal consequences. However, her arm was much burned, there was a great discharge, and, in short, yesterday morning she died. The poor, good old man takes it with pious resignation and says he is glad he shall not leave her behind him when he goes, as he expects to do soon. Mrs. Scott, who is not well herself, has had many things to shock her lately.

Ly. Charlotte Lindsay called this morning. She has had a letter from Sir W^m. Gell from Naples, who speaks of Sir W. Scott as very well, and sees a great deal of him. The Lockharts hardly ever get any letters, which is very provoking. Gell is full of a magnificent piece of Mosaic discovered at Pompeii, the combat between Alexander and Darius, Darius one of the finest heads imaginable.

You bespoke a copy of the *Character* [of Mrs. Weddell] for Lady Richardson. If you wish it, write her a note that you have obtained it for her, and put that in a longish cover directed to her and send it to me. I will inclose the character, and have it left at their house. Else I think she may get it without you, because I have been asked in a roundabout way whether I would allow some more copies to be printed off, and the people named as wishing it seemed of *her* connection

—Miss Mansfield, Mrs. Dampier, etc. So if you would have this merit, do as I say. My stock begins to fall short. The Ashtons begged me to give one to a Mrs. Impey whom I used often to meet in Brook Street. By the way, the Ramsdens are very attentive to me and all the remaining old friends, and considerate too, in not asking me to *the* house, now theirs, which indeed it would cost me a pang to enter.

Mrs. Hutchinson has never yet been in town. Did I tell you I had called on the Fans. [Fanshawes] and thought Pen. looking better? Cath. not yet visible. Adieu. This must go to Q. A. Street before breakfast.

LETTER CXLIV.]

[Fanny Kemble's play was probably *Francis the First*, but the date of publication seems to have been 1830 (see Brewer's *Dictionary*.]

[*Gloucester Place*], Thursday [1832].

I fear you will think me very idle, and so to be sure I am. Let me hope the waggoner's departure is now fixed, and we shall soon come into *vivâ-voce* intercourse. . . . Well, Fanny Kemble's play. "Pshaw!" said I to myself, "what can possess the girl to attempt such a thing? I know the sort of cold *hash* it will be." And lo! to cure me of prepossessions, it is decidedly a work of genius, with abundance of faults, room for abundance of criticism, but passages of genuine original *poetry*, stolen from nobody—not, I should say, fit for the stage without much cutting and carving; in short, like the old plays, her models requiring not one He and one She but a number of actors who can feel and speak, and embracing the events of a good many years. Mrs. Lockhart tells me there is one part rather *dis-*

trekking to see, which one is not sensible of in reading, and which I attribute to the *innocence* of the writer, who probably never dreamed of its effect. Her father, not being *innocent* (I suppose), ought to have altered it. Already "*they say* she did not write it herself"—the old story, for *envy* is as old as the world, and genius in any line whatever a thing that Mediocrity can never bear to think exists. Three or four people *may* club lines and make a fine passage (which is almost an impossibility), but the merit of it must not belong to an individual. I hate this kind of depreciating spirit. *They* never *say* Mrs. Hemans and Miss Mitford and Mrs. Jewsbury, nor even Mrs. Norton, did not write their own publications; but this being her own in another sense, no *pasticcio*, no shreds of Lord Byron and Walter Scott patched together disturbs sober people's quiet.

Friday morn'g.—Fie on me for not having completed this yesterday, but, lest I forget it, let me say that I called on the Ashtons; found only the mother. She told me her daughters had dined with the Ramsdens the day before, when he said he would never forgive the D. of Wellington while he lived. "Why, what has he done to you?" "Why, he went out and let my friends come in. And you may laugh, but I can tell you it is far from pleasant to sit every night, see one's friends do everything wrong, see them bring on all sorts of mischief, and yet be forced to support them." He then said all the arrangements of the Bill about Yorkshire were universally unpopular in the county and prejudicial to it, and that Lord Milton was quite of his opinion (otherwise it would not be his opinion, I fancy). Oh! it is such a different thing to *oppose*, to have only the easy task of *finding fault*, and to avoid faults, to do

things well oneself. This they are now beginning to discover. And one should rejoice in it if our own ruin were not the consequence. If you take raw, unpractised servants, your purse must pay for their learning their business. Mrs. A. told me she heard Lord Melbourne had held conferences with Mr. *Wakly* again about the meeting planned on the fast day, not fairly exerted authority to put it down. Well, I will have done, that this *farrago* may be lodged in Q. A. Street before twelve. Remember and burn it.¹

LETTER CXLV.]

[*Gloucester Place*],
Monday, March 5 [1832].

Dear Lou—According to your permission I dispatched the packet to Lady Richardson by the penny post, for Bedford Square is indeed far off. Demands [for Mrs. Weddell's character] so increase upon me that I have given orders for more to be printed, and now am provoked to find that I must pay the same as at first, since the types must be set afresh, whether for few copies or many, the number making hardly any difference in the expense. But (thank Heaven!) I was a novice in these matters.

I am glad to find you even talk of a determinate time—it is like letting a house. If people ask five hundred a year, you hope to get it for four; so now you think of the middle of March, there seems some chance of your moving towards the end. Alas! alas! for the attendant circumstances! Like it! No, nobody can like it, but they persuade themselves it is unavoidable, and in some degree they make it so.

¹ This refers to the first half of the letter, which has been omitted.

As for the cholera, Mr. Dickenson called on me the other day. His son, he said, had come to him open-mouthed with a cholera case, as if mighty good news. He went to the place, James Street, a dirty bye-street little better than an alley ; there he found a child about five years old evidently dying, and in a state of wretched poverty, but it was not *blue*, it had a *pulse*, it was warm instead of *cold*. . . . So he went away quite satisfied that these particulars answered no description he had ever read of the Asiatic cholera. Yet after its death three doctors came, examined the body, pronounced the disease cholera, and so reported it to the Board of Health. And as you would direct to James Street, Manchester Square, it shortly turned into *four cases IN Manchester Square*, where there are only gentlemen's houses. So to-day's paper sets down sixteen cases (all children) in the Marybone Workhouse. But I see that Dr. Sigmond, physician to our dispensary, and three other doctors have attended them, and deny it to be the cholera ; so there are great doubts on the subject, altho' perhaps none that it is in the town. Really, however, amongst one's acquaintance one hears, "Oh dear ! I was so ill last night ! I thought I was going to have the cholera—so sick, and such pain !" when they eat something that disagrees with them. It justifies the speech His Majesty made the other day : "Ma'am, what they now call the cholera used in my time to be called the cholic."

LETTER CXLVI.]

[*Gloucester Pl.*] Tuesday.

I received your note or letter (undated) and sent yesterday in hopes you were come. I shall call to-day for the same purpose. If you did come, perhaps you would spend this evening here, and I would send for

you ; or if you come to-day, I would say the same for to-morrow evening. I have little besides to say. I dined again in H. P. [Hamilton Place] Sunday. She [Lady Montagu] did come to a party at Mrs. Lockhart's last night and was well amused. Theodore Hook sung comical songs extempore ; one on the fourth of June, with sly touches at the *Times*, but, alas ! my deaf ears lost the greater part of the fun. Lady Tancred [sister of Mrs. Scott] has been couched, and is going on well, but they have not yet ascertained the event by taking off the bandages, though it has been done these ten days.

Is Aunt K. angry at the appointment of serjeants Taddy and Mereweather. Her friend affects to be very moderate but *is furious*, for the truth is they expected to slip in again quietly, as if nothing had happened, and are comically baulked. She told me they resigned because they thought it unhandsome, and felt it unpleasant to be the servants of a woman known to dislike them. Now who is minister does not in the least bear on *that* question, you know. D. of W. or Lord G., it would be all one. Adieu.

LETTER CXLVII.]

[Addressed] 27 Queen Anne St., Cavendish Sqre.

Petersham, Tuesday, July 24th [1832].

Dear Lou—I fear you will think me tardy in answering your note, which Lucy faithfully forwarded, and I got on Sunday morning. I must be brief likewise, that this may go by to-morrow's early post. My little journey was as prosperous as yours, and I had the pleasure of finding all well, the Admiral perfectly recovered, indeed better than I have seen him this

great while ; very sociable too. Poor ——'s mild calmness is edifying ; no effort, no obtrusion of melancholy, or appearance of desire to avoid cheerful society. She reminds one of Madame de la Vallière's *je ne suis pas aise mais je suis contente*, but there is a feebleness about her like indifferent health. I remember Lady Gardiner's saying to Louisa Dawson twenty years ago, after so many who were dear to her had died in successive years, "You have no notion how real misfortune tranquillizes the mind," and it seems to have had that effect on —— . . . I have just had an interview with Professor Smythe. Finding he was here on a visit to his sister, who is married to a man that lives close by, I took the opportunity of sending him the *character*, and he came to thank me. He had seen it before, but was much pleased to have it, speaking of her as if he had perfectly understood her. The Admiral was in London and at Ham. [Hamilton] Place yesterday. He brought back tidings that Lucy [Montagu] had decidedly the whooping cough. She had been coughing oddly for some time, but could not be sure. I hope this will not bring her mother back from Tunbridge sooner than she first intended. They talk something of engaging Miss Milsome (I don't know her married name) to go as chaperon with the others. I cannot conceive Miss Milsome *Mrs.* Anything, can you? By the bye, Lady Emily Graham is to marry Mr. Foley of Herefordshire. I once drove near his very pretty place [Stoke Edith], in a beautiful country, and have heard he is a very good man.

This moment a letter is come from Ly. L. Bromley, who says Ly. Montagu looks very well and Mary has already got quite a fresh, healthy colour. She is still at Tunbridge, but about to leave it to-morrow for the Isle

of Wight. Anna [Dawson] gone to Worthing, there to wait their report of Ryde. Tunbridge disagreed so much with her, she could not stay. They, as I understand, were delayed by some illness of the eldest girl's, who is now, however, recovered. Adieu.

LETTER CXLVIII.]

Petersham, Thursday, 8th August [1832].

Dear Louisa—I hope this will find you still in the comfortable abode and society of Mrs. Hare [*née* Stanley]. I returned yesterday from passing a week with the Gardiners. Sir R., I am sorry to say, is but what the servants call poorly, walking lamely, and afflicted with a noise in his head, and consequent deafness that lowers his spirits considerably, the more as there is nothing passing to raise them. The eldest girl was taken ill two days ago with the chicken-pox, I suppose, though the apothecary inclined to think it mitigated small-pox, because that has prevailed lately in the village. However, she ails nothing in any other way, so, be it which it will, no great matter. I hardly ever saw so retired a place as that they inhabit, tho' but a quarter of a mile from the great Portsmouth road. They are not even annoyed by beggars and strollers, and their premises are remarkably pretty, yet too shady even for me, quite overhung with trees. Claremont, too, strikes me as a very dull place. What it was in (Pelham) Duke of Newcastle's time I know not. The present house was built by Lord Clive, and I have a notion that Brown laid out the grounds. Accordingly, the house stands *in his stile*, quite alone, and, as the French say, *au beau milieu d'un pré*, unsuspecting of stable, garden, dairy, shrubbery, poultry-yard, or any other adjunct a house can have, or its inhabitants want.

Melbourne, as its miniature, is on the same plan, and tho' so small that stable and garden cannot help being close by, yet you may go all round the house without scenting them out. This is not sense, and I think the world has now found out it is not taste either; in the greater place it gives a cold, bald, *villa* look which I dislike. Its beauties are tame, tho' one cannot find fault with them. A breakfast there would be beautiful. I could imagine a gay set of people scattered up and down very becomingly. *Now* the solitude is depressing without being in the least *sentimental*. One part has inequality of ground enough and a great variety of fine trees, but you lack the fern-brake and the animals that suit it; you long for a few deer or oxen to people the solitude.

Saturday.—Finding that Lord M., on whose frank I depended, was to be just these two days at Ditton, I have dawdled about my letter, which now will not be finished till time enough to go on Monday, tho' I believe L^y. M. will get it to-night. I always hope and trust that you are still (through this very fine hot weather) in the peaceful clime of Alton. We went yesterday (all five) and dined with L^y. Stuart at the Lodge [Richmond Park]. The first time I have seen *Mrs. Cameron* [Vere Hobart], who is the happiest of the happy, and delighted with the prospect before her, viz. to go to town next Wednesday, the 15th, embark for Ostend Saturday 17th, proceed to the Rhine, go up it to Cologne and Heidelberg; then they seek out the Northlands [Thomas Knoxes] at Geneva or Lausanne, then repair to the Fosters at Turin, then winter at Rome or Naples, etc. etc. I cannot help feeling that the sight and hearing of this prosperous pair must give poor L——'s bereaved heart a pang. But it does not make

itself sensible. She has a look of calm, cheerful resignation more interesting than melancholy itself. Another person is less resigned, Lady S. [Stuart]. I am very sorry for her.¹ . . . I shall go to her for ten days or a fortnight when she returns to the Lodge after their departure. By that time I presume the Bromleys will be at Baginton. They found no habitation to suit them in the Isle of Wight, but made the tour of it and then went to Worthing, where Anna was waiting their report; so there they are now all together, and by L^y. Louisa's account very comfortable and much refreshed by the sea air. To return to this family. M—— and L—— leave it to-night to embark at the Tower for Leith. Nothing can have answered better than their visit in every way; it has healed and soothed and comforted the aunt. Both are now improved, but the former quite a changed person; Mad^e. de Sévigné would have said "*un prodige de la grace*," for certainly it is a deep sense of religion which has worked this reformation. All the fear is her getting too much into the hands of a *sect*. However, when one of her friends upbraided her for the crime of going to a small party and singing Italian songs, she seemed aware of the absurdity rather than alarmed by the scruple. . . . Sunday: they went accordingly, both sorry to go. L—— deeply affected indeed at parting with L^y. Scott, to whom she now seems more attached than to anybody else in the world. I believe I shall end the week here which this day begins, then go to Lady Stuart at the Lodge, and there probably finish the month. What magnificent weather there has been, except a thunder-storm and two or three heavy days while I was at Melbourne. I long to know whether it has done you a

¹ Miss Hobart had lived with her.

great deal of good ; to hear from you indeed, for your last letter was dated July 26. . . .

The account of Sir Walter the same, or yet worse, if worse might be. The Montagus will tell you their own story. Adieu. Once more, let me hear from you. The weather makes me languid, and, in fact, is too hot for writing, so this has trailed slowly on. Always
afftely. yrs, L. S.

LETTER CXLIX.]

Gloucester Place, Thursday

[*perhaps August 1832.*

See the account of Sir W. Scott.]

My dear Louisa—Lord Mont. is at Tunbridge. However, your letter came safely to me this morning. I dined with *her* yesterday ; she showed me the picture, which indeed is a most striking one [by Rochard of Lord Douglas.] . . .

I came to town on Tuesday, leaving with — her only surviving sister—*niece* strictly speaking, but they are nearly of an age, which makes the connection the same—an old acquaintance, whom I had not seen for some years, as she chiefly resides near her daughter, married in Scotland. She had always the disease of miftiness, but now, by living out of the world, it is so increased that one may see she breathes only in an atmosphere of affront, like a maiden gentlewoman of ancient descent and small fortune inhabiting a country town, and ready to quarrel with all her neighbours by way of asserting the claims of her ancestors. The hail-fellow-well-met system of the present day gives her spleen a degree of annoyance at which one cannot help laughing, altho' one is sorry for her vexations, and in some few instances may think her not altogether wrong.

As, for example, when she laments that (the equerries' table at Windsor being suppressed) the attorney and the apothecary dine with the king and queen to be a match for Louis Philippe's popularity. I think it was to the Regent Orleans that somebody said, when he prided himself on being *populaire*, "*Prenez garde, Monseigneur, de n'être que POPULACE.*" It will not do in English, that is, *the word*. I am sure the *thing* is glaring enough. Wherever one may clap, one has an equal right to hiss; respect is as much destroyed by one as by the other. Accordingly they wanted to get up an address at Richmond to thank H.M. for going through their town to London, after being insulted at Brentford, and lo! some of the chief tradesmen would not sign it—one in particular who sticks over his shop "Chemist to H.M. and the Dss. of Cumberland." He was shamed into it at last, but showed his disinclination, and others stood out positively, so I believe it failed.

The last accounts I have heard of Abbotsford came through Mr. Morritt, and are if possible worse than any former ones, too painful to dwell upon, but, alas! the sad scene does not close.

Friday.—A letter from L^y. Charlotte, who seems to be settled at Raith, Mr. Ferguson's, with her fellow-travellers [the Berrys]. She says they left Mr. Morritt well. . . . L^y. Charlotte has seen Dr. Abercrombie, the first Edinburgh physician, just returned from Abbotsford, and the only comfort he gives is that it cannot last long. But so they said, and so one thought, two months ago. I fear it must wear out the daughters in body and mind.

Here is a fine day at last. I have let the fire they lighted for me go out. Let us hope your harvest will be saved, and trust that Lady Louisa will get rid of

her cold. Anna writes word that their party is to break up on Monday—the Bromleys to go to Baginton, and she to visit her sister-in-law, Mrs. George D. [Damer], at Hampton Court, where the latter is occupying her brother's lodgings. . . .

I am deliberating with myself whether I will or will not make another visit of two or three days before I go to Baginton, but at any rate I suppose I shall *tend* there early in the week after next, and what afterwards I really at present cannot decide.

I close this to be left at Q. A. Street to-morrow morning.—Y^{rs.} aff^{tely}.,

L. S.

CHAPTER X

SEPTEMBER—DECEMBER 1832

LETTER CL.]

Gloucester Place, Monday night [1832.

Evidently after Sir Walter Scott's death, 21st Sept.]

My dear Louisa—I was not at all the worse for coming to town, but my cold is heavy and must have its course. However, I think two or three days more will get over the worst of it. Mr. Dickenson called on Sunday. He seems very well himself, and was much delighted with his holidays. During the wedding affair he and Lady Alicia were left behind at Lord Aberdeen's, and he says his time passed most agreeably in her society. Her Grace of Bedford did not please him so well. However, he says she will not draw over her son-in-law to the wrong side, for *she* is of her brother's party and a tory. That is in the order of things, according to the spirit of contradiction. He had the pleasure of hearing Cobbett lecture to a crowded audience at Carlisle. Down with the Church in the first place, and all the *et ceteras*, otherwise the Reform Bill would be waste paper ; but he abused the Whigs manfully. We are to have a flaming Radical member for Marybone, a Sir something something, whom I never heard of before—not Colonel Jones, but full as bad.

Mrs. Lockhart and her sister called on me this

morning. Both look very ill, but, thinking me so, they would not stay a minute. They were mistaken, for it is a mere cold. No more at present, but a thousand thanks to L^y. Louisa and Sir W^m. and all at Cockenhatch for much kindness, which assure them I felt very sensibly.—Most affect^{tely}. yrs.,

L. S.

LETTER CLI.]

[The point of the attachés' joke about Lord Bute's brother, Lord Patrick Stuart, was that Thomas Coutts the banker's widow (Miss Mellon), was the mother of the second wife of the first Marquess of Bute, grandfather of Lord Patrick, who was descended from the *first* wife, and consequently, "as he stoutly argued," no relation of Mrs. Coutts, though the attachés might have called him her *step*-great-grandson.

Mrs. Coutts, as is well known, married secondly the ninth Duke of St. Albans. She died in 1837.]

[Addressed] Cockenhatch, Royston.

Baginton Hall, Tuesday, Sept. 18 [1832].

Dear Lou—This day only have I received your letter, *via* Ditton, with the welcome news written on the back, instead of a direction, that they all settled there on Friday and that Charles was well. Lord M. [Montagu] and Lucy about to set out for Hirsel [Lord Home's] as to-morrow. I was writing to L^y. M. before, so of course finished my letter, and therefore shall hardly have time, I doubt, to accomplish another to-day, and at any rate none will go till to-morrow. I hate the post going out before it comes in. To make amends we have plenty of newspapers, for Mr. D. [Davenport] is here and takes three Chester or Macclesfield *Courants* besides the *Morng. Post*, while Mr. B. [Bromley] has the *Courier*, the *Morning Herald*, and now and then the *Leamington* and *Warwick Gazetteer*.

Buonaparte hardly got so many at St. Helena by the showing that proved his own or O'Meara's lies. But they are all duller one than another. I had fine weather for leaving town Saturday, and tolerable for coming hither from Luton the Thursday after. My visit there passed well on the whole ; much is so changed that I should scarcely know it again, and the rest gave rise to pensive and moralising thoughts without causing the pain it would once have done. The old part of the house, which I always personally dwelt in, has been pulled down, and the newer compleated, that is, as far as its shell—a very fine hall and billiard-room only being fairly finished. The original evil must always remain : an immense house had neither dining-room nor kitchen, but [which ?] were in the old part, and now there is a house which your cousin Newcastle could not fill with his twelve children, and still it is incomplete, and has awkwardness from being so. I am convinced a spell was laid upon it, from the very beginning, to be always, always half done, and to a certain degree immersed in rubbish, brick, and mortar. I was glad to see again the venerable beeches, the finest, I believe, in England ; and also the pictures, which still may keep their rank, although so many collections have poured into the country since my time—and theirs. But the place is a dull one, to tell the truth : a great park, not indeed flat, but with gentle uniform risings and fallings of ground, artificial water and no distant views, cannot well be otherwise. The first distant excursion I ever made (into Yorkshire) fifty years ago or more, told me this, and I felt in the same faith still the other day : not wondering that my sisters used to be quite as tired of their residence there as yours are of. . . . As for the *beauties* of the place, a certain grove cut through with

serpentine walks, planted on each side with flowering shrubs, and adjoining to the flower garden, conservatories, etc. etc. etc., all this my brother entirely demolished, not a vestige remains, but tall evergreens now grown into underwood, and scarcely to be approached for the luxuriant brambles, the very site of the garden not distinguishable. I often thought of the old Latin—*sic transit gloria mundi*—remembering my father's delight in it all. However, if one generation were bound to alter nothing constructed by another, we should now be living in houses built thus,¹ like some still existing in Holborn, or perhaps not existing now. As for the owners of the mansion, they received Aunt Tabitha with all due respect and deference, *she* with the easy good breeding natural to her, he with the formality that somehow seems quite natural to him. I take him to be a good and a good-natured man, however, desirous in all respects to act rightly and kindly. I should suppose he had good useful sense, though no brilliancy or taste for wit and humour. Whatever evil influence Lady Mary Wortley cast over the family is quite dispelled in that branch of it and some others. Their blood has recovered the taint of hers, and runs as pure from it as any Alderman's in the land. Lord S. de R. [Rothesay] who is not so free from the infection, has made me laugh with an account of the indignation of the younger brother (who was once with him at Paris) against a joke of the other attachés : they told him there was no law to forbid a man's marrying his *great* grandmother, so advised him by all means to secure Mrs. C—— ; instead of laughing he let it tease him, and grew seriously angry, arguing stoutly that she was *not his* great grandmother, nor his relation—for

¹ A rough plan here in the shape of a Z.

family pride always makes a dull person duller. As poor Mrs. Preston used to say, there is no dignity in the world equal to that of dulness, so when it can hook another species of dignity to its aid it becomes superlative.

We have nobody here but Mr. Davenport. Anna [Dawson] does not come till next week. For the first day there were two Miss Sneyds, Mr. B.'s aunts. I wish they had staid longer, for they appeared pleasant, intelligent women, and of *one's own sort*, if one durst use that saucy expression—perfect *gentlewomen* whom one could understand and be understood by. One does not know how to define the thing, but it has a being and makes itself felt, as I am sure the reverse of it does, when one unluckily meets with it, and its angles and points come in contact with one's elbows and knuckles. The weather is not at all past enjoyment.

How I have contrived to fill four mortal pages with nothing at all at all ! Instead of asking when I come, tell me, pray, when you go to Ditton, which I know Ly. M. has set her heart upon. I am glad you have had such satisfactory letters from Henry, and may at least think his health runs no risk where he is. Now adieu ! for I expect a call to luncheon every moment.—
Affetly. yrs. L. S.

LETTER CLII.]

[The shock referred to in this letter was the death of Lady Emily MacLeod.]

[Addressed] Cockenhatch, Royston, Herts.

Baginton Hall, Coventry, 4th of October [1832.]

My dear Lou—I daresay that the same cause which must make you anxious to hear of me, makes you almost

afraid to write, a feeling I perfectly understand, and therefore write to you as soon as I am able. The shock was one of those sudden ones that at first astonish rather than afflict, one is benumbed and cannot comprehend or believe the fact. Yet I ought to have been prepared to expect it, for above a twelvemonth ago I saw an evident change in looks, manner, even in handwriting, and did not disguise to myself that there was a quick progress downhill. Accordingly, on receiving a letter from L^y. Gardiner mentioning a sort of sickness attended with a desire to remain in bed, I augured ill, so far as to think it possibly the beginning of a state of decrepitude. And ought I not to be thankful that it was not? that a long and perhaps painful struggle was spared? I certainly ought. Her family, too, feel that they ought and are supporting themselves as well as can be hoped. Gen. MacLeod, with a firmness which calls for admiration considering how much his sole object she had been for some years past, since (after the death of the last son he lost) he nearly withdrew from all society, seldom leaving his own house, and never caring to sleep out of it. But it seems to have awakened an energy which one supposed utterly gone by. By the greatest good luck, or I had nearly said a good providence, Mr. and Mrs. Pister (?) who live in the house were absent on a visit to the Atherleys at Arundel, and the Gardiners with their little girls had taken their place at Woolwich about a fortnight before the event. Caroline had consequently the melancholy satisfaction of seeing everything with her own eyes, and paying the last duties herself, and her father has the comfort and support of her presence. She is an invaluable person on such occasions, being gifted with a composure and self-command arising from deep feeling as well as superior sense. I never saw her

strength of mind overthrown but once, on the death of her favourite brother killed at Badajoz, whom to this day she never names or alludes to. Fortunately Sir Robert is much better than when I saw him at his home, and of course can take his full share of the burthen, which he does with the affection of a son rather than a son-in-law. He has written to me over and over. I have heard once from her and once from Mrs. Cuppage, who is in town on account of her children, who have all had *English* cholera: one died (just before this) and the rest are recovering.

Louisa [Bromley] has been very kind to me and very feeling for the sorrow of her earliest friends. For myself I need not say what the loss of *my* earliest friends, and *only* early one remaining, is and must be. Our intimacy began at fourteen years old, as our mothers had been companions from their childhood and always continued friends, and our fathers were second cousins. However, the season of violent emotions is past with me, and as I am conscious of having formerly indulged in them far too much, and know that greater calmness now does not proceed from any effort of my own, but is the natural effect of advancement in years, and of having weathered many a blast, I accept it as a mercy. God grant I may use it as I ought! Mr. Davenport is still here, and no talk of his removing nor of theirs, of course. . . . We have had no visitors except the Warden of All Souls (Mr. Lewis Sneyd) for two or three days. Anna and her brother Lionel came down last week. It is therefore very quiet, and the weather allows of being out all the morning. I have not yet even thought of going away, probably shall not for a fortnight or three weeks, Mrs. Scott, I am aware, will then wish me to come to Danesfield, and by a letter I had yesterday from Lady

Montagu, I see that if all goes well with Charles D. and Bath is resolved upon, you will be earnestly sought for at Ditton to keep Mary company during their absence. This does seem to me so delightful and comfortable a scheme that I am particularly anxious you should not defeat it. Things are changed now. I presume there is no Mrs. (I forget the governess's name) or Miss Milsom to stiffen the society. Do, my dear Lou, assent, for indeed at present I do not feel equal to going to Cockenhatch. I could not read plays, etc. etc. Your refusing upon a vague chance of my coming some time or other would be very foolish on your own account, and very vexatious and embarrassing to me. The *same post* brought me Mr. Lockhart's note announcing Sir Walter's death. *That* was a thing to rejoice at, because he died, in fact, before his return to England—but yet, but yet—one could not bear to think all was over and he gone—quite gone. I have been obliged to the newspaper descriptions of his funeral, etc., for making me cry, which I often find I cannot do from inward oppression. They are well drawn up and without false pathos, so are the characters of him I have seen. What a tribute to the *man*, not the author, the grief of all the lower orders. It made me recollect how he inculcated conciliating the peasantry, and it was called “his *romantic political* ideas,” for them—read, his benevolence and wisdom. Adieu, dear, dear Lou.—Yrs. most aff^{ctly}.

L. S.

I send this straight as you bid me for a single letter, and my servant shall carry it to Coventry. Write *straight* likewise; pray always remember me most kindly to Sir W^m. and L^y. Louisa.

SIR WALTER SCOTT



LETTER CLIII.]

[Addressed] Cockenhatch, Royston, Herts.

Baginton Hall,

Monday, 15th of October [1832].

Dear Lou—Your letter of the 7th gave me great satisfaction, for I was in apprehension that you would be made quite unhappy by giving up my visit, and therefore I was extremely uncomfortable about it, although unwilling to disappoint Mrs. Scott [of Danesfield], who all along seemed to count on my returning to her, and to whom I think myself of some use. I feel really grateful to you, for I fully understand the case, and give credit to your very, *very* unselfish manner of taking it. Even now, though I have written to Danesfield and appointed to be there the beginning of next week, were I to find that your going to Ditton was a scheme to be abandoned I should be much tempted to change my course. But this, I hope, is not to happen, and I am very positively certain that notwithstanding your preference of my society even to Mary's, and all your wise arguments on the subject as to doing your work, etc., being away from home, is the very best thing for you. Only let it be to a certain degree away from you. Put it by till you see it again. . . . God forbid I should lessen the sense of duty in your mind, my own aches too often for having neglected it. . . . Mr. Davenport went away last week. It seems his motions always appear sudden, because he never communicates his intentions till a day or two beforehand. He is gone to Derbyshire, but will be at Capesthorpe about the end of the month; and then the Bromleys follow him, and Anna Maria, too, which I am glad of, as he has repeatedly asked her in the kindest manner.

I see you take notice of something I said about Sir. W. S.'s notions and practice of conciliating the peasantry. I believe a sermon in Dr. Arnold's second vol. put it into my head, where he recommends keeping up a *friendly* and *familiar* intercourse with the poor people, not merely one of *charity*, usually so called, but entering into their thoughts and feelings. I said to myself, "This is just poor Sir Walter Scott." Well! and so last week Miss Berry sends me from Scotland in a large frank a printed life of him as what she is sure must please me as his friend, etc., etc., in which it is said that though kind to the commonalty when they came in his way, he was too aristocratic to like the people as a body, and it might be observed that he never drew any of the middling or lower classes as a manly independent character, or gave them any virtues, unless obedience or indeed *servility* to their superiors might be called one!!! Dandy Dinmont, Jeanie Deans, Halbert Glendinning, Rose Flammoch, the citizens of Perth, the usurer's daughter in Nigel, George Heriot the silversmith, are all *noble* men and women, I presume! But if it had been as true as it is false, to be sure her thinking it would gratify me, is a proof of what Lady Davy says, that, with undoubted sense, Miss B. has less *tact* than anybody in the world; for the whole character and critique is manifestly depreciating, and as manifestly written by one of her own party. I had a few lines from Mrs. Lockhart the other day, resigned, and endeavouring to hope the best; her sister will live on with her, and if the creditors come into such terms as can be offered Abbotsford may be preserved.

The Gardiners are still at Woolwich. On that head [Lady Emily Macleod's death] I say little. My whole former life was connected with her and has ended with

her ; not one person now living can be said to know anything of it, and consequently it all rises up before me daily and hourly. I must forget myself before I forget any circumstance connected with it ; but though it is deep within, you would not perceive anything particular without. Adieu. I am uncertain where I ought to direct this, having half a hope that you may be already at Ditton. However, perhaps, it is best to observe your former orders and say Cockenhatch. Remember me to all there, and now God bless you.

L. S.

LETTER CLIV.]

TO MRS. STEWART MACKENZIE OF SEAFORTH.

Royston, Herts, 26th October 1832.

. . . I have lost my earliest and latest friend, poor Lady Emily Macleod, with whom I have been on a sister's footing since I was fourteen years old. Our mothers had been the companions of each other's childhood like ourselves, and as neither of us had a sister near her own age all the little half-childish, half-girlish interchange of thoughts, and schemes, and wishes—folly to grown-up years—took place, which perhaps never can begin later. Sometimes it fades away and is wholly forgotten ; the parties grow gradually estranged or indifferent. But where people go on together through life, a long life, as we had done, it is something no intimacy formed in riper years can resemble. We knew each other as no one else knew either of us, thought aloud to each other, wrote as if we were talking to ourselves. Yet such is the tranquillising effect of time that I have borne the blow without those violent emotions it would have produced formerly. . . . The news of poor Sir Walter's death came just at the same sad

moment, consequently made little impression on me at the time, but I have thought enough of him and *them* since. Miss Berry, whose *forte* is not delicacy of tact, picked up a life of him in *Chambers' Edinburgh Journal*, and thought it so fair and accurate that she sent it to me in an office frank. It strikes me as depreciating throughout,—high general praise, only he was no poet, and a very indifferent writer of prose. This is matter of taste. But what enrages me is the audacious assertion that he was too aristocratic to care for the people, and never painted a good character in the middle or lower classes. Jeanie Deans, Dandie Dinmont, and I know not how many more, were lords and ladies, I suppose ! If he had one characteristic more than another I should say it was his kind and affectionate familiarity with those below him, which I know he took pains to make others adopt likewise.

LETTER CLV.]

[Sir Walter Scott's first acquaintance with Morritt in 1808 is sufficiently described in Lockhart's *Life*. When Lady Louisa first knew him does not appear, but in 1800 they were not acquainted, for in that year Lady Louisa joined Frances Lady Douglas and two of her daughters in a tour to the English Lakes. At Lowood an amusing incident happened. Lady Douglas's little dog strayed into another sitting-room where was a party which proved to be Morritt and some friends. The result was a copy of verses on the dog, written on a shutter, which Lady Douglas and her party found after the other party had gone. At Keswick next evening they found the same party in the next room, so as a joke, Tiny, the little dog, was sent in with an answer in verse, written by Lady Louisa ; back came more verses, and so on, but without further acquaintance being made at that time, for the Morritt party went away next morning.

The “Embargo” mentioned was on all vessels bearing the Dutch flag in British ports,—the result of a convention between England and France after the failure of a European conference, summoned to try and settle the quarrel between Holland and the Belgian provinces. The question was settled by the surrender of Antwerp to a French army and the declaration of the independence of Belgium.]

TO J. B. MORRITT, ESQ., ROKEBY, GRETA BRIDGE.

Cockenhatch, 16th of November 1832.

My dear Mr. Morritt—Your letter of October 27th convinces me you acted wisely towards Chambers’ pretended Biography [of Sir W. Scott?] in what you did and what you left undone, and I was a woman, if not a fool, for wanting you to go any further. About a fortnight hence, I think, I shall be in London for a week, and shall then try to see Sophia Lockhart. . . .

. . . I have read over and over every word you say of our poor late friend, and subscribe to every word. I remember Mason, in his life of Gray, repeats and controverts the assertion of Bishop Sprat “that the letters of familiar friends, if written as they should be, can never be fit to see the light.” I am of the Bishop’s mind, at least thus far, that fit or unfit, the writers can never wish them to see the light—the receivers seldom. To be sure you and I should be sorry not to have Gray’s letters, but what would he have said to it himself. Pope’s letters were as much designed for publication as his *Dunciad* or *Essay on Man*, but how would Swift have liked the thoughts of his journal to Stella being tossed over and criticised and blundered about by the herd of common readers? Unfortunately one does, and one must, like best those printed letters which were most carelessly and unguardedly written; yet I hope

Mr. Lockhart will be sparing in his communications of this sort, give no letters of form and propriety such as everybody *composes* alike, but weigh others well before he gives them to the public : one would fain have a few of those that speak the heart and soul and character of the excellent man. Now he is gone, it seems as if one had not valued him enough or been proud enough of knowing him. I shall always thank you for having prompted me to go up and meet him in London last year, and so catch the last faint rays of his setting sun. You, too, have something to thank me for ; if I remember right I may boast of having been the means of your making each other's acquaintance. On your resolving upon a tour in Scotland, I told him you were to come, and I recollect the very window where we stood (in a spot I shall never visit again) [Bothwell?] and the tone in which he said, "Ah ! Mr. Morritt—a very learned man—I shall be happy to know him." But this calling back of other years is almost too much for either of us. I paused, because I had nearly written myself into a fit of crying. . . . What do you say to the embargo ? I would have some spirited man get up at a public dinner and drink the immortal memory of Louis Quatorze and Charles the Second, who set the example our ministers have followed, and improved upon—for when those two worthy princes joined against the Dutch, they had the modesty to hammer out a few grievances such as they could invent at the moment. No such trouble is taken now, nobody pretends that the Dutch have hurt a hair of our heads ; the attack is perfectly gratuitous. One could find in one's heart to wish for another de Reyter's appearance half way up the Thames. And then English ships sailing in concert with the tricolor flag ! Surely John

Bull must be bewitched, cast into a deep sleep by sorcery ; for his stillness is not natural.

Do you recollect Brougham's famous speech on the reforms expedient in law ? He published it and I bought it. In one part he particularly expatiates upon the duty of entirely disregarding *party* in the appointment of *judges*, and goes on to say that, supposing a Chief Justiceship should shortly be vacant, was there not one man whom the whole world, the whole kingdom, the whole bar would point out as the proper person to succeed ? Could there be any doubt, any dissenting voice ? And yet as this man was of a party opposed to the present Government he could have no chance. Was not this monstrous, etc. etc. etc. ? The Government consisted of Lord Eldon, Lord Liverpool, and so forth, and the man was one *Mr. Scarlet*. I am provoked with our newspaper the *Standard*, tho' a good one in general. It has printed the passage, but in a guise of a letter to the Chancellor without even brackets or " marks of quotation, so that people who never read the pamphlet (if a little dull) may not find out that the words were his own.

I would fain have it set forth simply "Extract from the speech of Henry Brougham, Esq.," dated and graced with this motto, "What is sauce for the goose is NOT sauce for the gander."

My paper fails, you see, therefore adieu.—Ever most cordially yours,

(Signed) L. S.

LETTER CLVI.]

TO MRS. STEWART MACKENZIE OF SEAFORTH.

Novr. 19th 1832.

. . . The best character of our poor friend (Sir Walter Scott), and the best critique on his works which

I have yet seen, is in that most mischievously Radical magazine, the *New Monthly*, edited by Lytton Bulwer, author of *Eugene Aram*. This character dwells particularly on the kindly feelings of Sir Walter towards the lower class, and the favourable portrait he drew of them. It has pleased me highly, notwithstanding the doctrines which the magazine pretty plainly indicates, viz. away with clergy, universities, lords, courts of law, primogeniture, and everything that used to be held dear to Old England. France and America for ever! The work, however, holds forth a very taking lure just now. Lady Blessington's conversations with Lord Byron, which make one ten times better acquainted with him than one can be by wading through Moore's two quartos, and all the other books and pamphlets that have been written about him since he died. Was she not one of the class yclept *Oh Fies*? Be that as it may, she is a very sensible woman, details every circumstance very well, and makes the most just remarks as she goes along, keeping herself out of sight, at least in the background, which a vain person would not do. She simply tells what she saw and heard. *A propos* of Lord Byron, was it not a strong measure in Miss Berry to have Countess Guiccioli at a soir  e? This was told me by a person highly scandalised at it, though I know not that Countess Guiccioli is any worse than others whom I have met there and heard of elsewhere. But the real four-footed lion, wearing mane, and tail, and teeth, and claws, is not so greedy of prey, nor so indiscriminate in the choice of it, as your catcher of figurative lions. I am convinced that if Thurtell or Burke could have been left at large between the time of their murders and their execution, one should have had an invitation to the treat of seeing them at somebody's soir  e.

LETTER CLVII.]

[A friend has kindly pointed out to the editor that a parliamentary return, dated as late as 1872, throws some light on the story of the West India claims told by Lady Louisa's doctor. From this return it appears that two distinct sums were paid by the French Government in 1815 and 1818: one as an indemnity to the British nation for losses and expenditure during the war, the other to meet the claims of individuals. These latter had no claim on the first fund, which was applied to various purposes such as what Lady Louisa mentions (and notably £143,000 to meet the cost of the coronation of George IV.)

Fund No. 2, consisting, as Lady Louisa says, of £250,000, was temporarily invested while the numerous claims on it were investigated, a process that occupied a considerable time. A sum of over £230,000, however, was paid to claimants between the years 1826 and 1828. Further payments continued to be made up till 1868, including about £35,000 of interest.

It does not seem to be quite clear why this simple explanation was not given when the question was first raised in Parliament, when it apparently caused more than one Government some embarrassment. The return of 1872 was printed owing to a claim made by the Irish College in Paris on the above funds.]

[*Gloucester Place*], *December 1st* [1832].

I hope I shall hear of or from you when I go to Ditton, which I do not do till Monday. Ly. M. [Montagu] wrote to advise my putting it off, and, to say the truth, I was easy to persuade, being rather glad of a reprieve in order to get rid of my cold. For my foot, it is really well; it grows puffy towards night, but so I suppose it will for some time. Mr. Dickenson advises me to go on *rub, rub*, and frequently take his pill, and I obey like the best child in the world. The little man is really very good company, and wiles away an hour in the morning agreeably, by no means in

medical conversation. He tells me no cases, but he told me to-day a curious history which he has a mind to tell the public. He is somehow concerned as a trustee or representative for certain West India claims, which the French Government actually paid £250,000 to satisfy, but ours appropriated the money or borrowed it to build Buckingham House. This was in Lord Liverpool's time, and was taken up most violently by the then opposition, Lord Althorpe especially. The aggrieved parties were advised to take the opinion of counsel, and paid a handsome fee for that of one Mr. Brougham, who gave it most decidedly in their favour. Dr. Lushington, Mr. Stanley, Mr. Campbell (now Sol.-Gen.), all were warmly on the same side, reprobating the conduct of the commissioners, the treasury, the ministry, in no moderate terms, calling for justice, for censures, etc., etc. Well! at last they prevailed so far that the treasury, *under the Duke of Wellington*, consented to appoint new commissioners, which was what the claimants wanted. Shortly afterwards he went out—no matter, if not so much the better, since their own friends and supporters came in—but the zeal of these instantly died away. Two years have passed away and the affair is in *statu quo*—nay, they have reason to think that part of the money which was paid in from the Woods and Forests has been quietly arrested and called back again by the Treasury. I daresay I repeat all this but indistinctly; the *jet* of the matter is simply what they promised when out of place, and what they performed (*did not perform*) when in, of which, indeed, there are fifty other instances.

LY. Scott and the Admiral come (*go*, I mean) to Ditton Monday, and stay till the 11th when *père* and *mère* are to visit Beaulieu.

I was interrupted (this is Sunday) by Mrs. Lockhart, who came alone and has been sitting a good while with me and telling me all their sad story. It does not appear that her father ever recovered his mind in the least, though she describes it as rather like constant violent delirium, a continued brain fever, than insanity, there being no particular subject on which the fancy fastened. Well! to give K. W^m. his due, he (*himself*) has done a thing we must all commend. The present Sir Walter has had a letter from Sir Herbert Taylor to announce in very obliging terms that the K. grants a pension of two hundred a year to the unmarried sister—his own act. This is a very great relief to them indeed in all respects, giving her a feeling of independence. One can understand that, however attached to her brother-in-law, it must *grate* a little to be entirely maintained by him.

I saw Mrs. Cuppage on Friday; she came into the carriage to me, and altogether it went off very well. She is at her father's in St. James's Park.

And now adieu, for I must send off this to-night, going directly after breakfast to-morrow.

LETTER CLVIII.]

[The marriage described in this letter was that of Lord Montagu's eldest daughter to Lord Dunglas (afterwards eleventh Earl of Home)

The Duchess of Montrose was the second wife of the third duke, who was Lady Montagu's uncle. James Douglas was her youngest brother, afterwards fourth Lord Douglas.

Charles Hamilton was the eldest son of Lord Dunglas's aunt, Lady Charlotte Baillie Hamilton.

The Rev. Richard Stopford was the fourth son of the second Earl of Courtown: his son was probably William Stopford, afterwards Sackville of Drayton, Northants.

Mr. "Bolebee" was the Revd. Richard Boulton, Rector of Broughton, Northants, and for many years chaplain at Ditton Park.]

[Addressed] No. 27 Queen Anne Street,
Cavendish Square, December.

Ditton Park, Tuesday, Dec. [4] ¼ to 11 [1832].

Dear Lou—As Lord Montagu is going to send a servant to town at 3 o'clock, I must write you a line by the penny post to say all is happily over. Company, the Dss. of Montrose, Adm., and L^y. Scott, James Douglas who arrived late last night, Charles Hamilton (the married one, whom you never saw), Mr. Stopford, (the Canon of Windsor), and a son of his who is in the Foreign Office. The chapel was as full as it could hold, all the household and villagers. Lady Montagu and Lucy did not appear at breakfast, the rest of us assembled precisely at nine, and exactly at ten the ceremony was performed by Richard Stopford at Lady Home's particular desire, he having married her and christened the bridegroom. It was a good choice, for he read the service in the most affecting and impressive manner. Mr. Bolebee [Boulton, the chaplain] stood by him and made the responses. Everybody behaved very well, tho' L^y. M's eyes were red, and both she and the girls looked as pale as death. At eleven they went off, and tho' it was provoking, I thought it not amiss for those who staid behind that the maid had left some box or trunk that should have been taken, and so they had something to fuss about. Nobody in white but the bride, the mother and sisters in pale lavender or grey. Could a milliner tell you more? I must add that Mary, to whom I gave your parcel, was quite delighted with *the thought*, and so she said was Lucy, who would write to you herself on the last franking day. I have more

letters to dispatch, so you must not expect me to fill even this sheet of note paper. By the bye I will not seal with black to-day. We were afraid we should not have had Lady Scott, who has been very ill, first with a violent lumbago, and then with a headache of three days, which all other maladies end in with her. However she came yesterday and is in very good spirits. With my foot and my cold and altogether, I forgot poor Miss Anne Knox's commission to collect pence from good Protestants for the Kildare Street Schools. Sir William being a very good one, I think I may fairly tax him at eighteenpence—seven for himself, his wife, and children, and the rest for his household. So remember you are to require it from him, and bring it me when you come here.—Adieu, yrs. ever,

L. S.

How lucky to have such a fine day after all the storms and deluges !

LETTER CLIX.]

[Dr. Hume mentioned in this letter was the well-known medical attendant of the Duke of Wellington.]

[Addressed] 27 Queen Anne St., Cavendish Sqre.

D. P. [*Ditton Park*], 13th of Decr., 1832.

Dear Lou—I expected a letter from you because I thought you owed me civil thanks for my full, true, and particular account of the wedding, and that is all. But I am sorry to see by your manner of writing that you were so much hurt and mortified by what passed. I declare I do not know exactly *what* at Cockenhatch, where I certainly submitted to take not common, but *uncommon* care of myself, and piously obeyed every direction of the doctor's, indeed I have done since, for on Tuesday only I went out for the first time above a

month from the day the accident happened. This sort of confinement in warm rooms, however, though the occasion required it, I know to be the worst thing in the world for my general health, and accordingly it has already produced one cold and will more. . . . You do not always bear in mind the proverb, "At forty every man is either a fool or a physician," meaning that if not a fool, he must by that time know what agrees or disagrees with himself. Having nearly doubled that age, I may very reasonably suspect I am supposed to dote, when people insist upon best knowing what will be good for me, and you will find that this notion puts most *septuagenaires* a little out of humour, because if you have it, it is not well bred to let one see it. Undoubtedly you cannot help showing attention to any guest, even one whom you dislike, but give me leave to say that such attention consists in consulting the guest's inclination as far as you can, and when that has been honestly declared, *letting the matter alone*, although you should find what *they* like directly contrary to what *you* like, or fancy to be best for them—briefly, real good-breeding consists in allowing people to have their own way, and of course enabling them to feel at home in your house. For example, it is and always has been my habit to rise and dress without a fire, *et je m'en suis très bien trouvée* throughout life. But *you* never, never will let me alone on this head, it is a battle constantly to be fought over and over and over again. The first time I visited Cocken hatch it was very fair to say, "This house is colder and damper than those you have been used to,"—but only the first time. Repetition is superfluous. Now I will openly tell you that with Mrs. Ash I would bear all this complacently, as conformable to *her* notions of due respect and civility. But in you, *my pupil*, and

a woman of fashion, I want it overcome ; for indeed, indeed, it belongs to another class, and is nearer akin than you are aware of to the pressing to eat, stewing people by the fire, locking up a man's boots and unshoeing his horses on the morning he wishes to go away, and all the rest so admirably set forth by Dean Swift a hundred years ago.

I am shocked to perceive that I have begun upon a sheet of paper tremendously blotted, but you will excuse its going as it is.

I am glad you are to have the W^m. Stanleys ; I hope the good-humoured, honest little Welch-woman will succeed with everybody. We have Dr. Hume to-day—in whom I see nothing particular at all, at all—à *peu pres comme ses pareils*, though I think I could like Dickinson better. Your dream was worthy of Lord Byron's slumbers. But it grows dark. Adieu.

LETTER CLX.]

[The Dutch war alluded to here was a blockade of the Dutch ports by the English and French after the revolt of the Belgian provinces. It came to an end with the Convention of London in 1833, which gave Belgium its independence.]

D. P. [*Ditton Park*],
Thursday, Dec. 27th [1832].

Dear Lou—I begin for to-morrow's post ; I cannot for to-day's, though I have two of your letters to acknowledge. Thus it stands, as I believe Mary has already told you. They [the Dungalases] go the 4th, unless H.M. fidgets her father [Lord Montagu] down to Brighton to present a petition against the Dutch war. This I daresay H.M. will not do, being in no such haste to receive it, but if he should they will stay till the

7th to make up the day or two lost. Your coming on the 8th, therefore, will be the very thing *à point nommé* for yourself and everybody else. But I hope you will not let anything delay it longer, for, remember, I shall by that time have been here five weeks—a visitation—and I cannot stay for ever. It does not appear, as Mary observes, that Sir W^m. has yet been taken at all into consultation. Surely with a whole week before you the matter may be arranged on his side. . . .

Friday.—We have a full house. To-day there is to be the wedding feast, the dance of the servants, to whom the dining-room will be given up. The Lockharts and their children came Wednesday, and stay till to-morrow, the Adm. and Car. yesterday, L^d. and L^y. Clinton come to-day in their way from Devonshire to town. We are to dine in the gallery. I cannot but wish you had been here. All will be gone by Monday, when L^y. Pembroke at last comes to stay till Wednesday, and then they naturally wish to have two whole days entirely alone. Pray do not let anything delay you beyond the following Tuesday.

Yes, I am pleased at having two Conservative nephews *in* (Charles [Stuart] for the Island (Bute)). Mr. Tan. (Tancred) is Whig *soi-disant*, but what you and I should call radical, tho' he denies it himself. You may be assured the old interest at Banbury had nothing to do with the election. As he is really an excellent man, bating his politics, I begged him to marry one of the lady-heiresses and come in on her lawful interest.

To explain what I meant about mentioning once and no more that the house was cold and damp—the first time one entered it, it was certainly fair to represent it but when one had been there over and over, and

could judge of its effects just as well as yourself, I repeat that no more need have been said on the subject. By the bye, the *doctor* [Hume] who gave himself such airs—I was really prejudiced against him by that account, and did look for great consequentialness, but he has been here again and again, was here two days when the parents were away at Beaulieu, and I protest I can see nothing whatever to offend one; once or twice a little *military* just like Mr. Dickinson, but I should never call him saucy or assuming. If he had *not* been a Scotchman, and the D. of W.'s physician, I very much suspect he would have appeared neither. I expected to have heard of *the Duke* and *the Duke* at every third word (as from Mr. Croker). Not a bit of it. In short, I fear I must rank it along with Captⁿ. R.'s presumption in asking you to drink a glass of wine, if not with poor Lady Albinia Cumberland's affronts and grievances. She, amongst other things, told us she had formerly thought it a great disgrace to sit down to dinner with a *doctor* at Windsor, but now nobody minded rank and family. *Now!* as if in Queen Anne's days Dr. Garth had not been company for the Duke of Marlborough, Dr. Ratcliffe and Dr. Arbuthnot for the Duke of Ormond—for even physicians were then Whig and Tory. Your description of Mrs. W. S. answers to L.'s of two of her ——, from whom she had a visit last year, but she said they sate and stitched indefatigably, so were not very much in her way.

You are very *young* if you look for mountain nymphs because people never were in London. I am glad poor Mr. Adeane is likely to recover.

And now farewell till we meet, for I will send you no more letters for love or money.

LETTER CLXI.]

[In *Popular Genealogists, or the Art of Pedigree-making* (Edmonston and Douglas, 1865, page 91) is the following passage:—

“Twenty-five years ago a case occurred in our criminal records, where a claimant of the Earldom of Stirling had to answer at the bar of the High Court of Justiciary in Scotland for making use of fabricated writings in support of his claim. The jury found it proved that the writings were forged, but not proved that they were known to be forged by the prisoner who used them, who was accordingly acquitted. The framers of the writings were, however, only saved from justice by the circumstance that they were in France, and therefore beyond the jurisdiction of the Court.”

Alexander Humphreys, as Lady Louisa says (March 16th, 1832), was the man's real name: see Burke's *Extinct Peerage*.

He claimed to descend *maternally* from the fourth son of the first Earl, Sir William Alexander, created Earl of Stirling in 1633.

William Alexander, who died in 1795, was the name of the American general who assumed the title.

The first Earl had a grant from King James of the territory of Nova Scotia, 1621, “with permission to divide the territory into one hundred parcels, and to dispose of these tracts, with the title of Baronet, for the purpose of improving the colony. Sir William obtained about £200 from each purchaser. . . . He had charters of the lordship of Canada, 1628.”]

[*Gloucester Place*] *Sunday night*, 1832.

Dearest Lou—I know you will wish to hear from me, and therefore I write a line to be left in Q. A. (Queen Anne) Street to-morrow morning, but I really have as little to say as well may be. Tuesday, I took horses and went to Coutts's and to shops; Wednesday, ditto, and dined with Lady Stuart, called in Sussex Place (the Lockharts) in the morning, found only Miss Scott;

they are uneasy about the little boy, who has an intermitting fever and looked hectic—so like poor Johnny that it gave me a pang. Lady Stuart is pretty well and has one of the Disbrowes staying with her. Thursday ; Mr. Morritt unexpectedly walked in, come up to see whether he can get out of his house an adventurer ; to whom a house agent let it last year, and who will neither pay nor move. It is an American, I believe, who thinks fit to call himself the Earl of Stirling. You must have seen a long story about his claims in the newspaper. I have a notion that during the American War one of the Yankee generals chose to bear that title. The beauty of it is that this man has regularly claimed it, so till the House of Lords decide upon the matter there is no employing a bailiff, and he can laugh at letters from attorneys. I have in my life known a man stand for a borough where he had not three votes, in order to lodge a petition afterwards and so get his person protected, 'till he could leisurely quit England ; but it is a new thing to make the same use of the other house. Mr. M. believes the *Earl* and the house agent understand each other, and both being alike insolvent, he may whistle for his money.

His young ladies are at Brighton. He would bring them to town if the Earl could be ejected.

To-day Mr. Dickinson called. I just got to church and back before the rain began, and then Lady Stuart de Rothesay came with her two fine girls [afterwards Lady Canning and Lady Waterford] now quite women, tho' but 16 and 15. She gave me a very amusing account of the Hatfield tableaux. And so ends all I have to tell you. I have seen Mrs. Scott (of Danesfield) only once, in a morning, but shall dine with her to-morrow. She is quite engrossed by her poor blind sister [Lady

Tancred], for which I pity and at the same time respect her, for a more painful duty there cannot be.

I did but step out yesterday (as the maids say) to a shop in Oxford Street, and in that half hour Lady Charlotte Lindsay called, whom it quite vexed me to miss. Lady S. de R. (Stuart de Rothesay) does not give a very good account of her, she is keeping herself quiet, and when she does not, feels oppressed, requires leeches, etc. I daresay she feels *le bout de l'an*, recalling poor Lady Sheffield.

I have heard nothing from Ditton, my time has been taken up with listening to sad stories of distress—besides the mere beggars—three people I have myself known in good plight, two as tradespeople, one as a servant now actually starving, and all I can do only a drop of water in the sea! And then I have had to look over and burn my own letters returned to me—some *sixty years old*! ¹ Not cheerful occupations.

I have had no letters from my nieces, nor have I written to them, always hoping for a frank, but no M.P. has yet called, though I seem to have so many to my back.

Pray write to me; if you would but come to town now, you might be here almost every night. Adieu, with remembrance to Lady Louisa and all beside.

¹ Probably her letters to Lady Emily Macleod.

CHAPTER XI

1833

LETTER CLXII.]

[Lady Anna Maria Donkin was the daughter of the first Earl of Minto. She married in 1832 Lieutenant-General Sir Rufane Donkin.

The Miss Baillie mentioned was one of the sisters of George Baillie of Mellerstain, who succeeded as tenth Earl of Haddington in 1858. The sisters were celebrated for their beauty. Their younger brother Charles (afterwards a Scotch law lord as Lord Jerviswood) married Anne Scott, daughter of the fifth Lord Polwarth.

The title of Quebec is not mentioned in Burke's extinct peerage. The first Earl was created in 1633 Earl of Stirling, Viscount Canada, and Lord Alexander of Tullibody.

With reference to Pozzo di Borgo, the present General Sir Archibald Alison has kindly lent to the Editor some letters written by Lady Louisa Stuart to his aunt Miss Margaret Alison, afterwards Mrs. Burge. In one of them, dated 8th September 1834, Lady Louisa says, "It has been the fashion to run down Sir Walter Scott's Life of Napoleon both in France and in England, yet when I was in Paris five years ago, I heard Pozzo di Borgo pronounce the two or three first volumes of it '*much the best account of the French Revolution that he knew*,' and he was a member of the first National Assembly as deputy from Corsica. This anecdote will interest your father."]

G. P. [Gloucester Place] Sunday, March 3rd,
evening [1833].

Dear Lou—I have almost as little time doing nothing as you with an old and new house on your shoulders, yet I never spent more evenings alone. Last night, however, I was at a sort of *conversazione* at Lady Anna Maria Donkin's. There were Lord Hill and three or four more generals, dinner company, and, first or last, I saw Fanny Ashton, Mrs. Williams, Lady Charlotte, Miss Berry, Lady Davy, and one or two more whom I knew, but between not hearing what is said, not remembering names, and not knowing faces, I am a perfect owl in sunshine. I found Jeffrey had been in the room half the evening and I never found him out. Who was another man that seemed welcome to everybody? Mr. Luttrell—certainly *known* to everybody but me. Who is that fair young man? A Mr. Hamilton—the one you and I have met fifty times. Just before I went away there came in a man I did recollect, however, though I would not accost him, supposing there was no chance of his recollecting me. Pozzo di Borgo—he is grown larger and older since I saw him at Paris, but still has a most distinguished air and countenance. I was struck with the beauty of a girl whom I found to be a Miss Baillie, sister to the *ci devant* Anne Scott's husband; if he is as handsome for a man no wonder she fell in love with him. Francis Scott was there; he gave me a good account of his brother William, who is almost leaving off his crutch. The father and mother are at Brighton. To-morrow Anna Maria [Dawson] is coming to me for a couple of days only, she says, to see a dentist; but when here I suppose she will stay

longer, especially as the Gardiners are to be in town this week. I shall now take horses, which I have not hitherto done, not very much wanting them, and indeed believing that I have escaped catching cold by using a chair at night, but morning visits have now accumulated, and I must. The weather has put walking out of the question. Mr. Morritt was with me all this morning, church time excepted. He goes to Brighton to-morrow, with hopes that the Earl or Stirling will be so good as to give up his house next week ; he has offered to do it provided Mr. M. will accept his bond for the rent, instead of insisting upon cash. As the cash is a nonentity, and the bond will at least light a good fire, Mr. M. can do no otherwise. He found last night on his table a letter in a large copy-hand like a child's. "Sir—Grandpapa is out of town and papa is busy, so I have the honour to say that grandpapa will be happy to do as you wish. I am, sir, your most obedient, etc., etc., *Quebec*, son of *Lord Canada*." If the Lockharts were in better spirits I should suspect them of this piece of fun ; but it is not correct, for an earl's grandson would not be a lord. I very much fear that poor little Walter is going the way of his poor brother ; he has an intermitting fever, an odd complaint at his age ; and when I saw him a fortnight ago, there was a pale pink hue on his cheek that made such a likeness, I shuddered to think of it ; Mr. L., too, is worried and harassed ; Mr. Morritt is uneasy about him, and earnestly wishes he would go abroad, or do anything for a suspension of care, thought, and labour. I am very glad that Mr. M. while in town has talked over the *extension of the copyright* [of Sir W. Scott's works], with some M.P.'s of importance, particularly Lord

Morpeth, who entered into it heartily, but said (as indeed Mr. Lockhart himself did) that it could not well be brought forward till there was quite an end of the subscription, which not only languishes, but is beginning to degenerate into nonsense that makes one sick. Mr. La Porte offered his room for *a ball* to support it—actually a charity ball—and the committee *thanked him!!!* I do feel for the daughters, it is enough to make them frantic. Mr. Morritt is so disgusted with such work that he will not attend the committee or have anything to do with their proceedings. He promises to come to town whenever the earl is fairly and actually on the outside of the door, but cannot send for his establishment as long as he has only his lordship's word of honour for moving.

There seem to have been at least two magnificent speeches in the H. of C., and Mr. Morritt says by what he hears they have had great effect. Mr. Stanley's and Sir R. Peele's—especially the latter, which was like the old days of Pitt and Fox. The former surprised everybody. (I do hope good will come of *him* at last.) Charles [Lord Stuart de Rothesay] told me that Cobbett tired the House, and was very little attended to; O'Connell had real powers of oratory. You will like to hear Mr. M.'s account of the blessed consequences of the Reform Bill in Yorkshire. Lord Dundas's son and Mr. Lowther, Whig and Tory, turned out of York by *Petre the Creter*, who is ruined and selling off his land, and a man who has not a foot of land to sell, but employed a legacy of a few thousands somebody left him to get in by the management of an Irish attorney. When it was done, however, not enough remained to enable

him to leave the town ; so the attorney advertised a dinner in honour of the independent election, tickets a guinea apiece. The warm reformers set down their names. An agent went about with the tickets which they could not help paying for, and the day before that appointed Mr. (Bayntun, I think), addressed his constituents in despair, that business of an urgent nature must prevent his personal attendance ; so put the guineas in his pocket and away, leaving the company to pay for the dinner themselves. There is not a neater trick in all Gil Blas. Then Northallerton is represented by a Captain Boss, the son of an apple-woman in the Isle of Wight, a man sent to sea by the parish under Mr. Pitt's Act for recruiting the navy. A lawyer, called at the northern bar *wretch*-Rotch, has displaced the Duke of Devonshire's candidate at Knaresborough, and a Mr. Hutt of the same sort comes in for Hull.

I am very glad you have had the architect down to note *exactly* every petty alteration and addition, for it is just these appended to rough estimates, and even contracts, that make building so expensive—a mere trifle here and another trifle there, but “*not in the bond* ;” and so the estimate or contract becomes waste paper. I am very anxious it should be positively set afloat, the more so as that will bring you hither. But now adieu, for I have written my fire out and very near my eyes.

Lord Bute has been really very ill, I am quite uneasy about him.

LETTER CLXIII.

[The Duchess de Berri's adventures at this time are too well known to be repeated in detail here. She landed secretly

near Marseilles on 29th April, 1832. While hiding in a secret room at Nantes she was betrayed by a Jew. The entrance to the room was discovered by lighting a fire in the fire-place in front of it. After sixteen hours of roasting she surrendered with the two gentlemen with her. In prison, at Blaye, she confessed to a second marriage with the Marquis de Lucchesi-Palli, a Neapolitan. This destroyed her influence with her party and she was released.]

G. P. [*Gloucester Place*] *Saturday eveg.*
6th of March [1833 (?)].

Dear Lou—Your letter came to-day, but cannot be answered now till Monday. However I begin, because I feel myself in arrears with you. I have been taken up with A. M., and somehow had little leisure from other things. She has not, I must say, dawdled herself, but been delayed by the dawdlings and uncertainties of the person whom she came up with: the partnership is dissolved, I am happy to say; and A. will go back alone the day after to-morrow. She has had a miserable cold all this while, as bad as one of mine, only not with fever, therefore it does not subdue her so entirely, nor take away her appetite. The worst of ever making an intimacy with odd characters—odd generally meaning half crazy, as it surely does in this instance—is that they fasten upon you at some time or other, and are burrs not to be brushed off without using positive force, in other words, coming to a quarrel, which has been luckily warded off for the present. By the bye, the person is half French—English by birth, but had a French husband and has French sons, one of whom writes her word that there is no saying what an odium this business of the Duchess of Berry has cast upon Louis Philippe, or how disgusted all parties at Paris are at his having thus exposed his niece. The party would

fain disbelieve the story—*that* is going far, I think, for I am afraid she was too giddy and imprudent not to have given cause for suspicion : yet to be sure anything may be produced as the writing of a prisoner within four walls, seen by nobody but her keepers ; or she may be forced to write anything ; and it is also strange that a woman with child could wear men's clothes one day, rags and tatters another, plunge into rivers, be baked in an oven, and so forth, without any serious bad consequences. The obvious policy of Louis Philippe would be to let everybody see her instead of keeping her a close prisoner, and to make her delivery as public as possible. Supposing the fact real he need have no fear of her machinations, for the most ultra Royalists must for shame give her up—and he has sufficiently shown that *delicacy* would be no hindrance to his placing her in a lying-in hospital. But if the thing takes place in the Chateau de Blaye, who can tell what passes there ? Something much larger than a warming-pan may come and go, and no mortal be the wiser.

I presume we shall have a glorious mob on Monday. Mr. Hope is not, as I thought, Sir Alexr.'s son, who stood for Manchester, but your neighbour Anastasius's son. He has a Dutch fortune to support it. Lady Stuart's friend, Miss Masson, told me that her brother-in-law, Mr. T. P. Courtenay, besides not choosing to oppose another Conservative, could by no means face the expense. His attorney told him he thought the fair sum, without bribery or treating, merely the unavoidable charges, might be reduced to four thousand five hundred ; for that he would undertake it. Bravo Reform ! Mr. C. has a large family and was glad to withdraw. Otherwise he is a man of business, and would have been fitter than a youth like Hope. But then Charles

Murray is younger still and has not a son, and I am sure Lord Dunmore, his father, cannot bear him out at the rate of 4 or £5000. Government must pay. John Ramsden, I see, comes in for Malton, just as he did before. Bravo Reform again! it is not at all Lord Fitzwilliam's borough,—no such matter. I hope you admire the black pot, Col. Jones, attacking the black kettle, Joseph Hume! My grandmother [Lady M. Wortley Montagu] wrote that impudence was the first, second, and third qualification for public men! By that rule there never yet was such an admirable set as we have now: they should carry all before them, for they reverse Benedick's promise, and eat their words with *any* sauce that can be devised for them.

Sunday.—Your letter says A. K. [Mrs. Edward Stanley] was to be in town on the 15th—of this month, I presume, yet I have heard nothing of her. Mrs. W. and I have missed each other, and the last time I called she was laid up with one of her bad headaches. You do not say *where* A. K. was to reside. Car. (Scott) and Fanny [Moray Stirling] have both been a week in town, the former at Miss Berry's, the Adm. at Capt. Bowles's, and the Morays at Colonel Long's. Mrs. Bowles had a party for all, Friday evening, very pleasant, being strictly confined to friends, those I have named, Ly. A. M. Donkin, and her sister Lady Catherine Boileau (*sans mari*), the Longs, Mrs. Scott (Danesfield), Ly. Isabella Kerr, Mrs. William Dundas—I think that was all. Miss Berry was unwell and did not come, *tant*—. I am going to dine at Col. Long's to-day; the Morays stay with them till Wednesday; the Scotts went back yesterday. I have good accounts from Bath [the Montagus], but it does not appear to me that as yet there is any difference in the main—

material—point [in Charles Douglas] use of language. Query, will there ever be? They are reading *Zohrab*, (by Morier). *Recollections of a Chaperon* are much liked, written by Mrs. Sullivan, Lady Dacre's daughter, not by herself, though some very good verses at the heads of chapters, marked *unfinished poems*, must be hers, I think. I squinted into the book one day as it lay on somebody's table, but have not read it. Calling the other day on Mrs. Hicks and Mrs. Fielding, I found them in great enjoyment of Madame d'Arblay's book. Being born and bred at Court, and remembering her very well, they entered into it just as I do. . . .

Well, adieu! I do not pass over the building-history for want of having fully attended to it; but I have rather sought out matter to amuse you than offered condolences which would be of little avail. No further tidings of Mr. Morritt and the Earl of Stirling, whose name, I see by a trial in the newspaper, is *Humphreys*. Pray did you observe that about Captain Bayntun, the Reform member for York? Once more, Adieu.

LETTER CLXIV.]

[Mrs. Pechell became Lady Caroline Pechell in the following year, on her mother becoming Countess of Antrim in her own right.

Lady Frances Higginson was the daughter of the first Earl of Kilmorey. She died in 1890, aged 98.]

Danversfield, Monday, June 22 [1833].

Dearest Lou—I write because I know you will be fidgety if I don't, but really it is without having one word of any sort to say, nor indeed is it likely my stay here should supply much more. I found Mrs. Scott

alone, to my eyes looking better than when she left town : in other respects there is no saying better or worse, because when you call on people in London you see them sitting in their chairs while the visit lasts, and have no opportunity of observing how they move about. I certainly perceive that she walks with a stick, and that not a great deal—hardly farther than the conservatory ; this is a sad change ; however, I think she has gained ground within the week, and I do hope will weather it ultimately. The influenza did weaken her considerably, but there must be something more, and one always dreads hidden mischiefs more than what are outward and glaring. I do not ask her many questions, because I know how teasing it is to be catechised about one's complaints ; and besides, I believe it is of importance to her to have it made light of, and not rendered more dismal by an anxious face of concern and inquiry into this and that symptom. Mrs. Phillimore (*née* Bagot) came over from Shiplake, some miles off, on Wednesday and staid till Saturday, with a little boy and two fine girls, the eldest *la belle jeunesse* in face and character, enjoying life and its simple pleasures in a way that does one good whenever one meets with it. You know I always complain the young people are too grave and too wise for me in these days, and if a girl fails of being over-educated, you find her already sophisticated. Thursday we went over to Mr. Whately's, Cookham ; Wednesday, Mr. and Mrs. Pechell (one of L^d. Mark Kerr's daughters) dined. Friday, Lady Frances Higginson and Co. I see no fault to be found with her husband saving his ill-sounding name. They are here with a brother who looks much older than Col. H. himself from having white hair, and who is also a colonel and has something to do with the Horse

Guards, for he said he went there every morning, and he seems to know all the people of *ours* (as the Misses say) Freddy (Clinton), Lord John (Scott), and Charles (Stuart). She is sadly altered since I saw her here soon after her marriage. I think her rather a pleasing person.

Saturday.—As above said, the Phillimores went away. And this is all I have to say touching live cattle. We have no entertaining book to read. I bravely bought *Guy de Lusignan* [by Miss Knight] for friendship's dear sake, and brought it down with me; it is extremely well written, as one would expect, but on the second attempt after tea, I perceived Mrs. Scott disposed to nod, and I found I myself was beginning to clip the king's English and make nonsense of the periods, so to say truth, the leaves were not cut open any further, and whether Sir Guy kills a dun cow, like his namesake of Warwick, or is swallowed alive by one, I am afraid I do not sufficiently care—Oh dear! I wish I could—but for your life don't tell anybody and give it a bad name. I daresay it deserves more praise than any of the many books Mr. Bentley is puff-puff-puffing in the newspapers. Somebody recommended the *Usurer's Daughter* to Mrs. Scott; she has got it, but says it is not readable; and the *Parson's Daughter* by Theodore Hook, we have not got. For weather, it was fine and very hot till Friday, then changed to be coldish and showery, and all this morning (till past two o'clock) has rained most unmercifully, making one ready to cry for the poor corn (almost ripe) and much of the poor hay. However a strong wind is now rising, and I hope that will do some service. The sun, too, has come out.

Adieu. On the whole I am more *in heart* about Mrs. S. than when I was at a distance. May this find you *much* more so about all your concerns!—Ever aff^{tely}. yrs.

LETTER CLXV.]

Danesfield, Monday, August 5th.

I believe I shall not compass this letter to-day because we are going out early, but I will set it going. Mrs. S. and I have remained *tête-à-tête* since I wrote last, which is what suits me the best, and I hope is not disagreeable to her, for though evidently much better than when I came, I doubt whether she would be equal to much company. However, the William Fitz Roys are to come on Wednesday, and then she is to have dinners for neighbours to meet them. Here are some new temporary ones known to you, with whom she has fallen in love; that is with the *he*-head of the family, Sir John Richardson, the ex-judge. Poor Mrs. Weddell was particularly fond of him, and though it so chanced that I never met him and Lady R. at her house, we have got the sooner acquainted on that score. Lady R. said at first, "I feel I know you very well." She seems a very good woman, quiet and unpretending, and I like the daughter extremely; there is something in her face of vivacity and *naïveté* that reminds me of Caroline Montagu, though she is less handsome, but the colours are the same, and she has a pretty dimple in the same place. Her father and she seem on those beautiful terms of affection and confidence without awe or fear, which it does one's heart good to behold. They have got Bisham Abbey for three months, the old house at the bottom of the steep hill you descend in coming from Maidenhead to Marlow; but they never dine out, and there is a *possé* of relations with them. They came one day to luncheon, bringing with them a Mr. and Mrs. Bosanquet, whose names my deaf ear did not catch

time enough for me to inquire whether they had anything to do with your Miss Bosanquet. Sir John does certainly look like a very sensible and very benignant person, but, as he was always said to be, in miserable health. He rides with his daughter though, and they all appear to enjoy their existence. I have at last got a letter from Louisa [Bromley] from Mayence of the 25th; they were on their way to some of those German baths which the physicians at Paris ordered for Mr. B.'s health; he was very ill there, laid up for a week with *grippe* (influenza) and a bilious fever, which arrested their progress to Switzerland. Don't mention this to A. K., because in L.'s former letter from Paris she said Mr. Davenport, etc. were not told of it, because he is on all occasions a *fright*-ful person. She liked her journey through Lorrain very much, and as all the baths—Baden, Ems, Wiesbaden, Swalbach—are in beautiful country, and near the Rhine, it may do very well. A. M. [Dawson] was about to leave Dieppe to visit her brother W^m, and I suppose will ultimately join them. I was very much obliged to you for your account of the Lockharts; as I have never heard a syllable from her since she went away it was particularly desirable. I hope they are recovering their health and spirits. I agree with you about Mr. Dedel [the Dutch minister], but am provoked with him for having *worn* so much better than his friend; one would not take him to be above forty years old. Certainly anybody would suppose he could not have gone to school till long after the other had left it. I should like to read poor Lady Northampton's poem; you don't know, but I do, what a marvellous difference *print* makes—so many

things go down sweetly in written hand which print entirely spoils and renders vapid. We are just finishing *The Parson's Daughter*. I should desire nothing better than to have another equally interesting to begin, yet it swarms with faults, is extremely absurd, and in many places so prosy that it put my peculiar talent of *skipping* in great requisition. The people go over and over the same ground without mercy, and there are certain wise words ending in *ate*, anticipated, reciprocated, located, against which I really took an absolute spite. An evident and manifest young *man*, about travelling *tête-à-tête* with whom a young lady has some scruple, and her friend more for her—in one volume—turns out in the next—most plainly contrary to the author's first design—to be only a boy of eight years old. But still one is amused, and one wants to know the end of it, which is as much as I desire.

Mrs. Hare's friend (is not she?), Lady Frances Higginson, was here a little while ago on a visit to Colonel Higginson's brother (also a colonel), who has a cottage at the foot of the hill between this and Marlow; but they made no stay as the old mother was coming, and he had not room for all. They dined with Mrs. Scott once; the husband seems a pleasant man, the brother an odd one, a comical likeness of "*Uncle Archy*;" I am sure you would be struck with it. At first sight I felt he put me in mind of somebody, but could not recollect whom, till Mrs. S. named Lord D. (Douglas). The mother is a good old lady above fourscore, mild and quiet.

This is Wednesday. I have little more to add, but now begin to want a farther account of you. Pray, pray don't mind postage. I am sorry to find the cholera has again broken out in London. The Hard-

wickes were driven from St. James' Square at almost a minute's warning by the sudden death of their butler, an old servant, who had waited at table, walked afterwards to see his wife at Pimlico, and was a corpse at midnight—buried by two in the morning, so decided a case did Dr. Warren think it. This is much more frightful than the same sort of thing at Wapping, or in Calmel buildings, among dirty people of the worst habits. Consequently it gives one an anxious feeling for all whom one cares about. Don't be romantic about inconsolables; the truth is, that the more really and deeply miserable people are, the more apt to catch at anything which offers a hope of future comfort—it is a gleam of sunshine on a dark, rainy, stormy day; human nature is formed to revive at its aspect. Were they *literally* inconsolable they would *die*. As for *cherishing* grief and *resolving* to hold it sacred, that is another case, and *soit dit sans vous déplaire* akin to affectation, not at all a natural feeling, nor perhaps a respectable one. A very great shock works some change in the character, as it would in the frame if one lost a leg or an arm, but Providence in both cases enables people to go on comfortably somehow or other after time has accustomed them to the new order of things. I enclose this to Mr. Byham, and shall be rather glad if it finds you at Cockenhatch. Farewell, whether there or not.

LETTER CLXVI.]

TO LADY MONTAGU.

[FRAGMENT]

Aug. 18 [1833 (?)].

“She has now set my mind at ease with respect to the story of Bowhill being burned down. I somehow

durst not write to any of you till I knew something positive, though the silence of the newspapers was encouraging, and Mrs. Lockhart, sure to have all Scotch news, had not heard a word of it. I saw her to-day in very good feather, and she told me Mr. Lockhart was now earnestly engaged in *the Life*, so much so that he had taken for himself a room upstairs, not to be intruded upon by company. She said, too, that she thought he had succeeded particularly well as far as he had gone. Her judgment, I think, may be trusted notwithstanding her partiality, because she is also too partial to the subject itself to be easily satisfied. It is to be published at once as a whole, not in volumes monthly like Cowper, Byron, or Sir Walter's own works. She gives a melancholy report of the times properly speaking—I mean of the dejection and almost despondency of the Conservative party. Hitherto, she says, the early part of the season (before Easter) has always been much the pleasantest and even the gayest to people like herself, who have nothing to do with balls and crowded assemblies: there were constant dinners and small parties going on—this year nothing of the kind, no meeting, no cheerfulness. It seems as if everybody was paralysed, and had not spirits to encounter each other's observations or rather forebodings of evil. I hear the same wherever I go, 'How low people are!' And *people*, you know, means one's own click. . . ."

LETTER CLXVII.]

[Lady Davy was the widow of a Mr. Thomas Apreece, eldest son of Sir Thomas Apreece, and daughter and co-heiress of Charles Kerr, Esq. She married Sir Humphry Davy in 1812. He died in 1829.

Miss Catherine Fanshawe, well known as a clever writer of

verses and as an artist, died in April 1834. Her sister Penelope had died in April 1833. A third sister, Elizabeth, survived till 1856.

The marriage alluded to later in the letter was probably that of Lucy Stanley, first cousin of Miss Clinton, who married on September 24th Marcus Theodore Hare, Esq., R.N. of Court Grange, Devon. Their son was the Captain Hare lost with H.M.S. *Eurydice* in 1878. The allusion to relationship probably means that Marcus Hare's sister-in-law was sister of Mrs. Edward Stanley, aunt of Lucy Stanley.]

Still at Danesfield, 29th of August 1833.

My dear Louisa—Your letter of the 16th found us again *tête-à-tête*, Lord and Lady W^m. Fitzroy being gone after a week's visit, of which I am afraid I felt a little tired. Since that Lady Davy came on the 22nd. Adm^l and L^y. Scott on the 23rd. Lady Davy left us again early this morning, to our general regret, for she has really been most pleasant and agreeable. She is now in much better health than she was and full of spirits, seeming to enjoy both that and her liberty, which I heartily hope she will keep now she has regained it, and not make herself a slave again. I take her besetting sin to be vanity of a kind perfectly harmless to everybody else, with no angles or corners to bruise other people's vanity, but such as might lay her open to flattery, and so to deception. She had a pretty severe lesson, however, from Sir Humpaty, as she used to call him, and should bear that in mind. She is really the youngest woman of, what necessarily *must be*, her age I ever beheld, has not a grey hair, and would look younger still if she did but muffle her throat a little more. She told me the Fans [Fanshawes] had taken a house somewhere about Putney Common, which I wonder at, unless they have let that at

Richmond; for it is so near, it seems hardly worth while to change one for the other. However she describes Catherine as much better.

I forget whether I told you that Mrs. Lockhart and her *bairns* were safe at Rokeby. I suppose not, for it could hardly be so when I wrote last. She saw Mr. L. off to the Continent with Mr. Hay before she went, and Mr. Morritt writes that both she and her boy are wonderfully the better for Ramsgate. The Scotts have promised to stay here a week longer.

Saturday Morning.—I was prevented from finishing my letter yesterday, and now have received yours of the 28th. As I am quite for matrimony—unless in such a case as Lady Davy's, where a woman's fortune may make her a prey—and as, moreover, the *late* marriages among my acquaintances have succeeded far better than the early ones, I think your cousin's a thing to be very glad of and wish you joy. You are mistaken, for you did tell me enough about it to make me view it as a matter likely enough to take place. I remember your mentioning that the parties seemed to like each other from the beginning. It is, as you say, odd enough that the two friends were doomed to become sisters *somehow*—in one way, if not in another. . . .

Everybody here knows how to enter into your anxiety for poor Dandy, as Lady Scott's Tartar is in a very precarious state, having a bad cough and keeping her always in a worry; I am afraid his malady may be the more serious from his time of life, for she has had him these nine years at least, and he was beyond his puppyhood at their first acquaintance, therefore his days may be drawing to a close. I have no dog myself, but can understand the serious grief it is to lose one's old four-footed friend. I find with some mortification that

on considering what more *I have to say*, it amounts to nothing. I get out of all habits of writing, and want matter of fact to relate, which of course our very comfortable uniform manner of life can never supply. My last account from my travelling nieces was from a village near Bonn, where their brother William [Dawson] is settled. A. M. went to visit him there, and L. persuaded Mr. B. to go for a time. I presume the latter pair will soon turn their footsteps homeward, but I doubt whether A. M. will accompany them, as she seems highly pleased with W^m.’s wife and also with his way of living.

A letter from Tunbridge came along with yours ; they [the Montagus] seem to have enjoyed the fine weather most particularly ; by the bye, for a week past it has been perfectly delicious here until yesterday, when it changed to rain and wind, and now it is pouring and blowing with all its might, quite a premature equinoctial gale. However, the rain was very much wanted, and as hardly a drop has fallen for six weeks one should not complain. . . . Ly. M. now gives a good account of Charles [Douglas], but such as to show all is just *in statu quo*, the main point not at all other than it was, and I fear will continue. When she last wrote about a fortnight ago, she said what I should have liked you to read, *i.e.* that “ Mary gives a delightful account of the way Lucy [Lady Dunglas] is looked up to, valued, and even wondered at for the unselfish modes of her proceeding. Bessy [Ly. Home] evidently admires her the more she knows of her, and D. seems positively to adore her. . . .

The Lady Kerrs returned from abroad a fortnight ago, and proceeded to their brother Henry’s parsonage [Dittisham] in Devonshire, whence they go to Scotland

some time hence. It sinks my heart when I consider that within these few months it would have seemed a thing as much out of the question for these two girls to take either journey by themselves as to go a voyage to the North Pole. Alas! for the sad change [their mother's death]. Georgy [Kerr] and Miss Buchanan are at the Hirsels, as probably Mary has told you, though L^d. H., being gone on a shooting party to the Highlands, perhaps she has not written lately for lack of a frank. . . . I begin to think of moving; I did fix Monday, the 9th: Mrs. Scott says No, so perhaps I may stay on another week; by that time the Bromleys will certainly be at Baginton and expect me—and I must stay a while in London to settle certain affairs. Mrs. Scott charges me to remember her to you. I think her better, and I trust her doctor likewise does, for he was here yesterday after an interval of three weeks, and his visit manifestly raised her spirits.—Ever aff^{tely}. yrs.

LETTER CLXVIII.]

Danesfield, Monday, 16th of Sept. [1833].

Dear Louisa—I go to town to-morrow for the remainder of the week, and then I hope to follow the Bromleys to Baginton this day se'nnight. They were to cross the water Friday, be in London to-day, and sleep at St. Albans to-night.

If you are in town I shall see you, if not I will certainly call on your sisters. And perhaps Providence may allow us some comfortable time together after my Baginton visit is made, as I presume the B.'s will go to Cheshire the end of October. But who knows? Good-bye for the present.

I must tell you an admirable *mot* of Talleyrand's

told us by Lady Davy. He was asked whether he did not think Lady Fitzroy Somerset very well dressed. "*Mais non—ça commence trop tard, et ça finit trop tôt*"—the best and shortest description of a bare neck and short petticoats I ever heard.

LETTER CLXIX.]

G. P., Monday, Sept. 23 [1833].

Dear Lou—I came on Tuesday and go off to Baginton Hall to-morrow, but mean to sleep on the road. Many thanks for your letter of the 12th. I assure you your sisters have been as kind as your heart could possibly wish, and I have profited by it, going out with them twice; once it was to see Mrs. Anne Vernon, who looks and seems much better than she did three months ago; she is shortly going to Worthing. On Wednesday they carried me to shops, Thursday I staid at home to receive Lady Montagu and Car. Friday I took horses of my own for some distant business. Saturday, as I said above, your sisters took me to Mrs. V. and an airing afterwards. Yesterday and to-day I have declined their aid; in fact I have nowhere to go, having no sort of mind to lay out money, and not at all loving that airing round the Park which appertains to my calling of Old Maid. But their kindness is all the same. . . .

As for you and me, I do trust we shall meet as usual, but sufficient to the day its evil or its good. *Alors comme alors* is an excellent French proverb.

I suppose I shall stay at Baginton a month or five weeks until they go into Cheshire, which perhaps they may do earlier than last year, as Mr. Davenport has not seen them so long. Last year it was late in October, but then he had staid with them part of September.

I suppose the Northlands will winter at Rome, but

there is no knowing whither the wind may blow an —shman, whose decisions are usually sudden after much wavering and turning. I think it points to Rome. Her mother has been ill, but has recovered, thanks to the cold summer they have had. The physician said he could not have saved her if the usual heat had prevailed. Mary [Lady Northland] is delighted, with reason, at the report Henry [Dawson] has sent her of her eldest son, now a young man. She concludes with a story told them by the English doctor, which confirms me in my secret opinion that “this enlightened age and its freedom from prejudices” is the greatest of all humbugs, for I see they are all inclined to believe it, or at least “they don’t know what to think,” and yet it verily beats any miracle in the *Lives of the Saints*, St. Francis, St. Anthony, St. Dunstan. I am persuaded one might revive any of their legends with a little modification and subtracting the *religious* part, and pass it off just as well as they did in the tenth century. You shall be treated with this some day or other. On the whole I am satisfied with your present situation. . . . Meanwhile I trust that so much air and exercise must do your health essential service. Your sisters seem quite comfortable and contented here. They promised to call for this letter to-morrow, so now good-night and God bless you.

Captain Mundy’s *India* is puppyissimish and provokes one. Everything told in Bond Street slang—Great Mogul and all. It seems next to applying *that* to Palestine and the Jews.

LETTER CLXX.]

[Addressed] Barkway, Royston, Herts.

*Baginton Hall, Coventry,
13th of October 1833.*

My dear Lou—You said your father was going to leave you and wander about, and as the letters *viâ Byham* must first be enclosed to him, I suppose one had better not take that method till his return to Barkway or to London. But once in a way I will trespass on your ten pence, though with very little matter to fill three statute pages. We have been a *partie-quarrée* [*sic* in MS.] ever since I arrived on the 25th of Sept^r. Mr. Davenport here and no one else, nor I believe is any one coming but Mr. and Mrs. Damer and two of their girls. They were to have been here the 17th, but have now put it off for some days. I conclude, therefore, it will be quite the end of this month or beginning of November before the move to Capesthorpe, so you have a fortnight good to direct to me here. And then I have almost yielded to go to Capesthorpe too, Louisa requests it of me so very earnestly. . . . If I do go, however, I see it will put me almost under a necessity of crossing the country fifty miles another way, Lord Wharnccliffe pressing me for a visit, which when so far off (*i.e.* in date) I cannot very well refuse, especially as I have business with him. However, sufficient to the day, etc. This year they seem to have as few neighbours here as you at Cockenhatch. *These* people by the seaside, those gone abroad, and so forth. By the bye, I was refreshed by a story showing old English feelings do still exist in some corners. Lord Bagot, you must have heard, was one of the people proclaimed as ruined last winter, his estate is at nurse, and he lives on an allowance in a few

rooms of his own house at Blithefield, once the seat of plenty and hospitality. But—"Aye," say the tenants, "*he* stays among us, *he* has not run away to a foreign country; and now he cannot entertain us in his great hall, as he has so often done, his birthday shall not pass unhonoured notwithstanding"—so they agreed upon having a feast and drinking his health at their own expense. Does not this do one good? Alas! those poor Parkers are entirely broken up; the house, place, and estate were to be sold by auction. . . . Do not inform Aunt Kitty of my going to Capesthorpe, for I have not as yet uttered a positive yes, but Louisa is really so very kind and affectionate to me that I feel as if I ought to strain a point to gratify her. I am glad to say she seems stronger and better for her foreign tour. The eldest girl promises beauty more decidedly than she did a little while ago, and now that she is fourteen one may rely upon it. Yesterday when a letter came to put off the visit of the Damers, whose second daughter is *her friend*, she fairly cried. I like young feelings not yet enured to disappointments.

Well, the rest must be eked out with books. M^{lle}. Avrillon's memoirs of Josephine, to whom she was *femme de chambre*, are surely authentic, precisely what a *femme de chambre* would write, and pretending to nothing more; so of course not otherwise edifying than truth always makes it; but we knew before that Josephine was a most amiable, good-natured being. Mrs. Trollope's *Abbess*, a very improbable, very interesting tale, till the Abbess and Co. are safe out of the Inquisition, about the middle of the third volume; and truly I resolved to read no farther. *Constance*, dullish; but not the worst of the sober commonplace kind. *Godolphin* I began, but soon saw it was of a kind I detest, in spite

of its second edition ; and I hardly think I shall disturb Mr. D(avenport) in the quiet possession. *N.B.*—He reads a novel every word through faithfully, so that the three volumes last him about a month. *Delaware*,¹ or *the Ruined Family*, I can recommend heartily ; the interest is kept up throughout, and though the bad characters are a grain or two *too* bad (according to custom), the good ones engage one's sympathy and affection. One would fall in love with the hero oneself. I wonder who wrote it ? The publishers were Sir Walter's, and it came out at Edinburgh, but has nothing to do with Scotland, nor Ireland, nor politics, nor reform, nor slavery, nor education, nor anything else commonplace ; and, accordingly, I have not seen one puff of it in the papers—it does not “excite great curiosity” or “cause a sensation in the upper circles.” I think it denotes the handwriting of a man, for he and she are very distinguishable both in sense and nonsense. The weather, on the whole, has been very pleasant and go-outable. I hope you found it the same, and can give me a good account of yourself and Ly. Louisa, which please to do ere long, and now may God bless you. If the day holds up we talk of driving to Leamington ; if that fails this cannot go to the Coventry post till tomorrow, the 15th.—Ever afftely. yrs.

I have a pretty good account of Mrs. Scott.

LETTER CLXXI.]

[Keble's *Christian Year* was first published anonymously in 1827. *Trevelyan*, which appeared in 1834, was by Lady Scott (half-sister of Lady Montagu). *Marriage in High Life*, her first novel, was published in 1828 by Colburn. *Trevelyan* was

¹ Probably the novel re-issued in 1848 by G. P. R. James under the name of *Thirty Years Since*.

published by Bentley. A full account of the Rev. Hugh Rose is given in Dean Burgon's *Twelve Good Men*. He had been obliged, through ill-health, to resign the living of Hadleigh in Suffolk.]

Baginton Hall, Monday, 28th Octer. [1833].

My dear Lou—I have to thank you for two letters, one of which crossed mine. Poor Catherine Fanshawe's seizure shocked me, so I can easily conceive how it must have affected you ; yet considering how very little of life there seemed to be left in her poor weak frame, I should hardly think it a thing to be much regretted if it had its usual effect of numbing the whole and silencing pain. But, alas ! what do these acute and terrible sufferings mean ? I never before heard of such being caused by paralysis or attending it. You say she was better in your second letter, but how better ? I scarcely know whether a partial recovery, in which she must become sensible of what has happened, is desirable or otherwise. The passages you copied from Elizabeth's letter were most affecting. I remember poor Penelope lent me that *Christian Year*, some of which I liked extremely, other parts were too mystical.

I have seen very little of *Trevelyan*, only a few sheets that came down to be corrected while we were together at Danesfield, so I am not at all able to judge whether it will equal its predecessor. . . . However, Mr. Bentley's *literary adviser* (forsooth) said, not knowing the author heard him, that "*it approached the subject in a more masterly manner.*" Think of having to do with a puppy who could express himself thus. It put one in mind of Johnson's question, "Now, pray, what is the first concoction of a play ?" I did most earnestly beseech her not to submit to any corrections of Mr. Literary Adviser's ; but it stings my pride for her that

she should mingle with the set of riff-raff lords, squires, ladies, and mistresses of Mr. Bentley's train, now swarming, and every one puffed, puffed, puffed, for a wager. It was well said in some newspaper or magazine that I chanced to cast my eye upon the other day, that we should shortly see "Buy Bentley's novels" upon the walls along with "Buy Warren's blacking." She will go out of the way herself, however, which is a good thing. I am meditating how to get my copy down without exciting notice or curiosity. Her last letter told me that on her visiting Charles [Douglas] he took out of her hand a pen she was playing with, and wrote his own name plainly—the best thing by much I have ever yet heard. . . . Mr. Davenport went off Wednesday, and we follow this day se'nnight, *Deo volente*. Meanwhile I have been upstairs nursing a great cold ever since the said Wednesday. However, Louisa has something to amuse her in her two eldest Erskine nieces who came a week ago, and are to stay till Friday, they are fine-looking women, but immense in size. I know nothing *young* to compare with them; I do not mean as to height, they are moderately tall, nothing extraordinary, it is the quantity of flesh and blood and bone altogether. I daresay they would each outweigh Louisa and me put together. The eldest is rather silent and reserved, the second sharp as a needle, evidently very clever and afraid of nobody—quite the person to make her way for herself in the world. How often it happens thus! People who seem born with every advantage are helpless and timid, and never *get on*, and in cases where you perforce say, "Ah, poor things! so many! and with nothing! and no one to protect them!" Lo, you see them sailing merrily before the wind, and beating the better-rigged vessels to nothing.

You are cutting me out more work than I could hope to do in three months instead of one ; and I certainly want to be in town—at home again, by the first week in December. Mr. Morritt will probably be off to Brighton ere long, but if not, never has he at any time hinted any wish to see me at Rokeby since *she* died—not from want of good-will I am confident, but I was so much there with her that at first he naturally shrunk from the thought, and concluded I should, and so, years going on, he probably forgot it was a possibility—and there it rested. For others you hear of going, the Miss B.'s never were there in *her* time, she did not love them so well. Mr. Wharton was more his friend than hers.

Remember there is a prodigious jealousy between Capesthorpe and Alderley, not on L.'s side, for my lady amuses her, and she would like to see more of them ; you know my lady can be very good company when she velvets her paws ; but it subsists with the Aborigines.

I am very sorry indeed for Hugh Rose, only hope that when within sight and memory of *Lambeth* and *Fulham*, one of them will do something for him, give him some great town living—*id est*, if Reform leaves them any to give. Don't you enjoy the address to Lord Durham ? Oh, I always remember my old friend Frederick Montagu's aphorism, "If a man is a reformer (mountebank he said, but it is all one) in any part of his life, it is very fair his nose should be rubbed in it ever after." Indeed he said it apropos of Mr. Pitt's having begun by proposing Reform. And what a rubbing Lord Durham's nose deserves ! But I must have done (for to-morrow's post) and go down to tea.

I am very glad of your two rooms.

LETTER CLXXII.]

[The injunction in this letter to suppress the observations on *Trevelyan* have obviously no force now, and the remarks are interesting as a proof of the feeling at that date about ladies publishing their writings.]

Capesthorpe, Monday, 18th of Novr., 1833.

Dear Lou—I have just received your note of the 15th, sent over by Mrs. [Edward] Stanley: she brought me your former one on Wednesday, and I grant I ought to be ashamed of not having yet written to you, but I grow slow and indolent, and besides, on arriving here Tuesday evening I found what I thought an unpleasant account of Mrs. Scott [of Danesfield], which kept me in hot water all the week. Yesterday I had a letter from her that partly relieved me, especially as it was written with characteristic eagerness about *Trevelyan*—though yet she seems to *forget* what I told her not long ago of my own intended motions, and that is not comfortable. However, sufficient to the day, etc.; we must leave the future to the will of Heaven.

Trevelyan is as much *blown*, I am afraid, as if the name were affixed to it. I say “I am afraid,” for I will own to your private ear that I cannot get over my old—perhaps *aristocratic*—prejudices, which make it a loss of caste. In 1815, when Mrs. S. M. (Stewart Mackenzie), then Lady Hood, returned from India, a great many of the Edinburgh people pressed her to publish her journal, which was extremely entertaining, much more so than your Capt. Mundy’s, etc. She was staggered and asked my advice. She saw I was against it, and said. “Now speak honestly, do you think it losing caste?” “Why—why—yes.” afterwards Dr. Gregory (the most sensible and shrewd of men) chancing to call

on her, began in his droll way, "Oh, ho ! So I hear you are going to turn authoress. Well ! we plebeians can have no objection to your putting yourself on a level, becoming one of us—but no more salaams to the Begum." She wisely took the hint ; and I must add that she has told me since, she once said to her present husband, "Do you know I was on the very point of publishing a book." "I am sure" answered he, "I would never have married you if you had." To my mind the frequency of the thing since that time increases the objection instead of removing it. I cannot bear *her* making one in the *crew* of lords and ladies who swarm in modern days. And Bentley's puffs in the newspaper quite sicken me, all admirable and charming alike, written by his *literary adviser*, you may be sure, just in the same spirit as the puffs of Warren's blacking and Rowland's kalydor. Oh, dear ! it is a degradation I cannot bear. However, keep these reflections sacredly to yourself, and even *burn this part of my letter*, for she does not feel for herself what I do for her ; it is not, as you might suppose, that vanity conquers pride, for she has as little of the one as the other, but Miss B. [Berry], Miss B. the prime mover in everything, has always led her to think any regard to one's rank or class an illiberal prejudice, indeed a wrong feeling. Miss B., who is of *no* family and has made her way in the world by her wits, would *rise* in it by bringing forth an admired work ; she has tried, though with no great success, and what Dr Gregory expressed in joke she feels in earnest, glad if she could get us all to print and publish, and be on a level with the authoresses whom perhaps we should not equal. In short, it is a little like ladies who have made a *faux pas*, and are delighted to draw another woman (especially if

hitherto respectable) into the same scrape. . . . As for secrecy, to my surprise A. K. the first day she came said aloud, "Well! I think nobody will ever visit Lady S. again from London." Mrs. Williams did not seem to understand her, but afterwards I found was the person who had told her, and who should tell *her*, but Eber's little shopboy in London! So among them Louisa soon caught it, and presently, on our going to see Mrs. Stanley, in came the Rector, with "I have been at the Hall, Ly. Maria has just got the *Court Journal*, which says *Trevelyan* is written by Ly. S. of Petersham," so there is an end, you see, and I cannot help feeling hurt. *One who was lately snatched from us* [Lady Lothian], quite agreed with me on this head, and said, as I did "write and delight *us* with it, but do not publish any more, do not be known as a declared novel writer." She knows my opinion so well that I find she even wrote to Mrs. W. not to talk of it before me. Well! there is no help for it now, so I thought it needless, indeed foolish, to bid L. keep a secret that everybody knew. . . . A. K. will tell you that she dined here, called to visit me in due form another day; this week she expects somebody, I forget whom, and the early part of the next goes to Knowsley.

To return to *Trevelyan*. I long to know what you will hear of it from Mary. I think Lady Augusta admirably drawn, her letters are real life, and what a striking little trait her being less fond of St. Ives than of the other boy because he had seen Theresa. But *entre nous*, sacredly, I do think she has too much excuse for standing out about the latter, and A. K. made the observation too. Theresa's dress, looks, and manners on returning from abroad would have scared a much more indulgent and liberal person; nor am I sure that

Trevelyan had a fair right to ask his wife to countenance her when she had declined going, as he advised his sister, during Lord Herbert's absence, and talked of *engagements* which could only be to Lascelles. But interest, interest, interest, as Mrs. Williams says, is the first, second, and third perfection in a novel, and that never fails or slackens, nor does one hardly know such a hero as Trevelyan. Mrs. Williams will have it that Theresa is not worthy of him, nor likely to have attracted such a man, and caused such a lasting passion ; she is not intellectual enough ; a mere boarding-school-girl un-informed, etc. etc. Pshoh ! I am not over sure that such men like much *mind* in a woman. I am very sure that they can do without it—and at any rate Theresa has capabilities, is what a superior man might train and make something of. However there is but one voice as (to) thinking it a most interesting book—what nobody can lay down.

I have got through this with many interruptions. It seems to me that luncheon so soon follows breakfast, and going out, luncheon, and dinner, going out, that morning one has none, and evening, of course, you know is out of the question for writing. And so here is dressing time, and finish I must. Pray send me a letter to myself and don't mind postage. I am glad Henry is gone abroad—poor Cath. Fan. ! [Fanshawe] Oh, the bell.—Adieu.

LETTER CLXXIII.]

Capesthorpe, Thursday, 28th of November [1833].

I begin to-day and shall take the unfinished letter with me to the Rectory to-morrow ; when it will go depends upon A. K.'s convenience. I had a letter

from Ly. — on Tuesday that gave me great content, for I, like you, felt a little afraid that the Lady Augusta might give offence. However, her withers are altogether unwrung, and she speaks of *Trevelyan* just as I could wish, enumerating all her bothers and businesses, but saying she cannot resist taking it up at odd times, “it is so very, very interesting!!” She has not yet come to the end; however, this has quite dispelled my fears. For that matter, when we all read *Emma* together at poor Bothwell—the duchess one—we could not help laughing a little the more at the devotion of father and daughter to their respective apothecaries, and all the coddling that ensued from it, but we did not find that it struck the devotees in existence. People are so used to themselves! One of Foote’s most comical farces represented to the life a certain Mr. Ap. Rees, whom, as old people told me, it did not in the least exaggerate. They swore to having heard him utter the very things the farce put in his mouth. But he himself never found it out. He was intimate with Foote, read the play, told him it was d—— stupid and would not succeed, wondered it did, yet went to it and laughed for company, till some good-natured friend informed him he was the person ridiculed; then he went in a rage to the Lord Chamberlain and desired it might be suppressed. But it is more wonderful still that people can hear and repeat so differently. J——s¹ [James Douglas] and Mina, of whom you have heard, are both very literal persons, who never talk at random or magnify. Now I daresay you have been told as I have—with great exultation too—that an invalid played at backgammon with the former and beat him, though a

¹ James Douglas and his wife.

first-rate player. I began to exult too, because *any* game (except perhaps pure hazard, or heads and tails) requires some exercise of the mind, consideration, computation, thought in short. But what think you was J.'s *own* account? "Perhaps for a throw or two the other chanced to play the moves according to the throw, but oftener wrong; as for playing the *game*, not at all"!!! This, I own, takes away my confidence in what I am now assured is said by Dr. H. [Hume] "that nobody ever got so much better without getting better still (*i.e.* recovering) unless in case of a relapse." I wish I could be sure this was not *heard double*. However, it is a blessed faculty that enables people to see and hear what gives them pleasure, and I am sure one has often occasion to wish it possessed by those who have the contrary gift of seeing and hearing everything disagreeable. . . . Now it is time to tell you my plans for the future. I have given up all thoughts of Yorkshire [Lord Wharnccliffe's] and made my excuse. I go, as I said above, to the Rectory (Mr. Edward Stanley's) to-morrow by dinner time and stay till Monday morning, then to the great house [Alderley], and stay over Tuesday night, which I think very handsome. Then Louisa claims repayment of those five days, so I settled to stay ten longer and not set out southward till Monday the sixteenth. It may be the Saturday following before I reach home, because I shall stop a couple of days on the road at William's [Stuart's, Aldenham], and in dark winter so near the shortest day one must not hope to travel fast. All this, you see, will bring it to the New Year before I go to Ditton, but I hope you will meet me in London ready primed, and prepared for our holidays there—which I daresay Lady Louisa agrees with me that

nothing ought to prevent, nor will I hear of any objection, let brick and mortar fudge as they may. It must be, so make up your mind and arrange accordingly. I find L^d. and L^y. M. are going to Beaulieu for a week next Monday.

The newspapers having transferred their puffs from *Trevelyan* to something more recent I am tranquillized again, and almost regret my sincerity in taking notice of them to *her* lest she should be hurt; for I cannot help saying what I think just *as* I think it. I have not yet heard from her; indeed, as she was to stay only two days at Hirsell (Lord Home's), and would find the Kerrs there (besides Lisette), she could not have time to write, nor will she immediately after she comes to Ardoch (Major Moray Stirling's), as the meeting with Mary [Douglas, her sister, whose son had died lately] will naturally engross her whole attention for a good while. As I have got thus far in my letter, I begin to think I may as well send it to-day *via* Mr. Byham as keep it for an uncertain chance. Mr. (Sir John's son) and Mrs. Stanley *par excellence* dine here to-day, but as I never yet saw him, I cannot well ask him for a frank on mine own bottom. I wish you would like my poor friend Miss Knight's *Guy de Lusignan* a little better: the style is very good, the descriptions very exact, the history very correct; but, alas! it is not *Trevelyan*.—Adieu.

LETTER CLXXIV.]

Rectory, Sunday Afternoon [1 Decr. 1833].

I have burned your letter, but by an odd chain of circumstances tedious to explain, A. K. saw me receive it, and I said before I opened it that it seemed to be

from you : so on my afterwards asking if she was sure that she had not staid out too late in the day, she laughed and said, "Lou has been writing to you, I see, and you manage it very awkwardly" (which was but true). I therefore thought it best to go straight forward and tell her you were uneasy, and I begged she would speak to me sincerely on the subject, which she has done, I do believe, and certainly she not only seems satisfied, but feels herself much better than she was. I am no doctor, as you say, but I cannot but think you are mistaken in the instances you name as to the *no cough*; I am pretty sure Ly. Ch^{tte}. St. had repeated bad coughs even before she left England. There is indeed a *dumb* cough, one you might take for a slight *hem*, which is perhaps the worst symptom possible, but I am positive A. K. is quite free from this. . . . I perceive no thickness in utterance, and at church to-day she joined in the singing with a very clear voice. I write this to make you easy as far as it lies in my power—and because I do not intend to ask "*sa suffisance*" for a frank to you—a name of Mrs. Preston's for L^d. Wellesley when a young man—I will get other franks, but none for *you*, that there may be no pros and cons among them. My lady dined here yesterday, sends her horses for me to-morrow, and I boldly named two o'clock, after luncheon. Wednesday I return to Capesthorne.—Farewell.

LETTER CLXXV.]

Capesthorne, Wednesday 4th of December 1833.

Well ! here I am back again in some sort at home, having left Alderley Park after breakfast. A. K. thought herself obliged to ask your aunt and her

cousins to dinner on Saturday. But we had plenty of time for comfortable confabulation nevertheless. I was glad to leave her as happy as she was made by Arthur's [Dean Stanley] success; those at the Park seemed to take a share in it heartily. Sir John said, "Surely if ever a father had reason to be proud it is the Rector; to have two such sons distinguish themselves in different ways falls to the lot of few." And indeed all appeared to rejoice.

Thursday.—I cheated A. K. yesterday. I promised to call upon her in my way from the park, but it rained so furiously that I could not keep the horses and driver (not being my own) out in such weather; if it holds up to-day I hope to go to her. I will now tell you in due form and order how my fine days were passed. Friday I went to the Rectory just before it grew dark, and was received by Catherine¹ *sola*, for they did not return from Knowsley till half an hour afterwards; by the bye, I like Catherine extremely, though not familiar with children. There had been a violent storm and deluges of rain those two days. Well, the Rector was of the party in the evening. Saturday it cleared up about one o'clock, and A. K. drove me to the *Edge* [Alderley Edge], but there was a great mistiness, the hills were invisible, and I saw it imperfectly. My lady (Maria Stanley), Louisa, and Emmeline dined. *Trevelyan* was discussed sufficiently, as I found it had also been at Knowsley. My deafness and their indistinctness (I believe) made me lose a great deal they said, but I know very well that to be much talked of is the test of a superior book, as it is of a beautiful woman, or of any other kind of merit. There will be different opinions while the world stands,

¹ Afterwards Mrs. Vaughan, wife of the Dean of Llandaff.

but mediocrity attracts no attention at all, and dulness only a brief "Oh, how stupid!" I need not say how very gracious everybody was to me. That, you are aware, would be the case.

Sunday.—It poured so that we could only just get to church and back again. And now I must say how I liked the performance of the service in every respect, the musick, and in the main, what is of more importance, the Rector has one great perfection in my *ears*. I hear him pretty distinctly. For A. K., I saw with admiration her merit as a clergyman's wife, yet all done quietly and imperceptibly, no effort, no fussing, and as disengaged and easy in her drawing-room as any fine lady who never did anything in her life; this in any situation whatever, from a sovereign princess to a tradeswoman, is the proof of a superior mind, or at the least of knowing whatever is your business well, and doing it thoroughly.

Monday.—We agreed that I need not go off before luncheon. After it Lady Maria called (for) me in her barouche, and drove me to the *Edge*. It had rained hard, but by that time was clear, and I saw it to some advantage; we came home through the wood. This, however, I saw better in a long walk I took with her on Tuesday morning, paid my respects to Lady Louisa Clinton's tree, where the initials are still fresh and legible, and admired the noble trunks of the beeches, which I think must almost equal those of Luton. In short, I saw enough to convince me that there must be much beauty in the place when the leaves are on the trees. Yesterday morning, before I went away, I was introduced to the separate apartments of the young ladies, who are really lodged like princesses, and seemed very sensible of it. . . . Sir John, A. K. must have told

you, has the gout flying about him ; he did not breakfast or dine at table, but I was turned into his room in the afternoon, and he joined us in the evening, and even came out to say adieu, and “When will you come again,” yesterday morning. As I know you will be very anxious for my success in these regions, I assure you nothing was ever more complete. The rector and rectoress dined on Monday—*tout rayonnant de joie* about Arthur’s triumph—and Mrs. W. [Williams] from hence, she had the headache, and was not in full song. . . . I could very much wish there were more intercourse between the Park and *this* for L.’s sake ; Lady Maria amuses her, she likes the daughters and Mrs. Stanley, and, in short, it would be a variety and a change from still life. But all this we shall talk over abundantly at Ditton. . . . I am teased to death to prolong my stay, but must keep steady to set out on the 16th. The week after that I trust you will come to town. Adieu.

CHAPTER XII

1834

LETTER CLXXVI.]

[*Ditton Park*] Tuesday [*in pencil*], Feby. 1834.

Dear Louisa—Nothing new since your departure, except the arrival of a host of Longs and Atherleys the same day. I wish you could have stayed to partake of it, for they are all pleasant people. It is good for the family to have a *young* set of strangers. I had a letter Sunday from Lady Gardiner in some trepidation about her son, who is to be this day admitted or rejected at Woolwich, “for (says she) *since Sir William Clinton left us* it is a word and a blow, no allowance made for fright, agitation, etc., no second trial allowed.” She wishes Sir W. C. not to be told of the memoir till he receives it, but that caution, I suppose, comes much too late. It would be most ungrateful, she adds, in whoever had anything to do with the regiment, not to pay attention to him in the first place. To-day has brought me a letter from Mr. Morritt, so delighted with *Trevelyan*, that as luckily it concluded with an excellent story of a Yorkshire ghost, I gave it Ly. M. [Montagu] to read, and she begged L^d. M. might see it. Soh! the expressions on the former subject made me enjoy this not a little. I mean to send the letter to Car, with a promise that she shall return it. . . .

I write in great haste, having been interrupted, for, lo ! Longs and Atherleys and all are gone. When Jane came to say they were going I thought it was to walk out, and answered, "I will follow them." But they were departing. Now *I* must go out, so good-bye. I am very glad you found all well.—Yrs. aff^{tely}. L. S.

D. P., Friday.

. . . Lady Gardiner's boy passed his examination (like Arthur Stanley) with the highest credit, and they find the boy who will be his chamber fellow at the Academy bears an excellent character, and is a friend's son. . . .

LETTER CLXXVII.]

Tuesday [1834], [Gloucester Place].

In the midst of many fusses Louisa [Bromley] came yesterday to dinner in high health and glee. Your sisters have offered to carry us out this morning, and we have accepted, so I must write you a bit of a letter to thank you for yours, and tell you your father came and sate a good hour with me yesterday, and seemed to find relief and satisfaction in talking over the merits of his poor late friend. I asked him, when this was over, how he liked his new neighbours. "Oh, of all things, Capt. C. was the pleasantest man (ump!), the civillest, and they had been so kind," etc., etc., etc. So all is admirably well thus far. I could not help laughing at your account of the dinner, etc., etc.

I sent your correspondent's letter to them [Lady Scott, authoress of *Trevelyan*] at Petersham, whence it came back, and I now return it. It interests me the more because I once was three or four days in the same house with the identical poor little Miss Boothby about

Christmas 1796, so please you. It was at Thoresby, Lord Manvers, in Notts. *Camilla* being then a new book, as *Trevelyan* is now, I remember her being called Miss Eugenia Tyrold, and everybody said she was the best and most exemplary of people. She came with a brother and sister-in-law, a Major Boothby and a little Minorquine wife he had married, I believe out of a convent; they had a boy and a girl—the boy is the present Sir William Boothby, who married a cousin of Lord Liverpool's, and was his private secretary. There is a detail worthy of Mr. Aircastle¹ in Foote's play.

Many thanks for the recipe, which I really was very glad to have, as I always felt an awkwardness about directly asking Dickenson for it. And now, adieu. I have had four letters to write this morning, and am tired.

Do not expect to hear from me again for some little time, I give you fair warning.

[The following is the letter alluded to. It is evidently addressed to Miss Clinton, but only the latter part of the letter exists]:—

"I have been breaking my heart over *Trevelyan*. The charm of Miss Trevelyan's character is enhanced to me by its likeness to my dear aunt (my mother's aunt), Miss Boothby. Words and sentiments are related in that touching interview on Lady Herbert Leslie's return to England, which are just what Miss Boothby would have used and felt. I could almost hear her voice in them. She was from her youth crippled and grew up crooked—very much so—so much as to move about the room with difficulty. The application of leeches to one side of the neck or shoulder almost in infancy had been followed by a flowing of blood, unseen and unsuspected for a whole night, and the effect appeared to be a shrinking of the whole person on that side. Whether there was other defect or disease I know not, but she had no health, and never was free from

¹ In "The Cozeners."

pain, groaning, poor creature, all night in her sleep involuntarily. Yet the most intelligent and mildest countenance in the world, brightened by the sweetest expression of gaiety, accompanied this, and her visit, of several weeks every year, was a gala time to us all that gladden'd all our hearts ; there was such a charm in her conversation, her kindness, and contentedness of spirit. In this respect her nature surpassed that described in Miss Trevelyan's character, and I think she fully equalled all its excellences, and had besides more of pursuit and energy ; there never was a creature more to be loved—or more loved perhaps—altho' neither wife nor mother. When I remember her and others we have loved and lost, I feel how thankful I ought to be for what we have known, but the losses are now so many, and are so evidently increasing, that my life seems to be like a book from which so many pages have been torn away that the connection and interest cannot be resumed. . . .

My mother means to forward this thro' Mr. Weston's hands.—Yr. sincerely affect. M. E. S."

LETTER CLXXVIII.]

Versailles, 23rd of Sept. 1834.

I told you I should not write in a hurry, and you will be inclined to say I have kept my word. However here is a large sheet of thin paper, and so now let us see what we can do.

We set out on Wednesday, having been, as you know, greatly obliged to your good-humoured sisters for a drive as far as London Bridge the day before. Wednesday was rather rainy, but cleared up towards evening. We slept at Dover, and embarked at seven the following morning ; a very calm sea. By following a piece of good advice I had received, sitting still in the carriage, and leaning back with my eyes shut, neither speaking nor moving hand or foot, I escaped giddiness and sickness. Yet Louisa (Bromley), who did the same, was sick, though not usually so, therefore I crowed over

her, a triumph I did not expect. The trial was short, for by $\frac{1}{2}$ past nine we arrived in the road of Calais, but the tide not serving, were forced to go on shore in a boat, and had several hours to wait for the arrival of the carriage, which could not be landed till past three. Then came custom-house and various arrangements, so that the sun was setting before we were fairly off, and we only reached Boulogne, where we found the hotel choke full, and had very bad quarters. That evening three or four pelting thunder-showers compelled us to shut up our landaulet, though it was already very warm; but there ended all reason to complain of the weather (except, indeed, of its extreme heat last week), for from Friday the 12th to the present date it has been uninterrupted sunshine and moonshine, and these last three days we have had some refreshing autumn breezes. Friday, Saturday, and Sunday we travelled with the carriage open. Finding a letter at St. Denis that made it doubtful whether Anna [Lady Anna Maria Dawson] could receive us Sunday night, we resolved after much debating to try whether we could pass it at Sèvres, which was very much like sleeping at Mother Redcaps, or the Yorkshire Stingo. However, we got excellent beds and the rest did not much signify. It was the fête de St. Cloud, assembling all the mob of Paris, every sort of *voiture* imaginable, the wood full of people dancing, or whirling in roundabouts and flying machines. We went among them and saw a very merry group engaged at Puss in the corner. From thence it was an hour's drive hither Monday morning. After breakfast I left the sisters together and went in search of Mad^e. de Canillac, whose surprise and joy at seeing me were excessive. I brought her a letter from an old Mad^e. de Tourville,

whom you have heard the Montagus talk of. I found her in very indifferent health, *bien souffrante*, and I fear rather declining—a constant cough and pain in the chest, which they tell her is only from the stomach, but those *onlys* I know to be little better than medical palaver.

To go on regularly : Monday and Tuesday we rested. Tuesday the Berrys and Lady Charlotte [Lindsay] coming over to see us. Wednesday we went to Paris, where we met George and Mrs. Damer, and Anna called on a friend of hers, Lady Julia Lockwood, a half sister of Lord Arran's, married to a brother of Mrs. Edward Stopford's. Thursday the old Lady Julia and Miss Raikes, who is living with her, daughter of the Dandy Raikes and niece of Lady Wm. Fitz Roy, dined with us. Friday we dined with the Berrys, etc., at Bellevue, about an hour's drive hence, a spot that most richly deserves its name indeed ; it was the country residence of the old mesdames, Louis Seize's aunts, whose palace, garden, etc., have utterly disappeared. The environs are vineyards and groves, and you have from a terrace the compleat view of Paris, the windings of the Seine, the woods of St. Cloud, and twenty villages scattered far and wide.

N.B.—These last three days the heat was so intense I felt perfectly *kilt*, so miserably oppressed, I was fit for nothing, and began to think I should really fall ill. Our drive home by moonlight refreshed me considerably, and next day the weather grew gradually more temperate, though still we found the sun glaring in the royal gardens here. Sunday after attending divine service in a room the English hire for that purpose, we went to pass the day with the George Damers at St. Germain, not returning till the moon was up. George drove us out in the forest, which *is* a forest,

as the things so called in this country really are—in England you know it means a place totally void of trees. It was most enjoyable, and the terrace the most beautiful thing I ever beheld, a view certainly superior to Windsor. The chateau, a vast but gloomy pile of building, looks exactly fit for the use Louis XIV. put it to, the asylum of a dethroned king ; they talk of making it a military prison ; meanwhile there is nothing to be seen in it but bare walls, but they show you what was once the king's apartment, and in another part what was James the Second's, and the room where he died. In the church you also see the place of his interment, with a Latin inscription for a monument George the Fourth meant to put up for him, which monument was actually made, but they dare not place it. Monday we went to Paris, saw Lady Julia, visited Miss Knight, looked for a cook with the help of an Irish priest who had dined with us the day before (I believe Mrs. Fitzherbert's confessor), who was very obliging, recommended us a bookseller, and forbade him to cheat us (I wish we had had such a *cavalière servente* at Dowdings). It is now Wednesday the 24th. We returned to a very late dinner *al fresco*, but the weather is at present what some of us call cold. Yesterday I sate a couple of hours more with M^{me}. de Canillac, then L. and I drove to Trianon, a very fine low building of but one storey, unlike anything I ever saw before, but with marble pillars, and giving one more an idea of Louis XIV.'s magnificence than Versailles itself, for lying so close to it, it would be no more than a plaything, what we should call a tea-drinking house. *Le petit* Trianon, as poor Marie Antoinette's plaything, made one melancholy ; it afterwards became Pauline Borghese's,

therefore has been pretty well preserved. The garden is *un jardin Anglais* and very pretty, but you may see twenty such within ten miles of London ; it has a mock village, a mock cottage, and so forth, again very pretty, but one comes abroad to see statues, fountains, parterres, and *longues allées*. One thing, however, is very much wanting—large, fine trees ; an oak such as you have even at Cockenhatch or Ditton would make the people stare. There are no such even in their forests, which they seem to thin and cut for fuel regularly. A single tree at St. Germain's that looked quite magnificent and venerable was not half so big as what overshadows many an English green even near London. George and his wife have come over to visit us for the present week and taken lodgings within the same courtyard. We have really an excellent apartment, a good dining-room, a good drawing-room, each a good bed-chamber, two rooms for our three maids, all on the same floor, with closets and cupboards innumerable *pratiques* in every possible part of the wall. I daresay the house has seen better days—so has the furniture—and every room has glasses and clocks such as it would ruin anybody to buy in London ; indeed, the alehouse at Sèvres was not without a clock for which Mr. Hamlet would have asked £40. I do not wonder the French murmur at climbing our stairs, and compare a two-roomed house to a bird-cage with one perch above another.

Our proposed arrangements are thus : to finish the month we have engaged the house for, that is, stay till the 12th, then pass a week at Paris, and set out for England on the 19th. I reckon you will get this letter by Monday or Tuesday next at farthest ; from Paris to London it is but three days ; here, tho' but

within our penny post distance, it makes some delay. However, if you will write within the course of next week, I suppose I shall certainly get it before I leave *No. 8 Avenue de Sceaux, Versailles, près de Paris*, or *poste restante, à Versailles, près de Paris*. Perhaps that will be the surest; you will not grudge the payment for once. I long to know the end of the book speculation. Ly. Charlotte seems very well and well pleased; the only beau we met with them was a Mr. C., Sir H. V.'s brother, a young lawyer—not over bright, I should suppose, for he told us as a new story, at least one of our day, and made *Lord Hastings* the person—that, in all the French anecdotes of the *Duchesse de Mazarin* or *de la Ferte*, who, when informed she could not use her horses because they had no fodder, and no tradesman but the *patissier* would give her goods on credit, said, “Then feed the horses on tarts.” You must have heard it a thousand times. I may live to hear Sir W^m. Clinton confounded with *Madame de Staël*.

I have said nothing yet of myself—*morally*. L.'s delight in the expedition and the pleasure of the two sisters at meeting have done my heart good, and really made me feel ashamed of the reluctance with which I determined upon it. And now I am alive and well and enjoy everything, this one word must content you. Tell papa this is a perfect garrison, a depôt of troops, 14,000 men quartered here, 40,000 at Paris, and truly they do not seem wanting in the villages round. And upon that depends daily and hourly tranquillity. The men here (the privates) mostly look under 20 years old, or not much more, and are far from tall or well accoutred.

Now I am called to go out, so abruptly—Adieu.

LETTER CLXXIX.]

[Among the letters kindly lent to the editor by General Sir Archibald Alison is one to Miss Margaret Alison, sister of the historian, dated 26th December 1834, in which Lady Louisa says]:—

“ . . . I should be glad if I could amuse him [Mr. Alison] with an account of anything I saw in France, but I was absent from England not two months in all, journeys included, and most of the time I staid abroad was spent in retirement at Versailles, which we found very good headquarters for driving about seeing the adjacent country. I conversed there with but one French person (Madame de Canillac), an old emigrant friend, who, though a woman of sense, is too violent an *ultra* royalist to let her opinions be of much weight with me. According to her Louis Philippe is a worse monster than Marat or Robespierre. On the contrary, I fancy a line of Pope's would be applicable to his character—‘They'll never poison you, they'll only cheat.’ He has seldom moved straight forward, but cannot be accused of any outrageous action, and governs France, as its temper requires, with a steady, meaning however a strong, hand. Looking out of the window at Versailles you saw nothing but uniforms on every side. It is computed that sixty thousand troops are lodged in Paris and the towns and villages within twelve miles of it, and in short everything appears to the eye much more thoroughly a military government than when I saw it under Charles X. in 1829. The French papers, however, abuse the king as openly as the English; but then (what does not happen here) the editors are constantly prosecuted and punished. In five weeks that we passed in or near Paris three

trials of this sort took place, all ending in fines and imprisonment. He has on his side the great dread of a republic, for its partisans are thought pretty generally inclined to renew the reign of terror should they get the upper hand, and this gives him security; though he cannot be respected, for by what I could learn, he is a Tory in conversing with Tories, and a *Liberal* when with those of opposite principles, which in the long run never deceives anybody, therefore never pleases them either. The jealousy of the Government is much marked by the strictness about passports, whether you go in or out of France; this too is much increased since I was there before. When Talleyrand returned he was teased for his passport by the officers at some place where they did not know him, and on their insisting, said at last, '*Mais c'est moi qui donne les passeports, et je ne m'en suis pas donné.*' He made no secret to the English whom he saw that Lord Palmerston's behaviour to himself had so disgusted him, from its rudeness, that he never would encounter it again, and added that the same cause had driven away the Austrian and Prussian ministers. This is all I have to offer your father on the head of France. . . ."

LETTER CLXXX.]

[There was a private reading of Chateaubriand's *Moïse* at Madame Récamier's at the Abbaye au Bois in 1829. See *Madame Récamier and her Friends*, Noel Williams, p. 262.]

TO LADY MONTAGU.

Versailles, Oct. 1834.

" . . . Last night I yielded to importunity, and was persuaded by Mrs. Damer to go to the play, which I

long refused, knowing I should not hear one word, or rather understand, for the sound itself is loud enough. It was a new piece of Mons^r. Chateaubriand's, which he would not venture on the Paris stage, because his pious sentiments would be sure to displease there. As I expected, I could not make out what they were saying, but seeing them in turbans, I perceived the personages must be Oriental. What was my astonishment to find that this pious work of this pious man brought on the stage MOSES—*Moses* coming down from Mount Sinai with the two tables!!! We had the Ark and the Tabernacle carried in procession, etc., etc., etc., a love story not wanting, however, for the son of Aaron is seduced to idolatry by an Amalekite princess. '*Dieu-y-entre t'il?*' asked an old French friend of mine, Mad^e. de Canillac, who lives here, and who, though not *devote*, agrees with me in thinking the exhibition grossly profane, '*aussi bien que fort ridicule.*' I always thought Chateaubriand had a great deal of the mountebank in him. I bought the play, so you will see it. In his preface he talks of Racine's sacred dramas, but, after all, the histories of Esther and Athalie, though in the Bible, are *mere history*. The finger of God is not concerned in them, nor is Joad a more sacred person than Fénelon or Cranmer—but Moses! Moses! The delivery of the law in thunder and lightning! Moses with the glory on his head! looking very like a pair of horns!! It really is very characteristic of the times and the country. When I got the book I could scarcely follow the actors, who ate half their words and bellowed the other half. I believe they were very indifferent. The theatre is very pretty, and just of an agreeable, comfortable size. I did not stay till the end, but hear the *sifflots* prevailed—not for the reasons, which, *I hope*,

would have produced hissing in England, since both sides consider it very religious—otherwise Moses would have been packed off on his first entrance.”

LETTER CLXXXI.]

TO LADY MONTAGU.

[FRAGMENT.]

Oct. 1834.

. . . George [Damer] and his wife were absent on a visit to Talleyrand at Valençay, but will return and settle at Paris to-day. They find him—the devil, as Miss Murray says—the most entertaining devil imaginable. If my hearing were acute I should envy them. When he entered France he was asked for his passport, he had none. “*Mais, comment donc Monsieur, no passport?*” “But, sir, this cannot be allowed, nobody comes without a passport.” “*Mais c’est moi qui donne les passeports, et je ne m’en suis pas donné.*” I hope I did not tell you this before in the one letter I wrote you from Versailles. The splutter about passports is much greater than it used to be; they contain an exact description of age, complexion, stature, person. I thought they would have set down the colour of my wig. But, altogether, there is something as opposite to our notions of a free government as can be imagined, notwithstanding the hail-fellow-well-met-ways of the Court, which, however, I fancy is beginning slowly and quietly to get back to a little of the old dignity. The visit to Fontainebleau was a symptom of it, all the foreign ministers were invited, and matters went on in some sort as they used to do formerly. Could I help saying thus much? At the same time I think you quite right in magnanimously resisting any disposition to find fault (inwardly) with alterations. They will run pins and needles into one;

yet if each generation in its turn had not altered something done by the former, we should be still living like the barons of old.

I should mention that Mrs. Lockhart spoke as if Mr. L.'s task would not take him up long, for having gathered all his materials and digested them beforehand, he had nothing to do but merely to write down what he had composed already. What more? I should correct my account of Ondine's dress for the ball, for I erred in an important point. She had *water-lilies*, not white roses in her hand. I hear she and her sister, in their different styles of magnificence and simplicity, were generally pronounced the most striking figures there; but the fancy dresses in most instances did not suit a royal entertainment so well as common full dress. People came as shepherdesses and so forth, and one lady in trousers with a *kilt* over them, forgetting it was not a masquerade.

Of course I am writing on Friday morning; it is blowing away, *whiles* raining, *whiles* hailing, just as it did last week. Well! I have little else to say, therefore shall go and write a note in answer to Caroline's. Newspaper so late to-day that I thought it must have something to tell, and, lo! it brings only a detail of petticoats. Adieu.—Yrs. ever, L. S.

LETTER CLXXXII.]

*Gloucester Place, Thursday eveg.,
30th of October.*

My dear Louisa—I am ashamed of not having before written to you, but the day and a half I have passed in town have been over occupied, and I can now only give you the matters of fact concerning us, after thanking you for your letter received in France. We left

Versailles for Paris on Saturday the 11th, and Paris on our return to England Tuesday the 21st. Wednesday there arose a furious gale of wind, which did not abate in the least till Sunday night, so though we reached Calais rather early on Friday, we could not sail before Monday morning, and then had an unpleasant passage in a very rough sea with a contrary wind that made everybody mortally sick. We had seven carriages on board, there were as many in another vessel; in short, Calais was crowded, and all the packets were on that side of the water. We got to land in five hours, at eleven o'clock, but the tide did not serve for our carriage to be disembarked, passed through the custom-house, and repacked, till it was too late to proceed farther. We therefore got up by candle-light a second morning, and as the Dover road is almost all up and down hill, it was near seven on Tuesday evening when we alighted at this door. For all these perils and hardships (mighty great to be sure) *I* am none the worse, but Louisa caught cold by going to look at the wreck of a poor vessel which was lost off Calais on Saturday, and consequently she is as yet unable to set out for Baginton. I find Lady Louisa and your two sisters are still in town, by which I conclude the house at Cockenhatch, like every other house in the same predicament which I ever saw or heard of, is not yet ready for their occupation. I am afraid this must have given you some vexation, and I fear, too, *you* may have caught cold by bustling about in the wind and rain.

We were just seven weeks away, setting out on a Wednesday morning and returning on a Tuesday night—thank God! without any evil befalling us, and Louisa's uncommon sweetness of temper gilding all around like the sun itself. We made a very odd acquaintance

(through the George Damers) with a very odd man, I believe an Irish Jesuit, who was a little like the old man on Sindbad's shoulders, but proved of the greatest use to us, ran, and went, and scolded, and bargained for us, by land and sea, for he, too, came over in the same ship. He is a dear friend of Lady Guilford and the Ly. Norths, and was delighted to meet with Ly. Charlotte. She and the Berrys talked of moving in a fortnight, which would now be a week. I saw Madame Marlay, as she calls herself, very little changed, though she had witnessed all the frightful scenes of the Revolution and of the cholera. During the latter her servant suddenly fell down at her feet, was put into her own bed as nearest at hand, and died in four hours.

I have to-night a letter from Ly. Northland, joyfully announcing that they have at length resolved to come home, and are to move this week. They will hardly be at Barham, though, before the very end of November. I know nothing of Miss Murray or Car [Lady Scott]. Well, let us hear from you, and so good night.—Yours ever,
L. S.

LETTER CLXXXIII.]

[The political event here alluded to was the break up of Lord Melbourne's administration on the death of Lord Spencer, and the formation of Sir Robert Peel's.]

G. P. [*Gloucester Place*], *Friday Evng.*,
21st of November [1834].

Dear Louisa—You must have heard of me from your sisters, who very kindly gave me a lift one morning, so you know I am in town. I staid at Melbourne [Sir Robert Gardiner's] till Friday, then went to Petersham, and returned home on Saturday

afternoon. Sir Robt. Gardiner has passed the summer without any attack of gout, and, on the whole, I think both he and she are in better spirits than I have seen them since the dark days of severe sorrow. I hope they have now recovered a placid, cheerful state of mind. We were quite alone there. At Petersham I found Lisette [Scott] (who inquired much after you) and an old Scotch acquaintance, once a beauty, Miss Betsey Robertson. Lady Scott has been free from headache six whole weeks, so I begin to put some faith in Dr. Quin, though occasionally this has happened before ; but then he does seem to have broken down that custom of daily taking medicine. The Admiral was very well. .

Sir R. G. and I talked politics without ceasing, like the upholsterer and barber in the farce, but little did we dream of the event impending ; your sisters first told it me when they called on Sunday after church, and your father came big with it late in the day. It overawes more than it pleases me. The Whigs, it is true, are compleatly overthrown ; they have done what Tommy Moore expressly said they were doing when passing the Reform Bill—brought destruction on their own heads. Nobody can ever have confidence in them again. But now comes the tug of war, the awful struggle for life or death to the monarchy, the church, the constitution. Now, and not before, the Radicals are at issue with us, and how shall we stem the torrent with such a parliament ? Dissolve it. What shall we get in its room ? Very possibly a still worse. The Chancellor's public loss of temper and protestations that he will not keep the great seal convince me that he meant to keep it and turn round if invited ; and though he has lost himself more than ever any man

did, and, I verily believe, is a little deranged, yet he has so much of the press in his hands, and such a power of mischief in his tongue and pen, that I am almost sorry they have not held a candle to the devil and kept him in, if it were but for the sake of muzzling him. I dread, too, the want of unanimity among the Conservatives, who have not been used to pull together in regular training, and will each—your cousin, for example—perk up his head and dispute with the leader in spite of the severe lesson given them four years ago. Charles Stuart is just returned to England, having employed his furlough of two months in visiting Switzerland, Venice, and Lombardy, and he gives a dismal account of the state of the Simplon, which a sudden melting of snow has almost demolished. This is bad for Sir Robert Peele's journey.

To leave these grand matters ; when the Northlands arrived at Brussels on the 14th, to come home, as *she* hoped, the moment their house could be got ready, they found letters from Papa and Mamma intreating and almost insisting on their going round (which *he* was to have done at any rate) by Paris to visit them. To say the truth, it was not an unreasonable request, nor one that she could well refuse. So, much against her will, she was to set out last Tuesday, and I suppose will reach Paris to-day. She vows she will stay only a fortnight, but if they determine otherwise, she may not prove the strongest. Three weeks, therefore, must elapse at least before she comes, and if you are *in case* to receive visitors at Cockenhatch, I still may run down for something like that space of time, or if only ten days, you will like it better than nothing.

Lady Stuart [de Rothsay] is in town, very low and complaining, quite unfit to be by herself, and yet there

is no help for it. I am very sorry for Lord Hardwicke [father of Lady Stuart]; he was the sort of patriarchal head of a family whose loss is felt far and wide—his house always a home to all his daughters and their children. Lady S. de R. got to Tittenhanger time enough to see him, and while he was still pretty well. Lord S. is *not* in town, *malgré* the newspapers. . . . Adieu.

LETTER CLXXXIV.]

G. P., Friday [Dec. (?) 1834].

My dear Louisa—I received your letter yesterday, but not being able to make up my mind on the subject, put off answering it till to-day. It grieves me most extremely to disappoint you, yet as matters stand I am afraid I must, for I hardly could leave London so soon as Monday, and by Ly. Northland's last letter they are to set out on Tuesday, and if so, *can* hardly arrive later than the Monday following. We were only a week about it, though detained three days at Calais doing nothing. You see, therefore, that if forced to return the end of the week after next, it would not give one time to turn oneself round, and I verily think you would be in one ceaseless fuss from morning to night on my account, supposing no other cause of worry. Miss Murray is here; she came Monday eve. last from Leamington. Don't suppose she hinders me, for she would rather I went, as we shall meet again at Ditton, please God! Ly. Montagu, who called Tuesday, protested against my going, and bade me write to insist that you should give it up, and when I had paid a reasonable visit to Mary [Lady Northland], settle to come up and accompany me to Ditton, as I trust you will some

time in January. But the truth is I was not right well that day, and called in Dickenson, who, however, said it was all the better, and I must only be careful not to catch cold or eat such and such things. He is very sanguine about *la chose publique*, and says the radical meetings have totally failed both in spirit and numbers in this parish and others, and he is sure the time of reaction has at last fully come. Lady Gomm, who called yesterday, told me Sir W^m. Gomm was the officer in waiting when the king received the city address, and declared he should not have known him for the same person, he spoke his answer with so determined an air. The Duke of Gloucester, poor man! sent a message by Sir Henry Halford to the D. of W. wishing him success, and saying he was thankful he had just lived long enough to see the change. *Per contra* the D. of Sussex lifts hands and eyes pathetically and says the K. will repent it as long as he lives, but now H.M., no longer an old fool, is for *us* "the most magnanimous prince," as he was three years ago for the ex-chancellor—*Tarare, Tarare dit le perroquet*.

I must finish for the post in extreme haste. Do write to me soon, for I shall be uneasy till I hear from you.

LETTER CLXXXV.]

G. P., Sunday [Decr. (?) 1834].

My dear Louisa—Considering that I was really very anxious to hear from you and very glad to receive your letter, I certainly ought to have answered it sooner, but somehow time passes on, and there is now so little daylight that it makes one lazier as to writing than usual. I thank you for telling me you

were not extremely vexed and cast down, as I had apprehended. You say nothing about coming up (sooner or later) in January to go with me to Ditton, but it must positively be, and I rejoiced in a fair opportunity of telling Sir W^m. so, who called on me the other day. I am sure you have laboured hard enough for five long months to have a right to a holiday. As for my coming in spring, I had better say fairly and truly at once that it is quite out of the question, and what for many reasons I cannot even think of; therefore, as Mr. Fox said to Buonaparte, "*Otez vous ces sottises de la tête.*"

Whenever I return from Ditton I shall assuredly remain at home, unless I go again to Barham, and that will be against my inclination. Sir William seems well, and on the whole gives a good account of L^y. Louisa. We talked politics like mad, you may be sure. I am very, very sorry Lord Stanley holds out. Lord Montagu, who was in town for a few hours Friday and called here, named two people as likely to be employed who sound well—L^d. Carnarvon and L^d. Francis Egerton [Earl of Ellesmere 1846]. Young men are much wanted, and the writings of the former, though he had better have abstained from publishing a long poem, had merit. They likewise are men of quality and fortune. Miss Murray is just returned from Ly. Isabella Kerr's, where she saw to-day's *John Bull*, and read the edifying correspondence between Sir R. Peele and Dr. Lushington. I hate duels, yet Sir Robert is right not to let it be supposed that every speechifier may pour blackguard abuse upon him with impunity. But what say you to Paddy? Fergus O'Connor at a Cork meeting calling the D. of Wellington every name he could think of for having

written a letter with his own hand to order his (Fergus's) dear uncle instantly out of the country, whereat all cried shame, and so forth. Then three days after appears a quiet assurance from Arthur O'Connor himself to deny that he had received any such letter or message from the Duke or anybody else. I had actually believed it, and concluded Arthur was about some mischievous machination that called for an act of vigour.

I have not yet heard of Lady Northland's arrival at home (it would not be in town), but if they really set out last Monday they can hardly be later than to-morrow. Louisa is now in Cheshire; she writes me word Aunt Kitty looks very well and is very cheerful, having derived great benefit from a remedy which has been salutary to her neighbour Mrs. C. Antrobus; as far as I understand it, it is fumigating your sleeping-room with chloride of lime.

Caroline M. [Montagu] is quite well, her father says, though not yet as strong as before. . . . Pray tell me is it in earnest *Doctor Dickenson*? Has he so dubbed himself? Because he said something of having cleared his house of all medicines whatever, and if he has really commenced physician I have been greatly remiss in not seeing him for two or three visits, which never came into my head. Pray don't forget to answer this question, though if Sir W^m. should call again I will ask it of him. We dined with Ly. Stuart yesterday; she has got her two grandchildren with her for a few days, but is very feeble and very low. L^d. Stuart, *malgré* the newspaper, is still at Highcliff [in Hampshire]. Miss Murray is always your most devoted admirer, and so farewell for the present.—
Aff^{tely}. yours,
L. S.

LETTER CLXXXVI.]

[*Gloucester Place (Dec. (?) 1834).*]

One should always begin first with business. Barbour you give a decisive reason for taking. D'Herbelot I believe to be a desirable book. Joinville seems cheap, but until you have Froissart, which is worth all the other *chroniques* put together, I think you need not covet the rest. Gifford's *Shirley* I have sent for myself; not that I would stand in your way, but you might perhaps find the same objection to it that made you relinquish the *Canterbury Tales*, and certainly its beauties would not please anybody else in the family. Southey's *Cid*, well and good. Brewer you also give a valid reason for. Goldoni one can live without, and Hooker, though a classic author, will never be opened *chez vous*. I am afraid, as you say, that Froissart may swallow your whole sum. I do believe I shall after all take the Chaucer for a gift to Ditton. If you cannot accomplish Froissart I should almost advise spending the money in Barbour, Brewer, and a few of the novels or lighter books of small price.

Christmas Day.—This will go on fair and softly I perceive. I got news this morning that sent me to church in a very good humour, and well inclined to pray for the present ministry—a letter from Margaret Alison to inform me that her brother Archy, the lawyer, has been appointed by Sir Robert Peele, Sheriff of Lanarkshire, and in a most obliging manner. A Scotch sheriff differs totally from an English one; he is a sort of minor or district judge, therefore always a lawyer, and, like a judge, though appointed by the Crown, not removeable at its pleasure. So it lands him on *terra-firma*, let who will go out or come in. The salary will

be affluence to him, and as his jurisdiction includes Glasgow, the post is important enough for a stepping-stone to the Bench itself. Poor Mr. Alison [the father] is in ecstasy, she says ; with reason, for the honour equals the advantage. He has no grandee protectors ; he can hardly be known to Sir Robert Peele. Consequently it must proceed from the character he holds in his profession, and the opinion of those who rank highest in it. How thankful I am that his father has been permitted to see it, and has the comfort of thinking Margaret will not want a home when he shall be taken away.

Well, for your politics. Pray, what possesses you to call Lord Aberdeen "such a poor creature"? You could say nothing stronger if it were Lord L. Has there ever been anything base or cowardly or shuffling in his conduct? And as for abilities, did anybody ever reckon him a fool? I have always understood he was a man of sense and learning, a good speaker, and though not shining, by no means unequal to the transaction of business. And if what is said of his coming in now be true, it is like anything rather than "*a poor creature.*" I heard that he disliked it altogether, and particularly the post he had taken, but accepted it to be of use for the present, with a proviso that he should be glad to give it up if they could fill it better, with an eye, probably, to the seceders coming in after a while. So far he told Dickenson, that he should not have left Scotland if he had not been *sent* for. He is too independent in fortune to want an office, and the loss of so many children may well have sunk his spirits.

I own my private thought was to be glad he, who is practised in business, got the place rather than mine own old acquaintance, L^d. H., who is *not*, and though far

from deficient in understanding, is likely to be less well informed. Young people, or at least those who have not reached the middle of life, Lord Carnarvon, etc., will learn, and learn easily. Men between fifty and sixty are too late to begin. There is the misfortune of our times ; people have lazily (I must say selfishly) sate down in the enjoyment of private life *till* that age, who might have made a figure in public if they had chosen to put their shoulders to the wheel. For example, Lord —, Lord —, and to say truth our friend at —. I don't wish to see them in place *now*, but if they had not chosen to sit still through the best part of their lives, I believe they might have been of some use to their country. I know nothing of Sir E. Knatchbull but from the papers. The *Morn'g Post* insists that Lord Grey offered him the Secretary of War. If that be true, he must have thought him worth buying. I do bear a little grudge to Lord R., who has been a rat more than once, led by one petticoat or another. However, *all* the Cabinet cannot be men of first-rate talents. When was ever any one so composed at any time? Surely this fully equals what has gone out, saving the two sleeping partners, Lord Holland and Lord Lansdowne, who so rarely put one foot before the other, clever as they both are. I have not yet learned whether there is any truth in the Duke of Buccleuch being offered the L^d. L^{cy}. of Ireland.¹ At first I could not bring myself to think of it, viewing him from old habit as still a boy. But after all he is eight and twenty, not eighteen, and I believe him teachable by disposition. L^y. Isabella Kerr affirms that the Duke of W. was heard to say a year or two ago, "We may make a man of business of that young fellow." His wealth, magnifi-

¹ Quite true. He declined, and Lord Heytesbury was appointed.

cence, and title would please the Irish, and every one agrees that the little Duchess plays the Queen admirably in Scotland, all civility and attention to every one, so would make herself popular as L^y. Lieut.—a thing the Irish like and have not had this great while. But what is all this to *stem* O'Connell? you will say. In fact, that is the business of the Secretary rather than the Chief. It will be a most patriotic act in the Duke if he does go though, leaving his own affairs, “his fatness and oil,” like the olive tree in Jotham's parable, for such a turbulent scene and country.

All this while I have not told you that Lady Northland came last Sunday, and I had just a glimpse of her that eve^g; all well, thank God! Miss Murray went to Petersham Monday morning, whence she proceeds to Ditton, and I am waiting from day to day for a summons to Barham when the house and servants are ready. Do not be foolish and talk of regret. If *your* house had been finished and the family settled there by the middle of November, I could and would have gone down to you, but really to have done so a fortnight ago would have been as inconvenient to me as possible, besides losing a very comfortable time with Miss Murray. The Northlands did leave Paris the 9th, as they intended, but stayed a week at Boulogne, where John Knox (Lord Northland's brother) and Lady Mabella are posted. Elstree is now become Penny-post, so remember we need not cramp our genius's into single letters. Barham House, Elstree, Edgware—or Edgware only. Instead of *leaving* Ditton early in February (which, by the bye, I never have yet done; this year I staid till March), I shall probably not go to it till near February, when I hope and trust you will go with me, and when I leave it I

also hope Miss Murray will come back to me here—if we all live and do well. As for your inconveniencies and disappointments, they are no more than regularly attend all people who have aught to do with brick and mortar, paint and paper, but when you have once put things in so fair a train, leave them to work themselves right you *must*, and there is an end.

Louisa's last letter does not please me so well about Aunt Kitty, for her daughter says she is low and languid, but does not like to be thought ailing. I am glad she is at her father's now. For lack of horses I scarcely ever see Lady Stuart, who is not well enough, I fear, to come to me; and as poor . . . is charged to keep *quite* quiet and see nobody, she can have no society. I mean to take horses to-morrow on purpose to call on her. The newspaper says Lord S. [Stuart de Rothesay] transacted business at the Foreign Office two days ago, but so it said that L^d. and L^y. Mountcashel arrived at Dover within this fortnight. You will wonder what that has to do with it. Why, because they came over in the same packet we did on the 28th of October, by the token that I found their governess lying flat on the floor of the cabin, yet more sick than myself. Lord S. certainly *would* not be employed at home. He always protests he has no parliamentary talents, and no man can hold a Cabinet post without being able to speak, well or ill. Then one really would not like to see him a lord of the bed-chamber.

I am ashamed to look at the date of your letter, but while Miss Murray staid I had no evening to write in, and morning ends here before three. Now may God ever bless you!

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